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FABLES
AND
STORIES
MORALIZED.

Being a
SECOND PART
OF THE
Fables of ÆSOP,
AND
Other Eminent Mythologists, &c.

By Sir Roger L'Estrange, Kt.

LONDON:
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TO THE READER.

TH E Man that puts Pen to Paper on the Wrong side of *Fourscore*, might every jot with as good a Grace, set up for a *Beau*, as for an *Author*. But it is with some *Writers*, and *Readers*, as it is with the *Indians*, and their *Idols*; the People *Worship* the *Devil*, they say, for fear he should hurt them. Under This Awe, I am now to tell the *Gentle Reader*, that a Phancy took me in the Head some years since, to write a kind of a *Paraphrase* upon *Æsop*; under the Title of [*Fables of Æsop, and Other Eminent Mythologists, with Morals, and Reflexions:*] which amounted to little more then the Turning of an *Old School-Book* into a *New* one, by casting out some *Nauseous*, and *Pedantick Fopperies* that had been Foisted into't, and putting the Whole into somewhat a more *Fashionable Air*, and *Dress*.

This I propounded to digest into a *Compendious Abstract* of *Instructive Precepts* and *Counsels*, to be still ready at hand, for the Use and Edification of *Children*: which I look'd upon as a Work highly Necessary for a *Common Good*, and not more *Wanted* neither, then *Desir'd*. For as the *Foundations* of a *Virtuous* and a *Happy Life*, are all laid in the very Arms of our *Nurses*, so 'tis but *Natural*, and *Rea-*



To the Reader.

sonable, that our *Cares*, and *Applications* toward the Forming, and Cultivating of our *Manners*, should *Begin* There too. And in Order to Those Ends, I thought I could not do better, then to Advance That Service under the Veyle of *Emblem*, and *Figure*, after the *Practice*, and *Methods* of the *Antients*.

But it will be a Hard Matter however yet, for a *Sober Man* that undertakes this Province, to *Carry his Point*, and at the same time, to Preserve his *Credit*: For *Children* must be Ply'd with *Idle Tales*, and *Twittle-Twattles*; and betwixt *Jest* and *Earnest*, *Flatter'd*, and *Cajol'd*, into a *Sense*, and *Love* of their *Duty*. A *Childs Lesson*, must be fitted to a *Childs Talent* and *Humour*; and there are so many *Little Arts*, and *Mimical Fooleries*, that fall in by the way, toward the Discharging of *This Function*, that a Man of *Worth* and *Character*, will hardly come off a *Saver* by the *Office*: For he must *Act One Part* under the *Masque* of *Another*, to acquit himself. But I have spoken at Large to These Heads already elsewhere, and particularly in my *Preface* to the *Former Volume*; to which I referr my self.

Upon the turning of These Things over and over in my Thoughts, the Matter swell'd insensibly under my Hand, and instead of a *Pocket-Manual*, according to my *First Project*, it came in the end to a *Folio*, of more then double *That Bulk*. But This *misreckoning* was no Disappointment to my *Design*: nay, on the Contrary; it answer'd all the *Parts*, and *Pretences*, of the *Undertaking*, as well *Publique*, as *Private*: That is to say; It did the

Part

To the Reader.

Part of a *School-Book*, with a respect to the *Training up of Children*, and the Office of a *Political Discourse*, with a Regard to the *Government of Life*, Both in One. Now within the Compas of This Division, may be comprehended all *Practical Duties whatsoever*: whether the Persons concern'd be *Noble*, or *Ignoble*; *Men*, *Women*, or *Children*, it Matters not: for *Princes Themselves are made of the same Clay with Other Men*, and *Subjected*, by *Providence* to the *Ordinary Rules and Measures* of *Man-kind*.

I am now to tell the *Reader* once again, that, in pursuance of my *First Proposal*, I have here follow'd it with [*a Second Part*] of *Select Fables*, and *Stories*, to the very same Purpose and Intent with the *Other*. Let me be understood, as to the *Manner* of the *Operation* and the *Drift* of *Applying* it: where-in I have also consulted the *Best Authorities* I could meet withal, in the *Choyce* of the *Collection*, without *Streyning* any Thing all This while, beyond the *Strictest Equity* of a *Fair*, and an *Innocent Meaning*; or making a *Spiteful Use* of *Wire-drawn Inferences*, and *Intimations*, to the *Wrong*, or *Scandal* of my *Neighbour*, which would be much the same Thing with *Turning* one of the most *Useful Duties* of a *Sociable Life*, into the *Worst of Libells*. But there's a Great Difference, betwixt carrying the *Image* to the *Man*, and bringing the *Man* to the *Image*; Or I might as well have said, betwixt *Pointing* at the *Vice*, or at the *Person*.

Now as it has been my *Care* in the First place to suit my *Materials* to my *Business*: so have I really
made

To the Reader.

made a *Scruple* of keeping close to my Text, without Lashing out into any *Extravagant Excesses*, of what sort soever, either *Personal*, or *Publick*. And as I have not taken upon me to *Amplify*, or *Expatiate* upon the Subject of any *Immoral Liberties* that fell in my Way, to the Prejudice of *Candor*, and *Good Faith*; so neither have I *Encourag'd* any, by Forcing the *Figure* beyond the Plain Sense and Reason of the *Thing*. But still, after the doing of a Common Justice to the Nature and Quality of the *Case*, and *Occasion*, I have a Word or Two yet more to say upon the *First Motive* that led me to *This Undertaking*: provided only, by way of Precaution, that the *Reader* is not to expect *Order* out of Confusion; or that such a *Rhapsody* as This is, of *Independent Tales*, and *Whimsies*; *Broken Thoughts*, and *Scatter'd Fragments*, should be all of a *Piece*: neither is it *Necessary*, or *Expedient* that they should be so, if in *This Diversity* of *Prospect*, every *Part* does but Agree with it Self. Wherefore let it Suffice, *Method*, and *Connexion* apart, that there is nothing wanting yet toward the Perfecting of the Work, according to the *Scheme* of the *First Model*: for there is not a *Case* perhaps in Nature, that does not some way or other fall within the Reach of These *Innuendos*, and serve to Instruct us abundantly, in all the Offices of *Piety*, and *Good Manners*, by drawing *Good* out of every *Thing*, even out of *Evil it self*.

After the *Settling* of This Provision, and carrying That Point as far as it would go; the Thing was as yet but *half-done*, methought, without a Further Regulation, in Matter of *speech*, for the purpose,

Orna-

To the Reader.

Ornament, and the like, as well as in *Manners*: by which Word, [MANNERS,] may be understood, the *Command* of our Passions, under the *Direction* of a Consummated Virtue. This Consideration brought me back again to my *First General Proposition*, toward the Institution of *Youth*: and That *Thought* Prompted me as naturally forward, to a further *Enquiry*, by what Means I might best Advance my Design Upon the Agitation of *This Question*, I came, in fine, to *This Result* within my Self, that *nothing* spoils Young People, like *Ill Example*; and that the very *Sufferance* of it, within the Reach of *Their Ken*, or *Imitation*, is but a more Artificial way of *Teaching* them to do *Amis*: So that there remains little more to be done upon *This Article*, then to keep a *Guard* upon my *Words*, and *Thoughts*, and to Distinguish *Good* from *Evil*; especially, where the Doctrine, indifferently speaking, may be either *Nourishment*, or *Poyson*. Now *This* Medly, (such as it is) of *Salutary Hints*, and *Connels*, being Dedicated to the *Use*, and *Benefit* of *Children*, the *Imocence* of it must be preserv'd *Sacred* too, without the least Mixture of any Thing that's *Prophane*, *Loose*, or *Scurrilous*, or but so much as *Bordering* That way. This is the *Caution* I have prescrib'd to my Self, as the *Rule* I am to *Walk* by: and I am in hope that the Course I have taken in the Conduct of *This Affair*, will stand the *Test*: or however, that the *Good Will* may serve at worst, to *Atone* for the *Failings*: to say nothing of a *Final Appeal* to the Register of the Parish where I was Born: which will bring me off at last.

Having

To the Reader.

Having now spoken more then enough, to the *Morality*, and *Usefulness* of *This Tract*, (if I have not *spoild* it in the *Making*,) I am once more to *tell the Reader*, before we part, that I have now *Consulted the Virtue*, and the *Conscience* of the *Office* I have here taken upon me, as I ought to do. Over and above that I have render'd the *Figures* as *Clear*, and *Instructive*, as I could; in *Easy Words*, and *Plain Honest English*. And, to wrap up all in a *Little*; I have so order'd it, that *Children*, I hope, will be the *Better* for't, and *Men* never the *Worse*: which will be but *Fair Quarter betwixt Man and Man*, to all *Intents and Purposes*.

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Fables

I

Fables and Stories

M O R A L I Z E D.

I.

Archidamus Fin'd for Marrying a Little Woman.

THE Lacedemonians were so Nice in the Choice of their Wives, that they had an Eye to the very *Size*, and *Stature* of them, as well as to the *Family*, and *Virtue*: insomuch that they put their King *Archidamus* to a Considerable *Fine*, upon Marrying a *Little Woman*, for fear of spoiling the *Breed*.

The MORAL.

THIS gives us to understand, that there cannot be too much Care taken for the Establishing of Princes in the Love and Reverence of their People. Now without all Dispute, the Graciousness and Dignity of the *Person*, does as naturally attract a Veneration, and *Esteem* one way, as the Contrary exposes us to *Obloquy* and *Reproche*, the other. Nay and the same Reason holds, more or less, in a *Private State*, as well as in a *Publique*: And when we are once over This Difficulty, there's the *Foundation* laid, of a *Sociable Life*, and of a *Hopeful Posterity*.

II.

Lycurgus's Two Whelps.

LYCURGUS had Two Whelps of the same Litter; One was Train'd-up with *Care*, and *Application*; and the Other left to himself to take his Course. As the Romans were once in a Full Assembly, he call'd for a *Live-Hare*, and a *Dish of Soup*, to be brought him, and so let the Dogs Loose

B

in

in the Sight of the Court ; the One scowring away after the *Hare*, and the Other to the *Platter* : Now This Conceit was a *Mystery* to the *Lacedemonians*, till *Lycurgus* expounded it.

THE MORAL.

THERE is little more in This Moral, than to shew the Force of Education. Children have naturally the Faculty of Reason, but it is Experience that brings us by Degrees, to the Proof, and Practice of it ; and then it must be Precept that Perfects it. A Prudent, and a Virtuous Institution, layes the Groundwork of our Well-being, Here, and Hereafter ; as a Licentious, and a Perverse Way of Nurture, does the contrary. Children Talk, and Live, according to the Copy they see before them ; and therefore we are to charge their Memories with nothing but what is Good in its kind, and Usefull. The very Example, of an Agreeable, or an Uncouth Manner, or Fashion, of Speaking, or Doing, is more than a Lesson in a School ; for Pedantique Doctors, and Twatling Nurses, do but create in a Child the Love of Vanity, and Folly. Instruction is like Seed to our Grounds, such as we Sow, such we may expect to Reap ; Only let a Child be taught Early, what he is to Learn, what to Shun, and what to Practice. And This, in short, is the Province of Humane Life.

III.

Alexander to his Father.

Alexander the Great, brought into the World with him a Singular Felicity of Constitution, both of Body, and Mind. His Genius led him to Feats of Arms, and to the Love of all Military, and Manly Exercises : insomuch, that while he was yet a Boy, his Father would be at him several times to try a Course in the Olympiques, [With all my Heart Sir, says Alexander, if I may but have a King to run with me.] The Answer was Short, and Generous ; and a Great deal said in a Little.

THE MORAL.

It is a most Providential Mercy, and Blessing, when a Splendid Fortune falls under the Direction and Government of a Great Mind : that is to say, when Nature does the Office of Institution, and Discipline, and Prompts us to the doing of what we Ought to do. It was no want of Reverence in Alexander, to his Father, to intimate a Conditional Obedience, in a Point where his Honour, and Dignity, were both

at Stake ; and where it was the Common Case of all Crowned Heads, over and above : for there is no surer Mark of a Mean Soul, than the Love, and Liking of Mean People : so that the keeping of This Guard upon himself, was both Instructive, and Necessary. It is certainly True, according to the Old Saying, that Like will to Like, and that a Man is best known by his Company : that is to say, where Choice and Inclination go along with it.

IV.

A Prince and a Philosopher.

AN Imperial Prince committed the Care of his only Son and Heir, to the Tuition of a Great Philosopher ; where he was Train'd up in a School-Course of Studies, and became an Excellent Disputant, though but a Sorry Governour. The Father laid the Blame upon the Tutor, but the Tutor turn'd it again upon the Father, for sending a Prince to learn Politics of a School-man.

THE MORAL.

CHILDREN are to be Instructed in the Proper Business they are design'd for, as well as in their Duty ; and the same Thing may happen to be well, to one Purpose, that's either Ill, or Idle, to Another. The Profession of Arms requires quite another Spirit, than That of Letters : beside that the Bias or Inclination, is to be consider'd over and above. There must a Particular Regard be had also, to the Station, and the Offices we are born to : As One Man was cut out for a Lawyer, Another for a Divine ; but the Application of a Youth, in short, to the Province he was made for, is all in all. What has a Sovereign Prince to do in the Jurisdiction of a Critick, or a Pedant ? Government is a Post of Policy, not Syntax ; so that according to Boccacini, Great Commanders, Wise Books, and Counsellours, are the only Competent Instructors, to qualify a Prince for the Exercise of an Imperial Character and Power.

V.

Socrates, of Barrying.

THE Question was put to Socrates by a Friend of his, Whether he should Marry, or not ? The Philosopher, having a Shrew to his Wife, excus'd himself, as no Competent Judge in the Case. Well well ! says't other, but

tell me however, as a *Wife Man*, and as a *Friend*, abstracted from the Prepossessions of an *Unfortunate Husband* ; what would you advise me to do now ? Why then, says *Socrates*, to deal freely with you, if you *Marry*, you'll *Repent*. Perhaps I may, says t'other, but what if I do not *Marry* ? *Why then*, says *Socrates*, you'll *Repent That way too*.

The MORAL.

THIS was a Question well becoming one *Wife Man* and *Friend* to another, and it was likewise as *Pertinent* a Resolution ; and not in the Poynt of *Marriage* alone, but indifferently in the *Common Occurrences* of Life. The *Moral* will be This, in short ; We spend our Days in Doing and Undoing, betwixt *Vain Hopes*, and *Unprofitable Repentances* : which, upon the whole Matter, amounts to no more then a *Restless Quait* after somewhat that is not to be had, in This World : And it strikes also at the *Uneasy State* of a Sort of People, that are *neither well as we say, Full, nor Fasting*. And the *True Reason* of it is This ; they are perpetually in Pain for want of somewhat or other still, and they do not know at last yet, what it is they would be at.

VI.

A Fortune-Tellers Advice about Marrying.

A Fellow that had a *Wambling* towards *Matrimony*, consulted a Man of Art in *Moor-Fields*, whether he should *Marry* or not ? The *Cunning Man* put on his *Considering Cap*, and gave him This Short Answer. Pray have a Care how you *Marry hand over head*, says he, as People too frequently do ; for you are a *Lost Man* if you go *That way* to work. But if you can have the Heart to forbear your *Spouses Company*, for *Three Dayes and Nights well Told*, after you *Two* are *Man and Wife* ; I will be bound to *Burn my Books* if you do not find the *Comfort* of it. The *Man* took the *Virgin* to his *Wedded Wife*, and kept his *Distance* accordingly : while the *Woman*, in the mean time, took *Pet*, and parted *Beds* upon't ; and so the *Wizard* sav'd his *Credit*.

The

The MORAL.

THE bringing of People together in the way of *Matrimony*, is so Nice a Province, that here's a *Philosopher*, and a *Conjuror*, Both at their Wits end, how to govern themselves upon the Question : and it is, effectually, so *Invidious* an Office, that over and above the Odds of a *Miscarriage*, the *Mediator* makes himself in some measure answerable for the *Ill Consequences* of the Match. As there was a *Famous Dealer* in This Way, that durst not so much as shew his Head in *London*, for fear of the People he had drawn into the Noose. These Things consider'd, it was prettily said of an *Innocent Girl*, that was put to't by her *Sweet-heart*, to *Dispatch*, and *Marry* : *Alas !* says she, *we love one another well enough now, why should we Marry ?* intimating that the *Woing time* is the *Blessed Season* for *Lovers*, and that *too much* of one *Thing is good for nothing*.

VII.

A New marry'd Couple upon the Shift.

A New-marry'd Couple had a Toy took them in their Heads, so soon as ever the Office was over, to *Shrift* one another before they came together ; that they might know what they had to trust to : and so by *Consent* they put themselves to the *Scrutiny* by Turns ; and upon casting-up the Account, the *Woman*, it seems, had been *Five Times* to blame, and the *Man*, *Fifteen*. Well my Dear ! says the Husband, *This is all gone and past, and we are now to begin the World again upon a New-score*. Nay my Heart, says the Bride, *That would be a little too hard. Prethee let us be Even first*.

The MORAL.

THIS sort of Curiosity has somewhat in it of Sir *Francis Bacon's* Conceit, of a Man at the *Necessary House*, in the Dark : he feels (says he) for what he would be loath to Find. And, for That Reason, People should have a Care of *Pressing* too narrowly upon *Conjugal Confessions* : for fear of discovering more than a Body would be willing to know.

VIII.

VIII.

Hero's Lamp.

EVERY Body has heard of *Hero* and *Leander*, and of That *Unfortunate Amour*. The *Woman* liv'd at *Sestos*, and the *Man* at *Abydos*, with the *Hellespont* (a small Arm of the Sea) betwixt them. The History says, that they were passionately in Love, and no coming together, but by *Leander's* swimming over to her in the Night, by the Benefit of a *Lamp* that his *Mistress* set-up for his *Guide*. This way of Intercourse serv'd them well enough for a while, but in the Conclusion, the Wind blew out the Light, and the Poor Youth was drown'd in the Storm. When *Hero* came next Morning to see the Body Hulling over to the Other Shore, she was too Generous to Outlive her Gallant, and so cast her self down from the Turret into the Sea to bear him Company.

The *Lamp*, upon This Miscarriage, was dedicated to *Anteros*, the Patron of Injur'd Lovers; and recommended to Posterity with *This Inscription* upon it.

[*Let That Happy Couple, which, upon Seven Years Tryal of a Marry'd State, shall declare upon their Consciences, that they never repented their Bargain; Light-up This Lamp again.*] This is a Declaration now of *Two Thousand-Years-standing*, and yet from That time to This, no Mortal ever so much as offer'd at the Rekindling of This *Lamp*.

THE MORAL.

THIS Fable has somewhat in it of the Drift and Humour of the Former, in an Allusion to the Intemperance of an Ungovern'd Appetite; and the Calamity that attend it: But the main streis at last lyes upon This; that all Marriages whatsoever, are follow'd, at some time or other, with Repentances, more or less.

IX.

IX.

Socrates and Calisto.

THERE happen'd a Dispute betwixt *Socrates* and *Calisto*; the *One*, a Famous *Philosopher*, and the *Other*, as Famous a *Prostitute*. The Question was only This; which of the Two Professions had the greater Influence upon Mankind. *Calisto* appeals to Matter of *Fact*, and *Experiment*: for *Socrates*, says she, *I have Profelyted Ten times as many of Your People, as ever you did of Mine*. Right, says *Socrates*; for *Your Profelytes*, as you call them, follow their Inclinations, whereas Mine are forc'd to work against the Grain. Well well! says *Lais* (Another of the same Trade,) the *Doctors* may talk their *Pleasure*, of the force of *Virtue* and *Wisdom*; but i never found any Difference yet, in all my *Practise*, betwixt the *Flesh* and *Bloud* of a *Fornicator*, and *That* of a *Philosopher*; and the *One* *Knocks* at my *Door* every jot as often as the *Other*.

THE MORAL.

IF the Greater Part of Mankind were the Better Part, and the Preference to be determin'd by most Voyces, the *Wenches* would undoubtedly carry it from the *Sages*: but *Number* is not the *Measure*, either of *Honesty*, or of *Truth*; and it is a hard Matter to reconcile the *Motions* of *Virtue*, to Those of *Carnal Appetites*. 'Tis one Thing, what we *Are*, and another Thing, what we *Ought* to be: and there is a Great Difference again, betwixt the *Understanding* of our Duty, and the *Doing* of it. In one Word; the Moral terminates in This; that more People are Govern'd by *Sensual Affections*, then by *Reason*: or in fine, that there are more Men of *Pleasure* in the World, then Men of *Morality*, and *Resignation*.

X

Xenocrates and Phryne.

PEOPLE were talking of *Xenocrates*, one of *Plato's* Disciples, what a Command he had over his Passions; and of his Invincible *Virtue*. Well well! says *Phryne* (the Celebrated Beauty and *Mistress* of Those Times) you may talk of your Gravity, and your *Virtue*, till your Hearts ake: but for my own

own Part, I never met with the Man since I was born yet, that was proof against the Charms of a Handsome Woman : and if I had but *Xenocrates* to my self a little, I'd forfeit all I have in This World, if I did not make him as good Company as the rest of his Neighbours. The Dispute came in the end to a Tryal of Skill, and a Wager : But when *Phryne* saw she could do no good on't, she shuff'd it off as well as she could, that the Mony was laid, upon a *Man*, and not upon a *Statue*.

THE MORAL.

THIS Instance of *Xenocrates*, may pass for an Exception to a General Rule. And then it may serve also at the same time, for a Precaution against the Snare of the Temptation, and likewise for an Encouragement to the Practice, and Imitation, of so Exemplary a Virtue. The Merit, 'tis true, would have been more Glorious, if the Interest of the *Wager* had not made it look a little Mercenary : whereas the Conscience of well-doing is its own Reward.

XI.

A Generous Instance of Continnence in a Young Man.

THERE was one *Luckinus Vivaldus*, that fell desperately in Love with a Lady of *Genoa* ; a Woman well-Born, and of a most Exquisite Beauty : but yet more Illustrious still, for her Modesty, and Virtue. It so fell out, that the Husband of This Lady was taken at Sea by Pirates, with his whole Fortune a-board, and carry'd away into Slavery : while the Poor Miserable Woman was left Helpless behind, with several small Children upon her Hands, and not one Penny to maintain them. In the Depth of This Dreadful Distress, she went privately to *Luckinus*, and casting her self at his Feet, she discharg'd her very Soul to him in a Rueful Lamentation to This Effect.

Luckinus, says she, *I was once in hope to have gone untainted to my Grave, Body and Soul ; but my Cross Stars, I perceive, will have it otherwise : for I am brought into so Desperate a State, that (with what Horror and Reluctancy so ever) I must either Sacrifice my Honour ; or my Children : and the Tendernefs of a Mother, I*

find,

find, has overcome the Consciencious Nicety of the Scruple. My Present Business with your self, is only to tell you, that I am now ready to entertain the Conditions you once offer'd me, upon your own Terms ; and Entirely to deliver-up my Person, and Fame, to your Generosity, and Mercy. This was managed with so Divine, and moving a Grace, that it made the Young Man Forty Thousand times more in Love with her then ever he was. There appear'd also such a Dignity in the Manner of it, that, at the same time, it both enflam'd his Passion, and kept it in a Reverential Awe too, by the Veneration it gave him for so Innocent a Goodness.

Upon This Change of Mind, *Luckinus*, with Tears in his Eyes, and his Hands lifted up to Heaven, brake forth into This Pious Ejaculation.

[The Divine Parity forbid, says he, that ever I should be so great a Villain, as to think of Corrupting so Heavenly a Creature, by making an Advantage of her Deporable Necessities, to her Everlasting Ruin. No no, says Luckinus ; no such Thing shall ever be said of me ; and for your own Part, Madam, whatever I have formerly offer'd you for the Blessing of your Embrace, shall be now doubled, out of the Reverence I have for your Virtue.]

With These words in his Mouth, away he went to his Wife, whom he made, both his Confident and his Agent, in the Intrigue. Nay, and to silence, even Calumny it self too ; whatever he did for the Unhappy Mother, and her Poor Children, pass through the Hands of his own Lady.

THE MORAL.

HERE'S a Dangerous Temptation, and a Hard Choice, and yet a Case that often occurs, betwixt Conscience, and Flesh and Blood ; betwixt the Tenderness of a Parent, and the Instinct of Honour and Virtue. She had no way to preserve her Children, but by Undoing her self, and no way to bring her self off neither, but by such a Proposition to a Good and a Generous Man, as in Honesty he could not entertain, and as she hop'd, and Promis'd her self he would not. There are a great many Niceties to be consider'd in the doing of a Good Thing : as a Right Motive, a True Principle ; a Fair Intention ; and without By-ends : beside that the Ways and Means of doing it, must be Free, and without Constraint.

And now after all these Precautions, there is required also a Certain Grace in the doing of it, that Crowns the Work. *Luckinus* acquitted himself here to all purposes, as a Christian, a Cavalier, and a Man of Sense ; and when he had master'd all the Difficulties in view, he made

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his

his Wife a Party to the Obligation, which was the Critical Point of the whole Case.

XII.

Conjugal Bedestty.

THE Ancients had so great a Veneration for *Modesty*, in a Married State, that *Epicharmus*, a *Sicilian Poet*, had a Fine set upon his Head, only for bolting out a Wanton Word in the hearing of his Wife. Nay, and we read of a *Roman Senator*, that was no less then Degraded, barely for kissing his Wife in the Prefence of his Daughter.

The MORAL.

THERE are many marry'd People, when they are once got Free of the *Family of Love*, with the Countenance of *Law*, and *Custom* on their side, that take a Liberty to extend the Privileges of their Condition, beyond the Bounds of Sobriety, and Good Manners: Now This gives us to understand, that *Modesty* is the duty of a *Wife*, as well as of a *Virgin*; and that it is no longer a *Virtue*, than while it continues all of a Piece; in *Thought*, *Word*, and *Deed*. The *Sicilian Poet* was undoubtedly to blame too, even toward his own *Wife*: for Loose Words lead naturally to Loose Actions, and the very Provocation to Lewdness, is within one Degree of the Thing it self. And the same Reason holds good still, in the Case of the *Senator's* Kissing his *Wife* before his *Daughter*: for who knows but the very Example might set the *Young Wench* agog to be Kissing too?

XIII.

A Lady and a Looking glass.

There was a Certain Hard-Favour'd Lady, that Pickt a Quarrel with all sorts of *Looking-glasses*, from the very Bed-chamber to the Dairy: And there was no getting the Freak out of her Head, but that the whole Brother-hood of the *Glass-makers* were in a Plot to make her Ridiculous. This Phancy made her so Sick of the World, that she utterly quitted it, and betook her self to the *Groves*, and the *Rivers*, for Relief. But still so long as she carry'd the same Face about with her,

her, though it were but to the *Springs*, and the *Fountains*, she was sure to be still haunted by the same Image: which honestly convinc'd her, in the Conclusion, of what she would give no Credit to before.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing in This World that a *Hard favour'd Old Woman* Dreads more then a *Plain-dealing Looking-Glass*, and the *Register* of the *Parish* where she was born. And what is it now that gives Countenance to This Unnatural Pretence of an *Everlasting Youth*, and *Beauty*; but *Pride*, and *Vanity*, on the one hand, and *Flattery*, on the other. In This Uneasiness, she makes her appeal, to the *Brooks*, and the *Rivers*; which gave her plainly to understand, that the Fault was in the *Face*, not in the *Mirror*. This way of Reasoning brought her in the end to a Course of Sobriety, and *Virtue*: which was no more, upon the whole Matter, then the doing of the same Good Thing, upon *Differing Inducements*. Now This passes for *Vanity*, in some Cases, and for *Philosophy*, in Others: But it is the Intent that Qualifies the Action.

XIV.

An Ape and a Goat.

Here pass'd a Dialogue one Day, betwixt an *Ape*, and a *Goat*. Brother, says the Ape, if you'd be rul'd by me, get you gone immediately to the *Bagno*, with That Beastly Hide of yours, and get your self soundly Scrubb'd, and Curry'd: go your ways, I say, and Wash, Powder, and Perfume your self the First Thing you do; for you have gotten so Nasty a Beard there, and so Abominable a Whiff, that there's no enduring of you. As for my own Part, I was never brought up to the Trade of a Barber, but my Talent you know lies in Imitation, and if you have a mind to be Sweet and Clean, I could make a Shift, I phancy, to do you the Good Office my self. The Goat took the Proffer very kindly, but yet, says he, for the matter of parting with my Beard, Two Words to a Bargain. Upon This, away goes the Goat to Court for Counsel, to a Sort of *Animals*, that Stile themselves Reasonable: and set-up for the only Competent Judges of the Case. And what should he find There, but *Beaux* up and down in every Corner, with *Scizzers*, *Rasors*, *Pincers*, and other Little Instruments, to make themselves Soft and Smooth, and Easier Company for the *Lady*s.

The Authority of This Whimsy, set the Goat so desperately agog upon following That Example, that nothing would serve, but he himself must be dress'd up too in the same Cut. To make short, the Goat puts himself in Posture for the Work, and no sooner was the Cloth about his Neck, the Balls, and the Trimming-Tew in Readyness; but, just when the Ape, with his Instrument in his Hand, was upon the very Point of doing Execution, up comes a Sour Supercilious Troup of *Father's of the Church*, and *Doctors of the Faculties*, giving to understand, by their Long Bushy Beards, and no other Token in Nature, that they were People of Gravity, and Wisdom. This Diversity of Thoughts, and Faces, in Bodys of the same Make, and Kind, was so Surprizing a Spectacle, that the Goat presently started up, and cry'd out in a Transport to his Companion. *Hark ye, Camarade*, says he, *how comes This Creature, MAN, to Lord it over Us! A Wretch that's made up of Contradictions, without any certain Rule or Method of Conduct. Here's Long Hair set-up against No Hair at all; and Both Extremes pleading Reason, in the very State of the Opposition. Prethee tell me now, which of These Two is the Fool, and which the Philosopher: for the Pretence, either way, lies as fair for the one, as for the other. Introth*, says the Ape, *'tis hard to say which is which. Why then*, says the Goat again, *what have we more to do then to quit These Blind Guides, and commit our selves to the Light and Direction of Nature, which we are sure will never deceive us?* With that Word, the Goat tore the Trimming-Cloth in a Rage; threw the Balls one way and the Razors another, Capt his Little Officer with his own Basin, and so departed.

THE MORAL.

REASON is, effectually, little more than *Imagination improv'd*. So many Men, so many Minds, and That Diversity of Thought can never be reduced to an Agreement in one Point. That which is *Folly*, to One Man, is *Wisdom*, to Another; *Custom*, in one Place, passes in Another for *Caprice*: Long Beards are the Fashion in the Schools, and no Beards at all at Court: so that at This rate, *Phancy*, *Usage*, and *Opinion*, are made the Rule of *Reason*, and the Measure of *Good and Evil*. But to distinguish, and to Moderate upon the Matter, where the Question carries nothing along with it that is Evil in it self, it is a Point of *Honour*, and *Good Manners*, to do as the Most do, and to live in a Conformity to *Common Practice*; without taking upon us to be Wiser than the rest of the World, and to Prescribe to Mankind.

XV. A

XV.

A Hue-and-Cry after Fidelity.

B Occalini tells a Story of a Hue-and-Cry after Fidelity, and Proclamations issu'd out, and dispatch'd through all the Camps, Courts and Governments, upon the Face of the Earth, to find her out. They met with *Impostors*, and *Counterfeits of Good Faith*, every where in Abundance, but not one Word of the Original, till after a Tedious Search every where else, to no Manner of purpose, This Illustrious Princess was found at last in a Dog-Kennel.

THE MORAL.

HUMANE Society is undoubtedly erected, and supported, upon the Foundations of *Common Faith*, and *Justice*; though it is yet practically evident, that *Double-dealing*, and *Self-Interest* Governs it; but under the Masque, all This while, of *Sincerity*, and *Truth*. Candor, and Simplicity of Manners, pass only for want of Wit, and Address; and the Art of *Juggling*, and *False-Play*, is the only *Philosophy*, and *Virtue in Vogue*: Now in so general a Defection from the Dictates, and Principles, of Humanity, and Honour, what could this Divine Lady Fidelity do better, then to abandon the Treacherous Race of Mankind, and take up a Retreat among Creatures that are True to their Friends, and to their Masters?

XVI.

Two Dogs and a Wolf.

I N the Heat of the Civil Wars of Rome, the Neighbouring Nations were so intent upon That Opportunity of breaking in upon the Romans, that their Governours had the most to do in the world to keep them in order, and within the Bounds of their Duty. But when they found that nothing was to be done by Fair Reasoning, they had recourse to Invention, and Embleme; and the Phancy was This.

They took a Couple of Hardy great Dogs, and set them together by the Ears, as a Spectacle to the People; and then in the Height of their Rage, and Fury, while they were Tearing, and

and Worrying one another, they order'd a *Wolfe* to be turn'd loose upon them; the *Two Dogs* were immediately reconcil'd, and by consent fell upon the *Common Enemy*.

The MORAL.

THIS is no more then daily Practice and Experience. Quarrels Abroad, keep People Quiet at Home: especially where Liberty, or Ambition, is the Question; so that a *Foreign War* many times diverts a *Civil*. This was effectually the Case of *Charles the First*, the *King* was made the *Common Enemy*, and all the Popular Factions united against him under That Notion; but so soon as ever the *Royal Party* was run down, up started *Another Common Enemy*, and the *Republican Confederates* fell to work one upon another.

When a Family is divided, in, and against it self, That's the Time for a *Common Enemy* to make their Advantage; and no such way to make them Friends again, as the Dread of That Opposition; but we are directed how to behave our selves, both by Policy, and by Nature; or I might have said, by Prudence and Necessity.

XVII.

A Man Quarrelling with his Shadow.

A Peevish Fellow, for want of other Matter to work upon, pickt a Quarrel with his Own Shadow, for dogging him up and down wherever he went. He Kick'd, Cuff'd, and Struck at it, and the Shadow Kick'd, Cuff'd, and Struck again. This Freak turn'd his Brain to such a Degree, that he durst not so much as stir abroad with the Sun on his Face, for fear of the Shadow, at the Back of him; which, in a kind of Mimical Mockery, did the same Thing too. This put the Man to his Wits end, and so they enter'd into an Expostulation upon the Business. *You and I*, says the Shadow *are Inseparable Companions*; and Providence it self hath predetermined us to Live and Dye Together.

The MORAL.

ALL the Wrangles and Controversies of This World, are but Morals of This Fable; whether it be Wealth, Dominion, or whatever else we contend for; and the Thing is not only Trivial but in a Great Measure Phantastical: that is to say; we Quarrel for somewhat that is not to be had; and we are displeas'd with Things that cannot be otherwise then

then they are. We are, in fine, for Parting Things Inseparable, and for Joyning Things Incompatible, and so unreasonably Cross, as if Nature her self were to go out of her Course to gratify our Humours.

XVIII.

Augustus Cesar and Virgil.

IT was an Odd Question that of *Augustus Cesar* to *Virgil*. *Praye tell me truly*, says he, *was Octavius my Father or no, do you think? for the World I find is divided about it.* Great Prince, says *Virgil*, I can say little to *Octavius*, but to speak freely, I am much mistaken if you are not the Son of a *Baker*: for I was never so Happy, as to say, or do, any Thing that pleas'd you, but I had my Reward in Bread for't. *Well!* says *Augustus*, *but from This time forward you shall find me a Prince, not a Baker.*

The MORAL.

A Pleasant Word in Season is the making of many a Man's Fortune; but it must be Cleverly, and Discreetly managed then, with a Punctual Regard to the Humour and Condition of the Person, and adapted to all the Circumstances of Time, Matter, and Occasion. There goes a Story of a Certain Prince that gave all manner of Liberty and Encouragement, to the Exercise of a *Buffoon-wit*, though never so Rude, and Sawcy; and he had a Shrewd Faculty that way himself too. This Prince pinch'd a little hard once upon one of his *Court-Drolls*, and it was a kind of an Unlucky Hit. The Spark immediately turn'd the *Frolicque* upon his Master, with This Scom. *By my Soul*, says the Fellow, *He that made thee a King, spoil'd the Best Fool in Christendom.* The Conceit atton'd for the Affront, and the Man was prefer'd upon't: But This way of Fooling would never have pass'd upon *Tiberius*, if a Body may judge of him by a Story we have in *Pontanus*.

As they were carrying a Dead Body, says he, over the Market-place to be Bur'y'd, and a Huge Crowd of People got together to see the Funeral; one of the By-standers stept over to the Corps out of the Throng, and whisper'd somewhat in the Dead Man's Ear: and so came back again. At his Return, some body ask'd him what it was he whisper'd? *Why*, says he, *I had the Man tell Augustus, in the other World, that the People had not receiv'd the Donatives yet, that were order'd them.* This Phancy was carry'd presently to *Tiberius*, who charged the Enformer to be gone immediately, and Cut the Man's Throat the first Thing he did; and then bid him be sure, says he, to deliver the Message himself.

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That which we commonly call *Raillery*, or *Banter*, is one of the Pie-viſheſt Provinces in the Courſe of an Eaſy, Sociable Life. It is not only Critical, but Hazardous, and a Man ventures his Neck it may be for his Conceit: for it falls out many Times, that one Man is *Advanc'd*, and Another *Gibbeted* for the ſame Expreſſion: beſide the Difficulty of Diſtinguiſhing betwixt the one and the other.

XIX.

Foxes and Rabbits.

THE *Foxes* and the *Rabbits* had been a long time at Variance, but coming at laſt to a Better Diſpoſition, they appointed Commiſſioners to adviſe upon ſome middle Expedient toward an Accommodation, that might pleaſe Both Partys. There were ſeveral Propoſals ſet a-foot, but they were ſtill, either too Large, or too Narrow, till at length they call'd a great Councell of *Coneys* to manage the Debate. It was there mov'd by a Grave Member of That Body, that an Application might be made to the *Foxes*, to accept of ſome Reasonable Compoſition; if it were but a matter of *Ten Rabbits a Quarter*, for the purpoſe, and the *Publique Faith* engag'd for the Performance of *Covenants*. The Project was highly approv'd, but when they were juſt upon the Point of naming a Committee to draw up the Addreſs, up riſes a Pert young Blade, and throws a Blunder in the way that ſpoil'd the Jeſt. Mr. *Chair-man*, ſays he, *I am very well pleas'd with This Motion; and provided the worthy Member that firſt ſtarted it, will make One of the Ten, himſelf, I'll make Another.* The Propoſer had not one word more to ſay, and ſo the Queſtion fell to the Ground.

The MORAL.

THIS Fable of the *Rabbits* and the *Foxes*, has much in it of That of the *Mice*, and the *Bell* that was to be ty'd about the *Cat's Neck*, There was a Thing to be done, and no body at laſt to do it. This Phancy has ſome Affinity alſo with That of the *Ape's* drawing the *Cheſſenuts* out of the Fire with the *Cat's-Foot*. But the World, generally ſpeaking, is made up of *Fools* and *Knaves*, and the One works for the Other. *The Fool Burns his Fingers, and the Knave Eats the Nut*: the one runs the Hazzard, and the other reaps the Benefit.

XX. A

XX.

A Lyon and an Old Dog.

THERE was a *Lyon*, that, having gotten a great Reputation in the World, by the Prudence, Juſtice, and Clemency of his Government, was in time quite worn out with the Cares and Fatigues of his Office. This *Lyon*, I ſay, finding himſelf declining, both in his Underſtanding, and in his Health, made it his Buſneſs, in his own Life time, to provide for his Poſterity; and accordingly he diſcourſ'd the Matter to his next Heir.

Son, ſays he, *before I leave This World, I do here charge you upon my Bleſſing, and as you tender your own Life, and the Quiet of your States, that you treasure up Two Counſels I am now about to give you, and bear them conſtantly in your mind. Be ſure, in the Firſt place, that you never attempt any thing that is very Conſiderable, ſo long as your Mother lives, without her Advice. Secondly, I here adjure you over again, to ſtand firm to your Father's Old Friends and Servants; and Thoſe eſpecially, that have given Proof of their Affection, and Fidelity, thorough all Fortunes and Trials.*

The Young *Lyon* had no ſooner receiv'd This Leſſon, but up comes immediately, a *Bear*, a *Tyger*, and a *Fox*, Three Mortal Enemies of an *Old Dog* he had, that guarded the Mouth of his Cave. Pray'e, by your Favour, ſays one of them, what are you the better for an *Old-Weather-beaten-Curr* here, for your Security, that has not Strength enough, either to deal with a Thief, or to Defend his Maſter? He has neither Heels, Teeth, nor Noſe left him, and an Arrant Cripple over and above. He has not ſo much as one ſingle Inch upon the whole Body of him, that is not Hackt, and mangled; and 'tis to be fear'd, This Li-vary was never given him for his Good Manners: beſide that he is *Mop'd*, as well as *Impotent*; for you ſhall have him Wag his Tayle to a Rascal, and at the ſame time leap at the Throat of a Man of Honour, for want of Eyes, and Facultyes, to diſtinguiſh. So that it is not either for your Credit, or your Safety, to entertain ſuch an Officer in your Service. The *Lyon* was not a little ſtagger'd at the Diſcourſe, but inſiſted particularly upon the *Old Servants* Approv'd Loyalty to his Late Maſter. Nay Sir, quoth the *Fox*, as to his Faith and

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Honeſty,

Honesty, your Majesty may certainly depend upon him; but we speak of his Unfitness for such a Post, and with a Singular Regard to the Merits of his past Service. Heaven forbid, but he should be well Provided for, and with your Majesty's Leave, it shall be our Care to make him as Easy some other way. The young Prince was just upon the Point of recalling his *Patent*, but in That very Instant, his *Conscience*, and his *Good Genius*, minded him of the *Oath* he took, upon the last Blessing of his Dying Father, and so away he went, in That very Moment, to advise with his *Mother*, how to behave himself upon That Occasion.

Son, says she, *whoever moves you to part with a True, and a Try'd Friend, has a Design, most certainly, to make way for a Treacherous Enemy, that will be your Ruine. Where your Old Dog Fawns, you may depend upon it that the Men are Honest, and whenever he Barks, or Growles at any Man, you may be assur'd of the Contrary. As for his Maims, and Scarrs, so far are they from being Marks of Reproche, that they are Evident Proofs, and Tokens of his Zeal; and Affection for his Master. None in sine, but a Bold and a Malicious Minister, will ever pretend to give you the Counsel you tell me of, and none but a Careless, a Weak, and an Easy Prince, will ever submit to take it.*

This seasonable Application brought the *Lyon* to his Right Wits again, and to a Firm Resolution never to hearken any more to the Advice of Bears, Tygers, and Foxes, to the Prejudice of *Antient, Watchful, and Trusty Servants.*

THE MORAL.

WHAT better Lesson or Counsel could a Dying Father give to a Son, than to prescribe him Reverence, and Obedience to a Mother; Honour to the Memory of a Parent; and a steady Affection, to the Dutiful Friends and Servants of his Dead Father.

In the *Bear*, the *Tyger*, and the *Fox*, we may read the Common Practice of so many *Court-Parasites*, drawn as near the Life, as if they had set for the Picture. This is their way of Debauching Young Princes into a Neglect and Contempt of Duty, Common Faith, and Justice, in Contradiction to all the Rules and Lights of Reasonable Nature: and all This is brought about, by covering the Basest of *Calumnies*, under a Cloak of *Good Will*, and *Respect*.

The *Lyon's* wavering upon so Tender, and Artificial an Insinuation, shews us how hard a matter it is to stand our Ground against the Amusements of *Paradox*, and *Fair Words*. Now a Good, and a Provident Man, as well as a Brave Prince, will take Care, according to This Copy,

Copy, as well for Posterity, as for the Present Age, both in one. This *Lyon*, in fine, holds forth a Doctrinal Instruction to Princes, that they provide for their People, as well Dead, as Living. Nay when their Bodies are worn out, and their Understandings Broken, their Consciences are still at work.

We are told further, that Youth Needs Advice, and that it is many times too Capricious to Take it; wherefore here's a Charge given, upon a Father's Blessing, to hearken to the Voice and Counsel of a Parent; and not only to Obey, but in Cases of Moment, still to consult our Superiours.

Here is likewise Another Lesson, that settles the Establishing of a Throne upon the Foundations of Wisdom, Honour, and Justice. *Your Father's Friends*, says the *Mother*, *will be yours too, and whoever goes about to Persuade you otherwise, is your Deadly Enemy.*

The *Lyon* was no Stranger neither, to the Arts of *Flatterers*, and *Hangers on*, but well understood that the Bare Sufferance of Calumny, is the Encouragement of it. We are taught in This Figure also, the Art, and Address, of supplanting, and that when downright Slander, and Reproche, will not do the work, it must be brought about with *Buts* and *Immuendos*: which is only a way by it self, of Cutting a Man's Throat under a Colour of Kindness.

XXI.

Alexander and Phryne.

IT was a Generous, and a spiteful kind of a Proposal, that was made by *Phryne*, a Common Prostitute, to *Alexander* the Great; and the Story was This.

Alexander had Ruin'd the City of *Thebes*, and *Phryne* offer'd to Rebuild it: upon Condition only, that she might have a Monument erected for a Memorial of the Exploit, with This Inscription upon't: [*Alexander Destroy'd the City of Thebes, and Phryne Repair'd it.*]

THE MORAL.

HERE's a Phantastical Case started, betwixt a Woman of Pleasure and an Imperial Prince; and not without a Spice of Vanity, and Ambition, on both hands. *Alexander* values himself upon his Violences, and Oppression, in the Undoing of the World; and *Phryne* sets up (so far as in her lyes at least) for the Repairing of it; and in the same Action, atones, in some Measure, for the Sensualities of a Loose Life, over and above.

Now This is as much as to tell us, that there is nothing under the Sun, either so Brave, or so Mean, as not to admit some Mixture of the Contrary Extreme; and that at This rate, of confronting the one with the

the Other, the *Strumpet* makes a better Figure in the Story, and appears more Illustrious then the *Conquerour*.

XXII.

Alexander and Aristobulus.

AS Alexander was taking the Air once upon the *Hydaspes*, *Aristobulus* entertain'd him with a Relation he had written of his Victory over *Porus*. But it was so Nauseous a Piece of Flattery, that he snatch'd the Book out of his Hand as he was reading, and threw it into the River ; and it was Ten to one, the Author himself had follow'd it. [*What*, (says Alexander, in a Rage) *were you so hard put to't, that you could not find any Thing to commend me for that was True ?*

The MORAL.

THERE'S nothing turns the Stomach of a Sober Man like a High-flown Panegyrick ; and a Fullsom, Dawbing Dedication ; which is certainly the most Scandalous of Libels. It does not only call a Man Fool to his Face, but publishes him for a Coxcomb to the World too, and He himself signs and seals the *Certificate*, in the very *Sufferance* of it.

XXIII.

Alexander to a Pirate.

ALexander demanded of a *Corsaire* that he had taken Prisoner, how he durst presume to Scour the Seas at That Insolent rate ? *Why truly*, says he, *I Scour the Seas for my Profit and my Pleasure, just as you Scour the World : only I am to be a Rogue for doing it with one Galley, and you must be a mighty Prince forsooth, for doing the same Thing with an Army.* Alexander was so pleas'd with the Bravery of the Man, that he immediately gave him his Liberty.

The

The MORAL.

POWER is no *Privilege* for *Violence* ; it may create some sort of *Security* in the *Execution*, but it gives no manner of *Right* to the *Committing* of it ; for *Oppression*, and *Injustice*, are the very same thing in an *Emperour*, that they are in a *Private*. This was Bravely said of the *Corsaire*, and it was as Bravely done of Alexander ; but whether it wrought upon the King's *Conscience*, or his *Honour*, may be a Question : that is to say, whether he was more mov'd with the *Reason* of the *Thing*, or with the *Courage* of the *Man* : but it looks well however either way, for Alexander not only forgave the *Asfront* of being made the greater Thief of the Two, but gave the Poor Fellow his Freedom over and above. And we have likewise This Document left us for our Instruction ; that in all Fortunes, and Extremes, a Great Soul will never want Matter to work upon.

XXIV.

The Cock and the Cocker.

ACobler dreamt he was a Great Prince, and in the Full Exercise of his Royal State and Dignity ; with his Train, and his Guards, and all the Servile Ministers of his Lufts and Pleasures, about him. In this Phantastical Instant, the Cock Crows, and wakes him ; and in the same Moment depofes him from his Imperial Pomp and Glory.

The MORAL.

ALL the Delights and Satisfactions of This World, whether Jest, or Earnest, are in effect, little more then a *Dream* ; that is to say, either a *Waking*, or a *Sleeping Dream*. For what's the Difference ? Only we *See*, and *Feel* the Vanity in the *one*, and we do but *Phancy* it in the *Other*. As for Example. Which is the Happier of the Two, a Prince that dreams he is a Beggar, or a Beggar that dreams he is a Prince ? There is no more, in short, then This in't. The One is a Beggar in his Sleep, and a Prince Waking, and the Other is a Beggar Waking, and a Prince, Asleep.

XXV.

XXV.

A Note upon the Athenian Counsels.

IT was a Sharp, and a severe Remark that *Mison* pass'd upon the *Athenian Counsels*. [*Wise Men*, says he, *Propound*, and *Fools Determin*.

The MORAL.

IF it be true that there are more *Fools* in the World than *Wise Men*, and more *Knaves*, than *Honest Men*, one Majority will undoubtedly carry it for another of the same Stamp; where *Number* is the *Test*; and chuse such as themselves are. So that in Popular Debates, the Question is not so much the *Reason*, or the *Justice* of the Matter, as the *Plurality* of Those that are For it, or Against it. Now the Greater Part, at this rate, being still the Stronger, it shall certainly give Laws to the rest. Thus it is, and thus it must be, so long as *Counsels* are govern'd by *Tale*, not by *Weight*.

XXVI.

Nothing to be done without a Text.

MOntluck has a World of Phantastical Storyes of the *French Huguenots* that fell within his Walk; and particularly of a Party among them so nicely Scrupulous, that they made a *Conscience* of paying their *Landlords* their *Rent*, unless they could shew a *Text* for't.

The MORAL.

THAT which many People call *Conscience*, is little more in truth than a Fit of the *Spleen*; or in Other Terms, a kind of an *Enthusiastical Impulse*, without either *Sense*, or *Reason*. It is, in a Great Measure, mere Phancy, and Humour; and furnishes one short Answer to all Questions, that is to say, *This or That*, whatever it is, goes against my *Conscience*: which *Conscience* shall Rob a Church, to Build an Hospital, and keep the Decalogue it self upon the Behaviour, with a *Quam diu se bene gesserit*. It turns all Morality out of Doors, and leaves no such Thing in Nature as Liberty and Property, unless you can shew *Chapter and Verse* for't. [*Leave That to Providence*, My Lord,] says the Coachman to his Master, for crying Rub to his Bowle. This Pretence, in fine, that passes in the World too frequently for *Conscience*, makes no Difficulty of doing the *Worst* of Things, and yet at the same time *Scruples* the most Necessary Offices of a *Christian Life*.

XXVII.

XXVII.

A King and a Shepherd.

A Certain great Prince, that was quite tir'd out with Publique Cares and Buifness, took up a Resolution to give the World, and the Vanities of it, the Slip for a while; and so away he steals into the Country, *Incognito*; partly for Breath and Liberty, and partly to entertain himself with the Blessings of a Private Life. In the Course of This Adventure, nothing pleas'd him better than the Encounter of a *Shepherd* at the Head of his *Flock*, with his *Dogs* and his *Guards* about him; his *Sheep* in Excellent Cafe and Order, and not a *Fox* or a *Wolfe* to be heard of near That *Quarter*: over and above a yearly Income upon the main to a Considerable Value.

This Prince, ascribing all These Advantages to the Fidelity, the Diligence, and the Conduct of the *Pastor*. When he had stay'd as long upon This Innocent Diversion as the Pressing Necessities of his Government could well spare him, return'd to his Palace; where the First Thing he did, was to send for the *Shepherd* up to Court; and upon his Arrival, his Majesty very graciously bad him Wellcom, and spake to him as follows.

Friend, says he, you have discharg'd your *Pastoral Care* with so much *Prudence*, *Faith*, and *Credit*, that instead of a *Governour* of *Beasts*, you are from This Time forward, to be a *Governour* of *Men*, and your *Patent* is now a drawing to make you one of my *Chief Justices*. This unthought of Advance from the *Sheep-hook* to the Palace, must needs be a strange Surprize to a Man that had never seen more of the World than his *Dogs* and his *Muttons*, and a Little *Hermit* there in the Neighbourhood where he kept his *Sheep*. But the Thing however is done, and the Man must now enter upon his Commission. This News flew like Lightning, and brought the *Hermit* Himself out of his Cell, to reason the Matter with his Old Acquaintance the *Shepherd*, upon what he had heard.

Hark ye my good Friend; says the severe Religious, Is it a Dream, or is it really True, that you are now sent for up to be made a Great Man, and a Favourite? Why certainly you understand
Kings

Kings and Courts better, then to venture your Life and Soul on so Slippery a Bottom; and to hazard the Purchase of a Late, and perhaps an Unprofitable Repentance, at so dear a rate. Remember what I tell you now beforehand; You will not stand your Ground long, and your Fall will make as much Noise in the World, as ever your Rise did. The Shepherd smil'd, but the Hermit went on still with his Forebodings, and he was not much out neither in the Conclusion.

The New Judge was scarce Warm in his Seat, but there were Factions presently at work to undermine him, giving it out in general Terms, that he had neither Law in him, nor *Honesty*: so that what with private Cabals, Subornations, Remonstrances, and Clamorous Petitions exhibited against him, for *Oppression*, and *Arbitrary Proceedings*, the King was at last wrought upon to deliver him up to Public Justice: especially considering the Prodigious Treasure which he had hoarded-up, they said, in Money and Jewels, and the Innumerable Bribes that were laid to his Charge. Upon This Importunity, he was taken into Custody; his House, Papers, and Accounts, strictly search'd, and examin'd; but nothing of Moment made out against him, till they came at last to a Huge Chest, with the Lord knows how many Locks and Bolts upon't, and *There it was*, they cry'd, *that he had deposited the Mass of his Inestimable Wealth.* Upon the Opening of this Trunk, what should they find there, but the *Shepherds Weeds* he was taken up in; an Old Tatter'd Frock or Two; several Bundles of Raggs, Odd Mittens, and Stockings; a Leathern Pouche, a Broken Bag-pipe, and Twenty little Things belonging to his Calling.

When they had now carry'd the Malice as far as it would go, to the confounding even of Calumny it self, his Accusers were ready to Burst with Rage and Envy at the Disappointment. But the Good Man, being now *Reſt in Curia* once again, had his Belly full by This time of Court-Commissions, and the whole Earth could not prevail upon him ever to embark again in That Bottom. The very Sight of his miserable Ragged Wardrobe, minded him of the Blessings both of Body and Soul, that he enjoy'd in the Simplicity of That Dress: so that he stript himself of his Court-Robe, put on his *Shepherds Clothes* again, and returned to his Old Charge.

The

The MORAL.

THIS Fable gives us to understand the *Cares and Anxieties* of a *Crown*, with the *Temptations*, the *Snares*, and the *Hazards* of a *Court-Life*: the *Blessings*, and the *Security*, of a *Private State*; together with the *Danger* of depending upon Great Men's *Promises*, and *Favours*.

We are likewise to take Notice, that Innocence is no Protection against Envy, and Defamation; that is to say, when the Ears of Princes are open to *Pick-thanks*, and *Tale-bearers*: not but that *Honesty* and *Virtue*, at the long run, will stand all Tests; as the Shepherd here takes his Misfortune for a Warning, lays down his Commission, quits his Post of *Politicks*, and so to his Sheep again.

The Prince, in This Progress, and Disguise, meets with, not only a Diverting, but an Edifying Variety, under the *Embleme* of a well order'd Government, in a *Sheep-coat*: where he phancies to himself That Quiet in a Hutt, which he could not find in a Palace. And here we have a *Shepherd* also, on the other hand, exchanging a Peaceable, orderly Command in a Cottage over his Dogs, and his Sheep, for the more Splendid Slavery of a Court-Dependence; but upon Second Thoughts he comes to his Wits again.

Now after all These Turns of State, and Humour, it is morally impossible for an Ambitious Man ever to be Happy. He that Covets more, is plainly Sick of what he has already, and consequently enjoys nothing at all: for so long as our Hearts are set upon what we have *Not*, we can never be satisfy'd with what we *Have*. So that the very Course of our Life is but a Restless Pursuit of one Thing after another. We are Sick of *Poverty*, Sick of *Plenty*, Sick of the *Cares* of Government, and Sick of the *Yoke* of it; Sick of *Solitude*, and Sick of *Company*. We are Sick, in fine, of every Thing we have *try'd*, and find no Relief in *subsisting* neither, till, in the End, Providence and Second Thoughts brings all to-rights.

XXVIII.

A Great Saying of Vespasian.

IT was a memorable Practice of *Vespasian*, throughout the Course of his whole Life. He call'd himself to an account every Night, for the Actions of the *Past Day*, and so often, as he found he had slipt any one Day, without doing some Public Good, he enter'd upon his *Diary* This Memorial. [*Diem peritidi*] I have lost a Day.

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The

The MORAL.

IT is just so much Time *Lost*, as is *idly spent*; and That which we call [*Passing away our Time*] is a Profusion never to be recover'd. But we keep a better account of our *Monyes*, then we do of our *Hours*; and while we are over-follicitous for the Improvement of the One, we are as Loose, and Careless, in Squandering away the Other: without ever considering, That we run the Extreme Hazzard of *Eternity it self*, for the Vain Pleasure of a *Moment*, while we put off the Main Business of our *Lives* to the very Article of *Death*.

XXIX.

The Churches are Full.

AS People were talking together of the Hardness of the Times, why truly, says one of the Company, *the Times are pretty Difficult, but, the Lord be praised for it, the Churches are Full still.* Now This Spark was a Common *Pick-pocket*, that, for Brevity-sake, said his Prayers, and follow'd his Trade, both under one.

The MORAL.

THERE is not That Roguery in Nature that has not a Mask of Honesty and Religion to Cover it: and the same Pretence holds good from the Prime Minister to the Mountebank; and from the Sharper here in the Gallery, to the more Notorious *Pick-pockets* that we have seen, in the very Pulpits Themselves. This is an Impious, and an Execrable Imposture, 'tis true, but it will do well to Qualify the Censure however, with a Great deal of Charitable Caution, for fear of taking the Saint for the Hypocrite, instead of the Hypocrite for the Saint; and so to set the *Sadale*, as we say, upon the *Right Horse*.

XXX.

Alexander and Anaximenes.

ANAXIMENES of *Lampsacus*, was Alexander's Tutor, and highly in his Favour. This *Anaximenes*, having heard that Alexander had bound himself by a Desperate Vow, to destroy all the *Lampsacians*, for joyning with *Darius* against him; he went

went his way immediately to find him out, and to try if he could divert him from that Deadly Resolution. *Alexander*, hearing that he was coming toward him, and not without some inkling of his Business, swore over again in the hearing of his Chief Officers, that whatever *Anaximenes* should desire of him, he would do the clear Contrary. The Word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but up comes *Anaximenes*. The King treated him after his usual Manner of Grace and Respect, and ask'd him, as by the By, what brought him thither? I am come, says he, with a Request to the most Invincible *Alexander*, to beg of him, that he would put *Lampsacus* to Fire and Sword, and Raze it to the Ground, without sparing either Age, Sex, or Quality: nay not excepting the very Temples, Altars, and Holy Places Themselves. *Alexander* was exceedingly pleas'd, to find himself so artificially Discharg'd of so Rash and Bloudy an Oath, and pardon'd both City and People.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE should have a Care of Rash and Inconsiderate Vows; such I mean, as cannot in Honour, Honesty, or Conscience, be either Made, Kept, or, in some sort, Broken. But no Man can lay himself under an Obligation, to do an Ill Thing. When *Alexander* had Hamper'd himself here in *One Vow*, his Tutor *Anaximenes* found a way to Disengage him by *Another*; and at the same time convinc'd his Pupil of his Error, by a Trick; wherein he acquitted himself to all Purposes, both as a Prudent Councillour, and as a Faithful Friend.

XXXI.

Pyrrhus and Cineas.

WHEN *Pyrrhus* was preparing to make War against the Romans, *Cineas* the Philosopher took the Freedom to Reason the Matter with him, upon That Occasion. Put the Case, says *Cineas*, that you should beat the Romans now; what would you be the better for? Why, says *Pyrrhus*, it would make us Masters of all Italy. Right, says *Cineas*; and where will you be next then? Why for That, says *Pyrrhus*, we'll have a Blow at *Sicily*, that lyes hard by there you know. Well!

says *Cineas* again, *and when you have got Sicily, there's an End of the War.* Nay, soft you for That, says *Pyrrhus*, for This is only to open a way to more Glorious Adventures : as who knows but we may overcome *Lybia*, and *Carthage* ? *Like enough*, says *Cineas* ; and now, upon the Word of a Prince, and a Man of Honour ; if you had the whole World at your Feet, where would you take up at last ? *Pyrrhus* found by This time what it was the Philosopher pointed at, and with a kind of Conscientious Smile, gave him This Answer. If I were once Master, says he, of the Universe, we would e'en live Easily, and make Merry. *And what hinders you*, says the Other, *I beseech you, from living as easily, and as merrily now, as you could do then : Nothing in This World ? but the Ravenous Appetite of an Insatiable Ambition.*

THE MORAL.

THE Ambitious Man does not so much as Know what he would be at ; but presses forward at a venture, from one Thing to another, without any sort of Regard, either to Justice, Honour, or Conscience ; till he finds himself more to seek at Last, then he was when he began. Now This is only for want of making a True Judgment of Things, upon a Right Estimate of the Proportion betwixt the Means, and the End. When I have gain'd This or That Point, where shall I be next ? And when I shall have compass'd Twenty and Twenty Points more, it will be but the same Question in *Infinitum*, over and over again ; and fill the further I go, the more I am to seek.

XXXII.

Amasis consults the Oracles.

WE shall have occasion elsewhere to make Mention of *Amasis* the Egyptian, and of his being advanc'd from a Private State to Sovereign Power. The Story says further of him, that he was a Man of Liberty and Pleasure, to the Highest Degree ; and one that minded nothing in the World, but Jolly Company, Wine, and Women ; and how to get Money to answer his Expences. In short ; when he had run himself out, both of Cash, and Credit, he made a shift yet to pick-up a Sorry Living upon the Rook ; and not by *Sharpening* alone, but now and then by downright Stealing : and when-

ever

ever he happen'd to be charg'd with a *Pilfery*, his way was still to deny the Fact, and then appeal to the Oracle of the Place for his Justification. This was his Course ; and one while they found him Guilty, other-whiles Innocent ; there- after as it happen'd.

This was in his Private Condition ; but upon his coming afterwards to the Administration of the Government, he carry'd it in his Mind, which Oracles had been For him, and which Against him ; and accordingly set a Mark of Infamy upon Those that unjustly Absolv'd him ; paying at the same time as great a Veneration to the Other. After This Note of Distinction upon their Worship, and their Temples, he pass'd a Law, over and above, for all People upon Pain of Death to give the Governour of every Province, an Account, once a year, how they liv'd. This Edict was so well approv'd, that it was translated afterwards by *Solon* to *Athens*.

THE MORAL.

No such Cheats in Nature, as under the Vizar of Piety, and Religion. And what's the Difference at last, betwixt the Antient Downright Pagan, and our Modern Christian Impostors, but, according to the *Cant in Mode*, the One Consults the Oracle, and the other seeks the Lord : so that Their Enthusiasts and Ours, are but the self-same Thing under several Appellations ; and there is nothing so Execrable, and Flagitious, but it stands consecrated under This Cover.

We are to take Notice likewise, that Hypocrisy does not so Blind the Judgment, as either to confound the Notions of Good and Evil, or to stiffle the Reluctances of a Scrupulous Conscience. For we have in us, at the same time, a Secret Abhorrence for the One, and as Tender a Reverence for the Other : and the First fair Opportunity of applying it to our Advantage, does in some Measure set us Right again. This holds, both in the Case of *Amasis*, and in the Ordinary Practice of the World : But yet we cannot call any good Office or Action a Consummated Virtue, that's wrought rather by an Impulse of Interest, then out of a Sense of Duty.

XXXIII.

Wolves Banish'd England.

WHEN the Wolves were to be Banish'd England, they Petition'd, only for one Dog, and one Bitch, to be left behind : upon Good Security, never to stir out of the Woods

Woods and Mountains; and neither to Howle, nor Bite, nor to give any Sort of Offence either to Man or Beast. The Number was so Small, and the Condition so Reasonable, that a great many People were for a Toleration: but others objected, that though they were but Few at present, they would quickly Multiply; for all the Wolves in the World came Originally out of one Male and one Female: beside that an *Indulgence*, would be a Step to a *Petition of Right*; and when they were once In, it would be hard getting them Out again. Upon These Considerations the Project fell to the Ground.

The MORAL.

SOME *Opinions* are no more to be trusted in a *Commonwealth*, then *Wolves* in a *Sheepfold*. *Antimagistral* *Doctrines*, are a kind of *Specifique Poison*; let but any One Part be Tainted, and the Malignity Diffuses it self insensibly thorough the Whole Body. *Innovations* are commonly usher'd in with *Scruples*; and so they Advance by Degrees, to *Expustulations*, *Complaints*, *Schisms*, *Associations*, and then to *Fire and Sword*, in the conclusion. And whence comes all This now, but from the want of distinguishing betwixt a Personal Softness, and a Publique Duty. There must be no Gratifying of Parties, or Passions, so as to Endanger the Whole. It was a Great Saying of one of the Antients, that *It is a hard Matter to be Tender and Wife*. Over-much Easyness is the Weak side of a Prince; for nothing supports a Government like an Impartial, and an Inexorable Justice; in Proportion to the Reason of the Case, and the Quality of the Crime.

XXXIV.

A Cavalier and a Court Lady.

A Cavalier, that had a very Fine Woman in his Eye, could not forbear telling her, that she was wonderful Pretty. Sir, says the Lady, *I thank you for your Good Opinion, and I wish with all my Heart I could say as much of you too*. Why so you might, Madam, says the Gentleman, if you made no more Conscience of a Lye then I do.

The MORAL.

THERE'S nothing Seasons Conversation like a Ready Presence of Mind, and a Pleasant Turn of Wit; provided that there be no *Bitterness*, *Levity*, or *Affectation* in it; and that it be kept also within the Bounds

Bounds of Sobriety and Good Manners; and the Conversation made all of a Piece. Now the Skill of ordering This Province aright, is a Master-piece, and the Niceties that occur in the Exercise of it are innumerable: beside that there is somewhat so Particular, in the Quickness, and Liberty, of a Good-natur'd Gayety of Thought, that it is more obliging then the *flark-Love-and-Kindness* it self. It carries a Generous, and an Airy Frankness along with it, that sets-off the Freedom with a Better Grace.

XXXV.

A Woman Hang'd her self upon a fig-tree.

AN Honest, Good-natur'd Husband, was quite at his Wits End for the Loss of his Poor Wife, that had newly Hang'd her self upon a *Fig-Tree* in his Garden. A Conceited Neighbour of his, instead of *Condoling* with him for the Loss, made him a Solemn Visit to *joy* him of his *Deliverance*. The First Ceremony of the Greeting was no sooner over, but he made a Suit to the Widower for a *Graft* or *Two of the same Plant*: for *who knows*, says he, *but it may bear the same Fruit in my Garden, that it did in yours!*

The MORAL.

IT is the Part of a Wife Man to make the Best of a Bad Game; but it is the Part of a Wiser Man, so to order his Affairs, as to have no Bad Game at all. Now This is to be the Work, only of Grace, and Wisdom: Not but that he that has a Shrew to his Wife, may be allow'd a little Sport for his Money.

It was much such another Conceit, That of a Man upon a *Grey Mare* with a *Woman* behind him. *This is the Fourth Wife*, says he, *that This Mare has brought me home to my House now*. Well! says a Merry Companion, at his Elbow, what would I give for a Foal of the same Breed. But This way of Fooling may go too far, if it be not managed with Discretion: for *every Thing is*, we say, *as 'tis taken*.

XXXVI.

Plaintiff and Defendant draw Cuts.

THERE happen'd so Intricate a Case once upon a Tryal at Barr, that the Court was at a Stand whether to give it for the *Plaintiff*, or for the *Defendant*. Some were for the Old

Old way of adjourning the Tryal for a Hundred Years : but in the Conclusion, the Judges order'd the Parties to *draw Cuts* ; The Counsel oppos'd That way of Proceeding, as a Thing without a *President*. Well well ! says the Bench, *President* or no *President*, 'tis all a Case to Us, that stand up only for the Reason, and the Justice, of the Matter : beside that for One Sentence that is better grounded you shall find Twenty Worse.

This Story minds me of a Certain *Quack-Philosopher*, that took upon him in his Bills to Cure all *Curable Diseases*, and Patients came flocking to him from all *Quarters*, far and near. Now his way was This. He had Receipts of all sorts roll'd up like *Valentines* ; all of a Size, and put promiscuously together in a Great Bag. As any Man came to him for a Remedy, he dipt at a venture, and said a Short Prayer for a Blessing upon the *Lot* : now that which came first to hand was his *Infallible Cure*.

The MORAL.

HERE'S *Chance-Law*, and *Chance-Physick*, and as fair-Play for *Life, Liberty*, and *Estate*, generally speaking, as Heart could wish : for here's *Providence*, on the one hand, in Favour of the *Right*, against the Hazards of *Fraud*, *Ignorance*, and *Corruption*, on the other.

XXXVII.

Coblers and Colonells.

IN Old Time, when the Corruption of a *Cobler* was the Generation of a *Colonell*, a certain Officer that had serv'd the State in Both Capacities, had the Hap to be quarter'd in the House of a Woman of *Quality* in *Ireland*. It was bitterly Cold, and as the poor Lady was warming her Feet at the Fire, the Colonell took Notice that her Shoes were out at the Toes, and ask'd her why she went no better *Shod* : Why truly, Sir says she, the Coblers are all made Colonells, and I can get no body to Mend my Shoes.

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The MORAL.

WHEN the Order of Government is once subverted, there follows naturally a Confusion of Qualities and Degrees. It is with a *Popular State*, as it is with a Game at *Putt*, where the *Deuxes* and *Trayes* are the *Best Chards*. Now This Passage is, in truth, Matter of *Fact* ; but every jot yet as Edifying as a Labour'd Invention. It sets forth the Insolence of Mean Persons, when they are advanc'd to a Post of Honour and Preferment ; and it shews us likewise the Prudential Expedient of minding a *Court-Cobler*, or *Footman*, now and then of his *Original*.

XXXVIII.

The Asses made Justices.

A Doctor of Divinity, and a Justice of Peace, met upon the Road ; the Former excellently well mounted, and the other upon the Merry Pin it seems, and in Humour to make Sport with him. Doctor, says he ; your great Master had the Humility to ride upon an Ass, and one would think that an Ass might have e'en contented you too. Alas alas ! Sir says the Doctor ; the *Asses*, they say, are all made *Justices*, and there are none to be gotten.

The MORAL.

THIS Encounter happen'd upon a Great Change in the Bench, and the Justice here in the Story was a Commissioner of the Last Edition. The Justice, in short, would needs be meddling, and the Doctor was too Hard for him ; which may serve for a Caution to all People, not to lash out into Intemperances of *Scommes*, and Banter, without understanding their Men, and their Measures.

XXXIX.

An Old Sinner and a New Convert.

A Miserable Bedrid Wretch of an Old Woman, that had never a Tooth in her Head, and hardly an Eye to see withall, put-up a Bill in the *Parish-Church* for the Prayers of the Congregation, that Heaven would move the Hearts of all good Christian People, to extend their Charity toward

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the Relief of a *New Convert*, that had renounc'd the Sins of the *Flesh*.

This minds me of a Funeral Sermon upon a Lady that Dy'd upwards of Fourscore. The Holder-forth cry'd her up to the Heavens for her *exemplary Chastity*, especially, he said, toward her *Latter End*.

THE MORAL.

'Tis a Common Thing for an *Old Sinner* to set-up for a *New-Convert*, and for People to Renounce the Sins of their Youth, when they have lost the Relish of them. Not that a True Repentance can ever come out of Season, but This Dilatory way of performing to Necessary a Duty, is, without Dispute, the most Desperate of Hazzards.

This is much at the rate of what a Decrepit Old Fellow said to a Friend of his that gave him a Long Prayer to make use of. *Lord!* says he, *is This a Lesson for a New-beginner?* Nay there are those that take Delight in the very History of their Lewdness, when the Faculty of it is gone; as if they valu'd themselves upon supplying the want of *Power*, with *Heart and Good Will*. *There is such an one*, says the Story, *has had his Extravagances, 'tis true; but he's mightily come off, since he lost the one Half of his Upper-Lip, and the Bridge of his Nose*. This is no other, in fine, then the Common Case of Mankind: We are not so sorry for the Ill Things we have done, as we are that we can do them no longer.

XL.

Perillus's Brazen Bull.

WHen *Agrigentum* was under the Government of a most Inhumane Tyrant, *Perillus* made the King a Present of a *Brazen Bull*; a Piece of Curiosity perfected to the highest Degree; with a Door on the one side, large enough to hold the Body of a Man, and the Cavity so contriv'd, that upon Encompassing the Figure with a Furious Fire, the Roaring of the Man was perfectly like the Bellowing of a Bull, and without any Resemblance of a Humane Voice. *Perillus* made no doubt of a Considerable Reward from the Tyrant for such a Present, and he was promis'd no less; but instead of a Gratification, he was the First Man himself that was put to the Tryal of his own Invention.

The

THE MORAL.

OPPRESSING Princes shall never want Teizing, and Pragmatical Ministers to set them on; as *Perillus* values himself here upon an Invention of Cruelty, so Horrid, that it put Tyranny it self out of Countenance, to think of inflicting so Extravagant, and so Intupportable a Torture, But upon Second Thoughts, the Prince himself Relented, and Emprov'd the Project of This Execrable Monster into an Act of Tenderness and Justice, by diverting the Destruction design'd for Honest Men, upon the Head of the Author Himself. It would be a Happy World if all Publique Enemyes, and Corrupt Ministers, were treated after This President.

XLI.

A Shepherd, a Wolfe, and a Fox.

AS a *Shepherd* was entertaining himself one Day with his Bag-Pipe, he discern'd somewhat a Huge way off, Frisking, and Dancing, to the Musick, but what it was he could not well distinguish. Some Two or Three Days after This, it was his hap to see the same Creature Jigging it again, upon the same Occasion; and while he was looking at it very earnestly, to learn what it might be, up comes a Jolly *Fox* to the *Shepherd*; quite overjoy'd, he said, to be the Messenger of the Good News he had to tell him. *Tunder's Honest Ugrim*, says he, *has the greatest mind in the World to be the Instrument of a Happy Peace betwixt the Two Families of the Sheep and the Wolves: beside the infinite Delight he should take, over and above, in a Trip now and then to the Jog of your Incomparable Pipe*. Now my Commission is only to beg the Favour of his being admitted to your Presence, upon my Security for his Good Behaviour. Verily, my Friend *Reynard*, says the *Shepherd*, I would do much for your sake, and therefore, if he has such a Phancy as you say he has, for the Alliance, or for the Musick, pray'e bid him come to me at any time and wellcome; provided only that he leave his Teeth, and his Nails behind him: for they'll be of little use to him, you know, either in his Conversation, or in his Dancing. So soon as ever the *Fox* found whereabouts he was, he shew'd the *Shepherd* a Fair Pair of Heels, without so much as bidding him Farewell.

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The MORAL.

THERE'S no Trusting to Fair Words from a Known, and a Profest Enemy, without very good Security; especially when the Matter is managed by a Confederacy of Sharpers, and one Knave so forward to run on another Knave's Errand, and to stand Bound for the Honesty of his Fellow.

We cannot be too Wary how we enter into *Friendships*, and *Cabals*, or whom to Trust: for *Passion*, and *Interest*, are, effectually, the natural Biass of *Flesh and Blood*; or (which is all one) the *Weak side of Mankind*: insomuch that there's scarce one of a Thousand of us that does not govern himself, more or less, by This Measure.

The Doctrine will be This now; that we are not to lay *Life, Fortune*, and *Reputation*, at the *Mercy* of any Man living at a venture: for if we *come-off*, the *Good Nature* will not excuse the *Indiscretion*; and if we *Miscarry*, the Blame lyes at our own Door, both for the *Damage*, and the *Reproche*; so that a Wise Man will leave nothing to *Chance*, that may be secur'd by *Providence*, and *Councell*. Nor but that in some extraordinary Cases, there may be here and there a Singular Exception to a General Rule, and Instances of Men of *Honour*, and *Conscience*; that would sacrifice all Temporal Advantages to the Over-ruling Obligations of *Honesty* and *Justice*. But as These Instances are not many, so we are likewise to look upon them as abstracted from the Common Methods and Government of Humane Life; there being so very few, either Examples, or Occasions, for This Heroical Virtue. But as we are not to commit any Thing to *Hazzard*, further then needs must, where our Bodies, Souls, Estates, or Good Names are in Question; so it will become us to keep a Guard upon our selves, even in That very *Caution*: for over-much Distrust, and Waryness, will look like want of Charity, Humanity, or Good Manners else; when yet in truth there may be no more in it at the Bottom, then the Reserve of a *Necessary Prudence*. The Heart of Man is Faithless, Variable, and Corrupt; so that it would be Madness to expect, even from the Nature of the Thing, that any Man should be True to Another that's False to Himself.

To bring it now to a Political Allusion; *Republicans* are the same Thing to *Crowned Heads*, that *Foxes* and *Wolves* are to *Shepherds*. There's no dealing with them, let them speak never so fair, without leaving their *Teeth*, and their *Claws*, that is to say, their *Principles* behind them; for they Profest and Declare themselves the Inconciliable Enemies of Kings, at the same time, that they value themselves upon their Pretences to Preserve them. The whole History of the Troubles of *Charles the First*, is but This Phancy in *Embleme*. When the *Wolves* come once to take Care of the *Sheep*, and the *Foxes* to set-up *Guarantees* for the Performance of *Articles*, 'tis high time for the Governours, both *Political*, and *Pastoral*, to look about them. There's no Trusting, in fine, to the Professions of a Perfidious, and a Cruel Enemy; especially when his Pretensions run manifestly against, both his Interest, and his Inclinations.

XLII. A

XLII.

A Bishop and a General.

AS a Bishop of Cologne was marching at the Head of a Brave Army, and in the Double Capacity, both of a Soldier, and a Church-man: Lord! says a Fleering Country-Fellow, 'tis a strange Thing, methinks, that your Reverences Master, St. Peter, should Dye so Poor himself, and leave his Followers so well to pass. Right, says the Bishop, but I am here in the Quality of a General, you must know, as well as of a Prelat. Ay my Lord, says the other, but if the General should chance to go to the Devil, what will become of the Bishop, I beseech you?

The MORAL.

THIS is only the Old way of playing Fast and Loose betwixt the Person, and the Office: that is to say, betwixt the Prince in his Natural, and in his Political Capacity. It looks as if the One were to Consecrate the Other, and the Sacredness of the Bishop to atone for the Sins of the Sword-man, but This Phancy has more of Quirk in it then of Substance, and it would not be worth the while to Refine upon it.

XLIII.

A Motion for a Commonwealth.

LCURGUS was hard press'd by the Lacedemonians to erect a Popular State among them; and his Answer was This; that he that made the Motion for that Form of Government, should do well to begin with it at Home; and then try how he lik'd the Training up of Servants in his own Family, to Chop Logick with their Masters.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no Reasoning comes so close to a Man, as when he makes the Question his own Case: for Then he speaks sensibly, and Feels what he says. To do as we would be done By, is but agreeable to the Law and Dictate of Nature, and it holds as well also in the Rule of Governing as we would be Govern'd, and Obeying as we would be Obey'd. So that the Measures of Policy are the same in Proportion from Kingdoms to Families.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Demades a Coffin-maker.

Plutarch tells us of one *Demades*, a *Coffin-maker*, that was Banish'd *Athens* for grumbling that he had no better a Trade.

The MORAL.

HERE'S a Poor *Coffin-maker* Punish'd, for doing the self-same thing in Effect, with the whole World beside. They do not all Grumble, 'tis true, for *Want* of Trade, but they are all Glad when they *Have* it, and forward enough to entertain it, with all Chances. 'Tis the Course of the World, for One Man to Rise by Another Man's Fall; and for the Making of One Man, to be the Undoing of Another. As in the *Sexton's* Case; some must Dye that some may Live, which looks like an Unnatural Hardness, when Beasts themselves make some sort of Scruple to prey upon their own Kind. How many ill natur'd Dealers are there, that raise their Fortunes out of Tempests, Wracks, Fires, Inundations, &c! As Shipwrights, Carpenters, Bricklayers, and the like! Do not *Soldiers of Fortune* Pray for *Wars*? Men of the *Long Robe* for *Lawsuits*? *Surgeons* and *Physicians* for *Broken Bones* and *Distempers*? But it is one Thing for a Man to *Live* upon the Calamity of his Neighbour and Another Thing to *Joy* in it, or to *Wish* for't.

XLV.

Two Antiquaries.

THere happen'd a Dispute betwixt Two Cavaliers about the Spelling of their Names, the one of them a Perfect *Antiquary*; and the Other a kind of a *Second-Rate Gentleman*. The Controversy came in the end to a Wager, and upon hearing the Merits of the Cause, the Country Squire yielded his Adversary to be in the Right: for I find, says he, in the Records of *Bridewell*, that his Grandfather was Whipt there by That Name.

XLVI.

XLVI.

Voccalini's Marquis.

A Certain *Marquis*, that stood mightily upon his Points, for the Antiquity of his Family, came to an Agreement with a Famous *Herald*, for a Draught of his *Pedigree*; but let him have a care then to trace it up to the Original. The *Herald* carry'd it on as far as it would go, and This was the Case.

The *First* of the House that could ever pretend to an Estate; was a *Captain*. This *Captain* was the Son of a *Physician*, and That *Physician*, the Son of an *Oylman*: which *Oylman* was the Son of a *Serjeant*, that ended his Days in the Hands of the *Common Hangman*. That *Serjeant* was the Son of a *Gentleman of Savoy*, that suffer'd as a Traytor. This *Gentleman* again, was the Son of a *Count*, and that *Count* the Son of a *Courtier*, who was the Son of a *Jew* ----- and there he stop't, for he could it run it no further.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE seldom come off better, when they will be valuing themselves upon Things beside their Business, and raking into *Pedigrees*: where they must of necessity lay open the Nakedness of their Forefathers, which in many Cases will not bear the Ripping up. This is the True Meaning of the Two Foregoing Fables. But what do we talk of *Precedences* upon *Extraction*; when we are all of the same Family, and the Children of One Common Father: as the Country Fellow said that was taken-up for talking sawcily of a Gentleman of a *Noble Family*, as they call'd it ----- *Never tell me of a Noble Family*, says the Bumpkin, *for I have as good Blood in my Veins as the best of them all; but that we have lost our Writings.*

XLVII.

A Lyon in a Sheep-skin.

THere was a *Wolfe*, that, by Bribery and Corruption, had made such an Interest about the Person of the *Lyon*, that let him do what he would, he was sure to be brought off. As This *Wolfe* was worrying Lambs one Day in the Absence

fence of the Shepherd, a *Sheep* slip away to the *Lyon*, with Tears, and Supplications for Protection, and Justice, a *Tyger*, and a *Leopard* that were of the *Wolves Cabal*, Banter'd the *Sheep* out of Countenance, and so it went off for a Jest. Soon after This, came the Shepherd's Dog Limping to the *Lyon*, with Another Complaint, that the same *Wolfe* had Bitten him too. *A Likely Matter, in truth, says the Tyger, that the Wolfe should begin the Quarrel. Why That Dog is the Churlishest Cur that ever look'd out of a Head, and the Wolfe as Easy a Poor Fool, as a Body would wish.* The *Lyon* swallow'd it whole, and in a Violent Heat, told the *Dog* he was a Contentious, Malapert Rascal, and, says he, if you do not mend your Manners, I'll Hang you up at your own Door. Thus was the *Lyon* misled with Evil Counsel, and the Poor *Dog* turn'd away without any Hope of Redress. But it fell out, some short time after, that as the *Lyon* was taking a *Tour* in the Forrest, he heard a *Doe*, a *Fox*, and a *Deer* spending their Opinion upon the Character of This *Wolfe*, and the *Tyger's* being of the Cabal; which made him a little Sensible of the Hazzard of taking Storyes upon Trust: so that he be-thought himself what to do, and the Project he had in his Head was This; to dress himself up in a *Sheep-Skin*, and to go Sauntering toward the *Wolfe's* Haunt, like a Sorry Creature that was Bewilder'd, and wanted some body to shew it the way home again. This Succeeded so well, and the Voice was so nicely Dissembled, that the *Wolfe* came out presently upon the First Bleating, to offer his Service; blessing the *Mutton* at the same time for the Providence of falling into so good Hands. With These Words, he gave a Leap at the Throat of the *Sheep-Skin*, and no sooner had he the Prey betwixt his Teeth, but the *Lyon* cast off the Disguise, and discover'd Himself. *Al thou Traitor! says he; is This thy Boasted Friendship then? But I shall make you know, Sirrah, that you have now to do with a Lyon, not with a Mutton;* and so he Tore him one Bit from Another, for an Example to all Glozing Hypocrites.

The MORAL.

The *Wolfe*, the *Tyger*, and the *Leopard*, are the Perfect Image of Three Court-Parasites, that have gotten the Ear of an Easy Prince. The Poor *Sheep* carries the first Intelligence of the Outrage, and instead of a

Redress,

Redress, was Laught at for his Pains. The *Dog* secnds the First Intelligence with a Sensible Evidence in Confirmation of the Truth of it: while the *Lyon* Himself joyns with his Enemyes against his Friends, and without any Regard, either to the Innocency of the One, or the Fidelity of the Other. But the *Lyon*, at last, when he found his own Life and Estate in Danger, came to a just Sense of his Mistake, Confounded that Glozing Treacherous Cabal, and brought the *Wolfe* to Justice upon the very Spot: So that This Story may serve for a President to Posterity upon all such Occasions.

XLVIII.

Shifting and Shuffling makes Matters worse.

There was a Knot of Good Companions that enter'd into a Club, under certain Rules and Orders for the Government of the Society: and One Article among the rest, that whoever should enroll himself a Member of That Brotherhood, with any Corporal Maim, or Blemish about him, should forfeit a Crown to the Bord; and for so many Defects, so many Crowns. It so fell out, that One Man in the Company was observ'd to go a little Limping, and so they call'd upon him for his Forfeit. The Man put himself upon the Test, and was found upon the Search, to have, not only one Leg longer then the other, but a Rank Leprous Scurfie all over his Body. Upon This Discovery, they demanded Another Crown, and then Another after That; for a Glafs-Eye he had. They press'd him in the End so hard for the Mony, that it came to Boxing; and upon That Struggle, they found a Rupture he had got over and above; so that the further they went, the Matter was still worse and worse.

The MORAL.

All Men have their Failings, only Those that lye out of Sight, go for little or nothing: so that it is the Best of Every Man's Game, not so much to stand upon his Justification, as to carry his Defects Private. There's no such Thing in Nature as Perfection, either in Particulars, or in Societies: but it is well however to encourage the Emulation of Virtue, though we cannot arrive at the Excellency of it. Wherefore This Phancy here in the Fable, is highly to be commended, both for the Constitution, and for the Example, in making the Faultlessness of the Members, to be the Condition of the Corporation. Now he that has Fewest Faults, has constructively none at all: because it is a Common

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Cafe,

Cafe, wherein all People stand indifferently upon the same Bottom. But no Man has so many Faults, on the Other Hand, as he that takes upon him to have None at all.

XLIX.

A Boy Leading a Calf.

AS a Boy was leading a Calf, with both Hands, a Nobleman happening to pass by upon the High-way, the Boy it seems minded the Calf more than the Lord, and went drudging on still, without moving his Hat. *Why Sirrah,* says the Man of Dignity; *have you no more Manners then to stand staring me in the Face with your Cap on?* Alas! says the Boy, I'll put off my Hat with all my Heart, if your Lordship will but Light, and hold my Calf in the mean time.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing well done that is done out of Season; and there is a Time for the doing of all Things: neither is there any Duty so binding upon us, as not to give way to a Superiour Obligation: inasmuch that the Best, and the Thing most necessary to be done, in one Cafe, falls out many times to be the Worst in Another: Provided always, that nothing that is Evil in it self, be admitted, in any Cafe whatsoever. Nay we are bound to leave our very Prayers, to save the Life of a Good Man in the same Instant. *Bus'ness*, in fine, must give Place to *Devotion*, *Ceremony* to *Bus'ness*; and so it runs on in a Gradual Subordination of one Thing to Another, throughout the whole Series of our Lives.

L.

The Cafe is alter'd.

A Country-fellow went to a Judge about a little Bus'ness he had with his Lordship. *My Lord,* says he, *there's an ill-condition'd Bull of mine has Gor'd one of your Lordships Cows, and I am come to offer you what Satisfaction you please.* Why then, says the Judge, you must either pay me for my Cow, or forfeit your Bull. Ay but my Lord, says t'Other, I am mistaken in the Story: 'Tis your Lordships Bull that has kill'd one of My Cows. *Oh I cry you Mercy Friend,* says the Judge, That alters the Cafe. The

The MORAL.

IT is the Great Lesson of Morality to do as we would be done by, and to love our Neighbours as our Selves: but it is, at the same time, the Common Practice of Flesh and Blood, to manage by other Measures, upon a Mistaken Principle, that every Man is so look to One: and that Charity begins at Home. This is to shew us, in Few Words, how Partial we are to our selves, and that it is against Natural Justice for the same Person to be both Party, and Judge. As for Example. The Equity of the Matter in Question here, betwixt the Great Man and his Client, was quite another Thing when the Tables came to be turn'd once; and the Magistrate to pass Sentence in his own Cafe. Nay David himself labour'd under the same Infirmary. How Zealous was he against Oppression, in the Parable of the Rich Man, and the Poor Ewe Lamb; and how Insensible at the same time, of the Violence that he himself exercis'd, in the Moral? This was somewhat the Cafe of a Trimming Clergyman, in the Days of the Solemn League and Covenant. The Oath went against his Conscience, he said; but yet if he did not Swear, some Varlet or other would Swear, and get into his Living. Now the Oath is the same in Both; but the Cafe is alter'd; whether the one swears or the other.

LI.

Meum and Tuum spoils all.

IT was often in the Mouth of a Great Man, how Equally and Impartially, Providence had divided and distributed all the Parts of the Creation. The Water was given in common to all Fishes, the Air to all Birds, and the Earth to all Beasts: but then comes Man, that Cramps and Limits the Divine Bounty, with the Confounded Usurpation of *Meum* and *Tuum*.

The MORAL.

IT is the Great Question in the World, whether *This* or *That* shall be *Tours* or *Mine*; and it is Force at last, upon That Competition, that determines the Right: whether it be by *Law*, or by *Conscience*, 'tis much a Cafe; for the One naturally introduces the Other, and *Dominion* is only the Effect of that Power which all Mortals contend for.

LII.

An Oxe and a Crocodile.

TIs no New Thing, for Men, *first to Make their own Gods, and Then to Worship them* when they have done : as the *Egyptians*, for Example, that dedicated Temples and Altars indifferently to all sorts of Creatures. There happen'd a Dispute once betwixt Two of their Gods, an *Oxe*, and a *Crocodile*, whether should have the Preference. The *Oxe* valu'd himself upon the Antiquity of his Title, the Probity of his Life and Manners; the Merit of his Publique Services, and the Reputation he had in the World, for the *Symbol* of *Patience*, and *Power*, over and above the Credit of *Jupiter's* transforming himself into the Figure of a *Bull*. But with what Face, says the *Oxe*, can any Creature pretend to the making of a *God* out of a *Crocodile* ? a Mungrel, bred out of Putrefaction ; a Bloudy, a Ravenous, and an Insatiable Monster ? Shall Men, says he, set up for their Patron, and Protector, the Common Enemy of Mankind ? The *Crocodile* staring the *Oxe* in the Face at These Words ; *Thou dull Fool*, says he, *not to understand, that Gods, and Kings, must make themselves Terrible, to be Great ; and that Virtue is not a Match for Power. Men are not Honest, for Honesty's sake, but Force, and Fear, do the Work of Loyalty, and Conscience. Nay when you have said your Worst, 'tis all short of the Truth, and still the more Dreadful, the more Venerable. Wherefore, as you love your self, let there be no further Dispute betwixt your Divinity and mine, for fear I should convince you of your Mistake, by Breaking your Bones, and making a Breakfast of you.*

THE MORAL.

HE that said, *it was Fear that first made Gods*, said a great deal in a few Words, toward the Moralizing of This Fable, though upon a False Foundation. The *Dutch* have an Unlucky Adage [*God Helps the strongest*] giving to understand, that Force Governs the World, and Success Consecrates the Cause, whatever it is : for, to comprize all in a word ; *He that gets Uppermost, gives Laws to all the rest.*

LIII.

LIII.

The Husband-Confessor.

A Man of Honour, that had spent some Considerable Time Abroad in the Service of his Prince and Country, and made his Fortune by his Sword ; This *Cavalier* had the Opportunity of making a Tripp, for a Month or Two, from the Camp to his own House, to see how Squares went at Home. And there did he find such Roaring, Revelling, and Gamboling ; such a Gang of Fuddling, Finical Fopps, and his Wife one of the Crew too, that the Man of Warr began to lay Things and Things together, and to compute upon Profit and Loss, what he got by being made a *Knight* in the *Field*, and a *Cornuto* at Home. This Freak gave him a Grumbling, but says he to himself, *Few Words among Friends*, and I must try if I can fish-out the Mystery some other way.

The *Soldier*, upon This, put himself into the Habit of a *Priest* ; took-up a *Confessionary* ; and who but *his own Wife*, the First Person that offer'd her self to the Shrift ? She Began with *Qualms*, and *Scruples*, and so from *Peccadillos*, she went higher and higher, by degrees, till she came at last to Sins of the First Magnitude.

I do *Confess*, says she, *that I have taken to my Bed, a Gentleman, a Knight, and a Priest* : As she was going further, her Husband in a Rage discover'd himself ; the Poor Woman had been quite Undone else. Ah Thou Traytreſs ! says he ; little dost thou think who is thy *Ghostly Father* now. Yes yes, says she, I speak to my own Husband ; and You your self are all These Three in One. Were not you a *Gentleman* Born, and has not the King made you a *Knight* ? And have not you made your self now a *Priest* ? Well ! 'tis a Strange Thing that a Man of your Sense should not understand all This without a Key to't. 'Tis very Right says the Husband, and if I had not been as Blind as a Beetle, I must needs have seen thorough it. But Heaven be prais'd that it is as it is ; and I bless my Stars with all my Heart that it is no worse.

The

The MORAL.

WHEN Folks will be Peeping, they must take what follows, and This along with it; that *Listners seldom hear any Good of themselves*. But This is so Peevish a Case, that it may be a Question at last, whether the Bare Jealousy, or the Certain Truth of Things of This Nature, be the Greater Plague of the Two: beside that it falls out many times to be the Crime, and the Punishment, both in one. What the Husband could not discover upon the Square, must be gotten out by a Trick, and the Question of his Wives Honesty juggled into a Case of Conscience, betwixt the *Soldier*, and the *Priest*. But Religion serves for a Countenance to all manner of Wickedness: And then for a Plausible Come-off, what would a Body desire more, then to see all Parties pleas'd in the Wind-up of the Story, as it runs in This *Novel*.

LIV.

The Contented Cuckold.

Boccace, in his *Decameron*, tells us of a Man of Quality that fell directly in Love with a Woman he had never set Eye on, and purely upon the Fame of her Worth and Beauty. This *Amour* was no sooner in his Head, but he took-up a False Name, and steer'd his Course immediately to the Place of her Abode, where he found her at her Window, much beyond what he had ever heard, or imagin'd.

His next Business was to gain Access to her, and no better way for That, he Thought, then to put in some how or other for a Domestick in the Family. Upon This Project, he discharg'd himself for the Present, of his Train and Equipage, and dealt artificially with the Master of the House where he lodg'd, to try if he could help him to the Service of some Honourable Person where he might live Cheap and Easy. This Phancy succeeded to his Wish, for whither should mine Host carry him, but to the Husband of his Beloved Lady, who received him with a Singular Respect!

The Master of the House was a Lover of Field-Sports, and while he was abroad one Day at his Game, the Lady, in her Husband's Absence, play'd a Mate at Chess with her New Servant. This Encounter brake the Ice of the *Amour*: inasmuch, that, by one Thing after another, it gave Light to a Discovery of the whole *Intrigue*: that is to say, who he

him-

himself was; the End of his Disguise, and finally, the Reason of This Adventure. The Affair was by This time no longer a Riddle: so that after some Necessary Precautions of Honour, and Secrecy, and the Exchange of a Parting-Kiss, the Lady made no Difficulty of promising him a more effectual Proof of her Kindness, betwixt That and the Next Morning; only, says she, do you come softly to my side of the Bed about Midnight, and take me by the Hand so as to Wake me; and with That he departed.

It was now toward Evening, and the Husband coming Home weary from his Sport, slept sooner then usual, and so to Bed. At the Set-time comes the Gallant according to his Direction, and taking the Lady by the Hand, She at the same time turn'd her self toward her Husband. *My Dear* says she, *there's a Thing comes into my Head, and I have the greatest Mind in the World to ask thee One Question. Which is the Man of all thy Servants thou hast the Best Opinion of?* Why without all Dispute says he, it is the Young Man that came last: but how comes This Whimsy into thy Head, I prethee? *Nay my Dear Heart*, says she, *I'll tell thee immediately, and make thee the Judge of the whole Matter: I had the same Opinion of This Fellow that thou thy self hast, till this very Afternoon, when thou wert abroad a Hawking: and Then had he the Impudence, to tempt me to Lewdness, and truly very little short of offering to Force me to it. But for fear of the worst, I put him off with an Assignment to meet him betwixt Twelve and One This Night under the Pine-Tree, in the Garden; and if you have a Mind to lay him open in his Villany, put-on my Gown and Head-Dress, and go your way according to the Appointment. The Poor Man was so Ravish'd with the Quaintness of the Contrivance, that up he starts, and without any more to do betakes himself to his Post.*

The Lovers were now left to Themselves, and the next Thing to be done was to give the *Cavalier* His Lesson too. *Take you*, says she, *a Swindling Cudgell, and away into the Garden about your Business, and if my Coat should happen to fall in your way, Thrash it soundly for me, and spare neither my Ribbs nor my Reputation. Call me all the Treacherous Jades in Nature. No, Hussy; say; I did all This but to try if you could be false to the Best Husband, the Best Master, the Best Friend, and perchance the Best Man too, upon the Face of the Earth. That was my End,*

thou

thou Beast of a Woman ! But as I am a True Man, my Master shall have the whole Story This very Morning. Raile at This Rate, says she, and lay it on upon the Shoulders of him, till you see him Home again. Who knows but This Drubbing may make him keep his Bed another time !

The Young Man play'd his Part incomparably, and never gave off till he saw Man and Wife together again. No sooner had the Husband set Foot in the Chamber, but his Wife call'd out to him to know, if he had seen the Villain or no ? Yes yes, sweetheart, says he, and Felt him too : and so he told her the Story, with a Thousand Acknowledgments for the Blessing of That Nights Providence. *Well well ! my Dear, dear Life ! says he, I am certainly the Happiest Man under the Cope of Heaven, in a Dutyfull Wife, and a Faithful Servant ----- make me thankful for't.*

THE MORAL.

Love-Adventures, are, in Truth, little more than *Romance* ; 'tis all Visionary ; and Men of That Freak are apt to dote upon they know not *what*, as well as they know not *whom* : and when These unruly Passions are once in Motion, there's no thought of Bounding them : for it is now come to a Tryal of Skill who shall out-wit the Other, and carry the Point : So that what was only *Whimsical*, at first, turns to a Nicety of Honour in the Pursuit.

We may gather from hence, the Force of Imagination and Industry, especially when the Design is carry'd on with Art and Vigour, The Cavalier's first Work was to form an *Idea* of his Mistress, and in the next place to find out a Woman to answer That *Idea* : and then the Woman her self to be made a Party to the Project, with a Conjunction of Craft, Wit, and Intrigue, not to be resisted.

There was nothing now wanting to the Crowning of the Invention, but to make the Husband himself a Mediator betwixt the Two Lovers, which was done here so effectually, that he was *Cuckolded*, and *Cudgell'd*, and *Thankfull* for't : but there's no contending with Fate and Ill Luck.

LV.

St. Arriguo and Martellino.

BOccace has a Pleasant Phancy of one *Arriguo*, a German, and a Poor Innocent Wretch that dy'd in *Thebes*. There went a Rumour, that the Bells rung out of themselves upon the Moment of his Departure, which was cry'd up for a *Miracle*,

racle, and the Man consequently for a *Saint* ; insomuch, that the Body was deposited in the Church, and several Cripples and Sick People came thronging to it to be Cur'd. There were Three Persons particularly, that had a Great Curiosity to see the Sight ; that is to say, *Stecchio*, *Martellino*, and *Marquiso* ; but the Place was so crowded and guarded, there was no coming at it. Well well ! says *Martellino*, I have a Crotchet in my Head that will do the *Job*, only leave it to me to act the Part of a *Lame Man*, and you Two shall be my supporters, to lead me up into the Church for my Cure. Do as I say, and my Life for yours, This Devise shall bring us all up to the Saint. *Martellino* puts himself presently in Posture, and, with the help of his Two Crutches, gets in good Time to his Journey's end ; crying out all the way they went, for the Lord's Love good Christian People, make way for a Poor Lame Man.

When *Martellino* had rested himself a while upon the Body of the Saint, he came by Degrees to the use of his *Fingers*, his *Hands*, and his *Arms*, and all his *Limbs* again. The Miracle of This Recovery was celebrated with a Peal of Acclamations, to the Honour of St. *Arriguo*, All crying out with one Voice, A MIRACLE, A MIRACLE ! *Yes yes ; a Doughty Miracle no Question out, says a Florentine that was there Present, to Cure a Counterfeit Rogue, that never ail'd any Thing at all ; a Fellow, that to my certain Knowledge was as Streight and Sound, as any Man in This Company.* This brought the Rabble, at such a rate upon *Martellino*, with Fists, Stones, and Cudgels, that they would undoubtedly have Murder'd him, if *Marquiso* had not immediately charg'd him before a Justice for a *Pick-Pocket*. Upon This Accusation, the Officers took him out of the Hands of the Multitude ; and, as it happen'd, treated him worse themselves. But his Two Friends got him off however in the Conclusion, with a *Pass*, and a *Viaticum*, to carry him Home again ; and a Piece of Good Counsel over and above ; never to play the Fool again with an Impetuous, and a Superstitious Rabble.

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THE MORAL.

'Tis no wonder to find *Counterfeit Miracles*, where there are *Counterfeit Cripples*, and *Counterfeit Saints* to Advance and Support them. But This concludes nothing, either to the Scandal, or the Credit of any Religion, unless People will make an *Article of Faith*, of an *Imposure*. The Multitude, we see, are equally Violent in Both the Extremes, of either *Crying-up*, or *Exploding* these Dark and Wonderful Operations, whether True or False. The Best way will be to Think Reverently on the One hand, and to Act with Caution, and Sobriety, on the Other : without running into the Captious Question, *whether Miracles be ceas'd or not ?* They may be found as Necessary, for ought we know, for the Maintenance of the *Christian Faith*, as they were for the *Introducing* of it. But in One Word, *the whole World's a Cheat, and all that's in't*; and there's no drawing of *Inferences* from *Imposures*.

LVI.

An Ignorant Statuary.

A Young Novice of a Carver, that was just setting-up for himself, got the Best *Marble Block* he could lay his Hand on, to begin withall. This Man was the Greatest Master of his Art upon the Face of the Earth, in his own Opinion, and the worst that ever Water wet, in every Body's else. His Father indeed was a Famous Man in That Way ; and working in the same House with his Son, he was still at hand to set him Right when he did amiss, and to hold him to his Proportions : for without *Symmetry* he told him, all the rest was but *Hap-bazzard*. But let the Father say what he would, the Son did what him list'd, and ply'd his Chizzel, without either Fear or Wit. In short, when he had proceeded almost to the Finishing of his Project, out came so Horrid a Figure, that the very Spectacle transported him to discharge his Choler upon the Marble.

Al Thou Ungratefull Wretch, says he, *Is This the Fruit of a Six-Month's Labour ? Is it for Thee, that I have renounc'd the World and all that's Pleasant in't, to be paid at last with a Phantom, instead of a Man ? Why what a Hawk's Nose have we got here ! and what a Sparrow-Mouth ! How is This Forehead Pinch'd ! And here's a Hand again, twice too Long for the Arm. What a Bristen Belly's here ! and a Pair of Mis-shapen, Crook-*
ed

ed Shanks to support it. Well well ! says the Wide-mouth'd *Statue*, and who's to Blame, I beseech you, that I am no Handsomer ? You had Matter enough to work upon, but you spoil'd it in the Making. Now if you had taken Direction and Good Advice, when it was offer'd you, the mending only of Two Faults would have done the Work : that is to say, you took away *too Much*, in some Places, and *too Little*, in others.

THE MORAL.

WHEN a Conceited Noddy, that can do nothing considerable of himself, will neither take Warning from what he does amiss, nor Counsel how to do Better, such an Undertaker must needs run into a Thousand Errors ; when he has neither Rule nor Judgment to walk by ; but with the *Statuary* here in the *Fable*, let the Matter be never so Fair, he'll be sure to spoil all in the Manage. And whence comes all This now, but either from *Underdoing* or from *Over-doing*, and for want of Hitting the True *Medium*, betwixt *too Much*, and *too Little*. This is the Case, in One word, not only of our *Statuary*, but of every Man living, in all the Miscarriages and the Extravagances of Humane Life.

LVII.

Sumptuary Laws.

THE Common way of Restraining Luxurious Excesses, by *Sumptuary Laws*, has been still found either too Loose, or too Rigorous. But the *Syracusians* and the *Lacedaemonians*, had the good Luck to hit upon a more Effectual, and Prudential Mean betwixt Both : which was in truth, rather an Allowance of them, upon such and such certain Conditions, then a Point-blank Prohibition ; As for Example.

There was a Law enacted among them, that no Women but *Common Whores* should presume to wear either *Gold* or *Purple*. And *Selencus* went the same way to work too, among the *Locrines* ; by a Decree that no Woman should dare to walk the Streets with more than *One Maid-Servant* to attend her, unless she were *Drunk* ; nor to wear any *Jewels*, unless she were a *Protest Prostitute*.

This was much the Case of the *Milesian Virgin's* too, that in a Fit of the Spleen, took up a Humour of laying Violent Hands

Hands upon themselves; and the Senate could not find any way of reclaiming them, but by Publishing an Order, that what Woman soever should be found guilty of her own Death, her *Body* should be drawn *stark Naked* thorough the *Market-place*.

The MORAL.

AN *Imaginary Honour* works more upon some People, then a *Sence of Conscience* and *Duty*. It makes Men *Brave*, in some Cases; *Just*, in Others, and keeps many a Woman *Honest*, in Despite of all Charms, and Temptations: so that *Pride*, and *Shame* do the Office of *Virtue*; which is a *Good Effect*, even of a *Bad Cause*. Laws of This Nature cannot be said yet to Cure the Intemperance of a Luxurious Mind: but rather to Stifle and Smother, or at least to Disguise it. The Foulest of Criminals make it a Point of Honour, at the very Gibbet, to be True to one another; and how False soever to the Publick, not to be Rogues yet among themselves.

LVIII.

A Butcher and his Dog.

AS a Butcher was playing his Dog at a Bull, the Bull, first Toss'd the Dog, and then the Master, who fell Stone-Dead upon the Place. They try'd all Manner of *Bear-Garden-Cordials* to bring him to himself again: but when they saw nothing would do: Well! says one of the *Heroes* of the Pit, *there's the Best Back-sword-Man in the Field gone.* PLAT ANOTHER DOG.

The MORAL.

WHAT is the whole World now, at This rate of Proceeding, but a *Larger Bear-Garden*? And it is much the same Thing in Camps, Courts of Justice, and great Councils, as we find it here in This Encounter. 'Tis all but *Fencing and Proving*, as we say: *slaying and Taying* and Tearing one another to Pieces, till the End of One Dispute is made the Beginning of Another. As in effect, what's the *Playing of another Dog*, but the *Calling of another Cause*; and carrying on the Sport all This while, into a Restless, Endless Contention!

LIX.

A Plea for Cowardice.

THERE was a Soldier try'd by a Council of Warr for *Cowardice*, and pleaded for himself, that he did not run away for fear of the Enemy: but only to try how long a Poultry Carcass might last a Man with Good looking to.

The MORAL.

THIS Reproche was as pleasantly Fool'd-off as the Subject would well bear: but the Jest, upon the Upshot, did more Hurt then Good, as it became a Memorial of the Disgrace; for so long as the Conceit is remember'd, the Scandal shall never be Forgotten. Wherefore the Soldier should rather have kept the Phancy to himself, then to have stamp'd it with so Remarkable a *Memorandum*, into a *Record* of the Infamy.

It was much such another Turn of a *Put-off*, the Poor-fellow's Excuse that he had a *Privy Maim* about him, and was not in Condition to bear Arms. Now the *Privy Maim* he spake of, was a *Faint Heart*. He found there was no Room for an Argument, and so turn'd it off with a Conceit.

LX.

A Dog that was afraid of Rain.

IT was observ'd in a Family with all Sorts of Dogs in't, that one Curr among the rest would never be gotten out of the House in Rainy Weather. His Fellows took Notice of it; and would never let him be quiet till he told them the Meaning on't: which, in short was This: I was terribly scald once, a great while ago, and I have been afraid of Water, says he, ever since. His Companions told him he talk'd like a Fool, for *Rain-Water* was Cold, and there could be no Danger in it. Well well! says he, *let it be Hot, or let it be Cold, 'tis Water still; and how shall I know whether it be the one or the other, till I feel it?* and by That time, it will be too late to prevent the Mischief.

The MORAL.

THIS Dog's Caution, is as good as a Lecture of Humane Prudence to Mankind: for we are so far many times from avoiding Resemblances of Evil, that we repeat the very Evil it self; and in Defiance of Confidence, and Experience, run into the same Snare over and over again. The Dog does well to Deliberate, but fails for want of Distinguishing. A *Cordial*, and a *Poisonous Potion*, may look like one another, but the Mistake is never the less Mortal, for the Innocent Resemblance. The Taking of one Thing for another may be Fatal in some Cases, and so may the very Doubt, and Distrust, in others.

'Tis the Common Misfortune of Humane Frailty to take Good for Evil, and Evil for Good, and we are at a loss many Times to make a Right Judgment of Things, and to determin which is which: that is to say, we are blinded by Prepossessions, against the Lights of Truth; and Partial in Favour of what we wish for and Desire. 'Tis good, in short to be *Cautious*, but it is nevertheless Dangerous, not to be *Sure*: 'Tis Folly to Fear without a Cause, but a Direct Madness, not to be *Wary* where there is a Reasonable Ground for't.

LXI.

A Gentleman and his Lawyer.

A Gentleman that had a Suit in *Chancery*, was call'd upon by his Counsel to put in his *Answer*, for fear of incurring a *Contempt*. *Well!* says the Cavalier, *and why is not my Answer put in then?* How should I draw your Answer, says the *Lawyer*, without knowing what you can Swear. *Pox of your Scruples!* says the Client again, *praye do You the Part of a Lawyer, and Draw me a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and Swear it.*

The MORAL.

THIS may serve for a Plain and a Short Reflexion upon the Corruptions of a Degenerate Age, when Men Take Oaths, and Break them, indifferently, without any Regard to Faith, Piety, and Justice. And yet there is somewhat in the Frolique, of doing even an *Ill* Thing, with the Gayety of a Pleasant Humour; that seems in some Degree, to atone for the *Iniquity it self*. There are but too many Libertines of This Kind, that think it below the Dignity of a Man of Courage to Boggle at any Thing, for fear of *Infamy* or *Damnation*.

There goes a Story that in Old time when People kept *Lent*, and *Fasting-Days*, Two Travellers, on a Day of Abstinence, call'd for a Couple

Couple of *Pallies* to Supper. The Woman of the House told them, she durst not dress any *Flesh*; but a Matter of a Mile further, they might have what they would. Very Good, says one of the Travellers, and why not Here as Well? *Alas!* says the Woman, *They are only SWEORN There, and may do what they please: but for us that are BOUND, it would be our Undoing.* This is no more then to say, that Interest Governs the World, and that more or less, Mankind is all of a Piece.

LXII.

The Omen of the Rats.

A Fleering Droll, that had his *Breeches* Rat-eaten, consulted *Cato*, in a Grave Formal way, *what That Accident might Portend.* *Cato* gave him a Word of Comfort, and bad him set his Heart at Rest, for there would come no Mischief on't: but, says the Philosopher, *if your Breeches had Eaten the Rats, it might have been Dangerous.*

The MORAL.

EVERY Man living has his Weak-side, and Laughs at Those Fooleries in Another, that he Practices himself. Nay we govern our Lives, in a Great Measure, by the Doctrine of Good Luck and Bad; as the *Falling of the Salt*, for the Purpose, or the *Crossing of a Hare*; and so for *Things Lost*, we consult the Oracle of the *Sieve and Sheers*. But Men should have a Care, while they pretend only to make Sport with These Fopperies, that they do not insensibly contract a Superstitious Opinion of them. There is much of This in the Bus'nels of *Fortune-tellers*, and those that we call *Gipsies*, or *Cunning Women*. We are ensnarl'd before we are aware, and Wickedness in Jest leads us to Wickedness in Earnest. There are *Implicit Contrasts with the Devil* as well as *Explicit*; and People that are *over-Curious*, seldom fail of being *over-Credulous*.

LXIII.

Slaves to be Lett.

There was a Bill set up in *Capital Letters* over the Palace-Gate of a Great Prince, with This Inscription upon it, [HERE ARE SLAVES TO BE LETT] This Liberty, at first, gave Great Offence, but upon second Thoughts, finding

finding that the same Conceit would have been as True, and as much to the Purpose, any where else; it was look'd upon to have no more in't than a Common Case.

THE MORAL.

THERE are many Words, Papers, and Things, that pass for *Satyr*, and *Libel*, purely for want of understanding the True Force and Meaning of them; as This Bill upon the *Court-Gate* for one. 'Tis with Men in the World, as it is with Beasts in the Market: They are all to be *Sold*: if the *Bidder* can but come up to the *Price*: only One Man is a Slave to his *Pleasures*; Another, to his *Ambition*, a Third, to his *Avarice*, a Fourth to his *Revenge*, &c. so that it is but finding out every Man's Weakness, and fitting the Bayte to the Palate, and we shall All be found Mercenary, upon some Terms or other: so that This Bill upon the *Palace-Gate*, would have done every jot as well upon the *Church Door* it self, *Inns of Court*, or *Chancery*; and where not? So that *Quid dabitur ei et tradam?* may pass with a very Slender Allowance, for the *Motto* of all Mankind?

LXIV.

A Musket-shot upon a Practice of Piety.

A Parliament-officer, in the Days of King Charles the First, receiv'd a Musket-Ball upon a Practice of Piety he had in his Pocket, which Providential Deliverance was ascribed by the Party, to the Righteousness of the Cause. One of the King's Common Soldiers afterwards, receiv'd a Musket-Shot at the Second Newbury, upon a Pack of Chards. He took the Bullet and the Chards immediately out of his Pocket, and call'd to his Camarades to bear him Witness; that he was now Even with the Colonell for his Practice of Piety.

THE MORAL.

LET not this be understood now as a setting up of *Vanity* against *Devotion*, or a *Ridiculing* of *Holy Duties*, as if there were no Difference betwixt a Set of Cards, and a Prayer-Book. But yet it may serve for a Caution to us, not to lay the Strefs of Things in the Wrong place: for neither the One nor the Other signifies any Thing to the Merits of the Cause: and upon the whole Matter, a Man had better be *sway'd* by a Pack of Chards, in a Righteous Cause, then by a Book of Devotion, in a Rebellion: as That was the very Condition of the Case.

LXV.

LXV.

Dionysius and Philoxenus.

Dionysius had the Greatest Ambition in the World to get the Name of an Excellent Poet, though one of the Worst perhaps that ever put Pen to Paper; and yet there was a Tragedy of his that had the Approbation of almost all the Eminent Writers of his Time. *Never such a Piece*, they cry'd, *never so Divine a Composition!* The last Man that had the Sight of it was Philoxenus; a Poet of the First Form, and a Man Generous, Frank, and Well-natur'd, over and above. Dionysius, in fine, gave him the Book to peruse, and bad him strike out what he did not like. Philoxenus made Short Work on't, and cross'd the whole Copy with a Deleatur, from one end to'ther. Upon This Affront, he was taken up and carry'd away to the Mines, where he was kept at hard Labour, and half smother'd, to take down his Stomach. When he had chew'd upon it a while, Dionysius sent for him out, and put the Tragedy into his Hands once again yet, to consider of it upon Second Thoughts. Philoxenus fell to reading of it again, but starting up in a Passion, before he was got a Tenth Part through, he begg'd Leave to be gone. Dionysius ask'd him *whither?* Nay, says he, *e'en to the Mines again, for of all Slaves the Flatterer is the Basest.*

THE MORAL.

'Tis a hard Choyce, when a Man must either Sacrifice his Integrity, or his Freedom, as in the Case here of Philoxenus, and in Truth, one of the Common Hazards of a Court-Life; But Men that are Embark'd in That Interest, must take their Fortune in all the Follies, and Vanities that attend it. Here's a Prince setting up for a Poet, in Despite, both of Nature, and of Business: beside that he falls short of his Pretence, even in That too; and in the Opinion of a Judge of his own chusing. He makes it Dangerous, in a Good Man, to act according to his Honour, his Conscience, and his Duty; and Punishes That Faith and Honesty, which all Just, and Generous Princes will take care to Reward. But Philoxenus stands Firm yet, under the Malice of Oppression, and Disgrace; and may serve, both for an Encouragement, and an Example, in That Resolution, rather to suffer any Thing, than to sink under the Infamy of a Parasite, or a Traitor.

I

LXVI.

LXVI.

The Love of *Constance* and *Martuccio*.

There was a Treaty of a Match in the Isle of *Liparis*, betwixt a young Couple; *Martuccio Gomitto*, and *Constance*, by Name, but the Father of *Constance* brake it off, with a Contemptuous Reflexion upon the Man for his Poverty. This Affront went to near the Heart of *Martuccio*, that he got himself a Boat and a Crew, and so put to Sea upon Adventure, with a Vow never to see his Country again till he should have made himself Considerable in the World: He had not been long at his Trade, before he Struck into a Competent Fortune; but he went on so long, grasping at more, that in the end he lost all he had gotten, in an Encounter with some *Saracen-Pirates*, that sunk his Ship, and carry'd *Martuccio* himself a Prisoner to *Tunis*.

Ill News, they say, flies apace, and the Rumour of This Disaster came presently to *Liparis*, where *Constance*, upon the Tidings, got privately into a Little Boat, and in the Transport of an Ungovernable Despair, set the Boat a-drift, and made out to Sea with it; laying her self down at her Length, and at the Mercy of the Waves. Providence, in short, so order'd the Matter, that the Boat was wafted ashore by the Favour of a Gentle Gale, not far from *Susa*, and about a Hundred Leagues from *Tunis*; and This was the very Night after the Embarqu'd.

A Poor Woman, as she was drying her Netts upon the Shore, took Notice of a Barque under Sail toward the Land, and no Body in it. Upon This, she went directly down to the Sea-side, and there did she find a Lady in the Bottom of the Boat, so fast asleep, that she had much ado to wake her. She look'd about her a little Wildly at first, but coming to her self by Degrees, and the Woman finding by her Drefs that she was a *Christian*, she put several Questions to her in *Latin*, and so got from her by little and little, the Short of the Story. Neither was the Lady her self less Inquisitive on the other hand, to know where she was: And being told that she was upon the Coast of *Barbary*, it went to the very Soul

Soul of her to find her self at the Mercy of so Inhospitable a People. But the Poor Woman, to Comfort her what she could, took the Lady, in Pure Pity and Good Nature, to a homely Cottage of her own, where she gave her the Best Entertainment the Habitation and her Condition could afford. Upon This Occasion, she told the Lady that her Name was *Carapresa*, and for her Quality, and Business, she was a Servant to a Certain Fisherman. *Constance*, finding her Honour and Safety in so good Hands, committed her self wholly to the Advice and Conduct of This Woman, who accordingly took her into her Particular Care.

Pray'e give me leave in the First place, says *Carapresa*, to go back and look after my Netts, and I shall then wait upon you to *Susa*, and put you into the hand of a *Saracen-Lady*, that I am sure will treat you as her own Flesh and Blood. *Carapresa* did as she said, and the Lady bid *Constance* Wellcome, with all the Tendernefs and Esteem imaginable. There were several Women at Work upon Embroideries, and other Curiousities, and not so much as One Man to be in the Company. But *Constance*, in the Mean time, was Lifted into the Family, and Behaved her self to the Perfect Satisfaction of the whole House.

In This Interim, there happen'd a Warr betwixt the Then King of *Tunis*, and a Powerful Pretender to That Title, who was already in the Head of a Mighty Army, to assert his Claim. *Martuccio* spake the Tongue, and as he was talking of This Matter with one of his Keepers. Well! says he, if I were to advise the King, he should certainly carry the Day. This came to the King's Ear, and *Martuccio* was presently sent for, and consulted in't.

Sir, says *Martuccio*, the Great Execution in your way of Fighting, is by Bow and Arrows; so that if you can but make your Arrows Useless to the Enemy, and serviceable to your self, the Work is done. Right, says the King, if that were possible. Why then with Submission, says *Martuccio*, let your Bow-strings be Gentle, and they'll fit any Arrow: but then the Nock of your Arrow must be so Strait, and Little too, that a Round, Hard String will not receive them. By This Means your Arrows will be of no Use to the Enemy, and Theirs Advantageous to you. The King took the Council

and got the Victory by it, and *Martuccio*, of a *Slave* became a *Favourite*; beside the Reputation he got for so memorable a Piece of Service.

Upon the Fame of This Glorious Exploit, and of *Martuccio's* Preferment, *Constance* was out of all Patience to know the Truth of Things, and so made the *Saracen-Lady* her *Confident* in the whole Story of the Adventure, and of the Passionate desire she had to go to *Tunis* as soon as possible. The Lady took Boat with her immediately, and away to a Kinsman of hers upon the Place, and *Carapresa* along with her. Upon her Arrival at *Tunis*, she found out *Martuccio* himself, where she gave him the First Tidings of his Mistress, and brought the Two Lovers together. The Tenderneſſes that naturally paſs upon Surprizes of This Quality, are only to be expreſſ'd by Thoſe that Feel them.

But to conclude; when they had pour'd out their Hearts one to another, the History of *This Amour* was carry'd to the King; who was ſo ſenſibly mov'd with the Providence of That Deliverance, and the Generous Conduct of their Affections, that he made them Both *Rich Presents*, gave them leave to Marry after their own Way, and a Paſs for *Lipari*, where they were receiv'd with all Joy and Magnificence, and the Marriage completed in Form with the Due Rites and Solemnities; neither were the New-marry'd Couple wanting in any Reſpect of Generoſity, and Gratitude, to their Obliging Benefactreſſes.

THE MORAL.

THE First Article of This *Novel* ſhews us, in the Contempt that was put upon *Martuccio* for his Poverty; that it is *Money* Governs the World, with little or no Regard to *Bloud, Bravery, or Merit*.

It ſhews us again, that a *Great Mind* ſurmounts all the Difficulties of a *Croſs Fortune*; and that *Providence* turns all the *Diſaſters*, and *Diſappointments* that attend *Glorious Undertakings*, to our Honour and Advantage. What was it but *Providence*, that made the very *Winds* and the *Seas*, Friends to a *Hopeleſs, Helpleſs Lady*, in the Extremity of an Innocent Diſtreſs! And it was the ſame *Providence* again, that turn'd *Barbary* it ſelf into a Place of *Refuge*; and inspir'd the Hearts of an *Infidel Prince*, and an *Inhoſpitable People*, with all the Softneſſes of a *Chriſtian Charity*, and with a *Generous, Heroical Gratitude*, over and above.

LXVII.

An Old Lyon and a Young.

A *Lyon* that was engag'd in a Foreign Warr, committed his only Son and Heir, in the Interim of his Absence, to the Care of a *Favourite-Minister*, to ſee him brought up according to his Birth and Quality. He was as yet too Young for *Leſſons of State*, and *Military Exercises*, ſo that his Preſent Entertainment was only among the Pleaſures of the *Foreſts*, where he had all the *Drolls* of the Woods and the Mountains to divert him.

At the End of ſome Six Months, the Old *Lyon* return'd Victorious. And there did he find the Young *Lyon* conning over all the Phantaſtical and Ridiculous *Cryes, Motions, and Actions* of his *Play-fellows*: as one while he would be imitating the *Jack-Pudding-Tricks* of an *Ape*; the *Slouch* of a *Bear*, the *Limp* of a *Badger*, the *Grimace* of a *Munky*, and the like: another while, the *Bray* of an *Aſs*, the *Grunt* of a *Swine*, the *Howle* of a *Wolfe*, the *Mew* of a *Kitten*; and all This, for want of forcing the People about him to his Dignity and Buſineſs. So it was, in fine, that it brake his Heart to find that he was like to have a *Buffoon*, for his *Royal Succeſſor*.

THE MORAL.

THIS Phancy of the Old *Lyon* and the Young, is the very History of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to This Day. A *Knock in the Cradle*, as we ſay, ſpoils all; and it is the work of an Age to Repair the Miſcarriage of an Hour. A *False Step* in the Inſtitution, is as much many times, as *Soul, Body*, and *Eſtate* are worth: and the moſt Neceſſary and Important Offices of Humane Life, are, effectually, Thoſe early *Cares* and *Proviſions*, which we do neither duly Conſider, nor rightly Underſtand.

Children are, effectually, Form'd among the *Nurſes*, and thoſe about them, and whatever they *See*, or *Hear*, even before they come to the Exercise of *Reason*, and the Knowledge of *Good and Evil*, is no other then a *Lecture* to them; for *Shewing*, is *Teaching*. Wherefore we cannot be too Careful in the Choice of *Servants*, and of what *Examples* we ſet before them. And not only for their *Honeſty* and *Diſcretion* neither, but for their very *Make, Perſons, Behaviour, and Addreſs; Voice, Countenance*, and finally, *Good Manners* over and above: for if there be any *Deformity*, as *Crookedneſs, Lameneſs*; any *Uncouth Sight*; as *Squinting, Gogling, Diſtortion* of the *Mouth*, and the like; any *Stuttish, or wanton*

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Behaviour, they'll be sure to *Mimick* it. So that the *Failings* of *Children*, are but too frequently the *Errours* of their *Guides* and *Governours*; and the *Tutor* has many times as much need of a *Lesson* as the *Pupil*. It is not to be expected all This while, that Men should come into the World without *Faults*; but the Fewer however the Better, and it would be well if Parents would only entertain such Persons about their *Children*, as they would be willing they should *Imitate*.

The First Thing to be done, is to Cherish and Encourage *Good Nature* in a Child: and to suffer nothing in him that looks *Hard*, and *Cruel*; as *Torturing of Birds*; *Tearing of Cats*; *Pricking* and *Tormenting of Flies*, &c. which will insensibly create ill *Habits*, and *Dispositions*, toward Reasonable Creatures too. Suffer no *Lying*, or *False-dealing* in him, for *Fraud* in a *Child*, will grow up to be downright *Knavery* in a Man. Train him up to the Love and Practice of *Good Morals*, by the Help of *Embleme*, *Picture*, *Fable*, *Allusion*, *Profitable History*, or *good Example*; instead of *Old Wives Tales*, *Scurrilous*, *Paltry Songs*, and *Idle Stories*: for Mean Company, Mean Likings, Coarse Language or Behaviour, Loose Words, and Sandalous Actions, Corrupt the very *Nature* of a *Child*; especially when it comes to be *Hagg-ridden* with *Tales of Devils*, *Spirits*, *Goblins*, *Fairies*, &c. which turns the Brain many Times to such a Degree, that it never comes right again: But This is a Caution to the *Tutor* rather than to the *Pupil*.

LXVIII.

Mahomet and his Mistress.

UPON the 29th of May, and in the Year of our Lord 1453. Mahomet the Second took Constantinople; and he had a Present made him by a Turkish Officer, of one of the most Agreeable Creatures that ever was look'd upon; her Name, Irene. She was at That time about Sixteen or Seventeen years of Age, and a Prisoner to This Officer. The Prince was Youthfull, and Wanton, and his very Heart and Soul for taken up with This Charming Lady, that he minded nothing else. For a matter of Three Years, they liv'd together in all manner of Liberty, without Controll: and the Care of the Government in That Interim, was committed to a *Bassas*, who most Tyrannically abus'd his Trust in the Oppression of the People. Now the *Janizaries* were not only *Wearry*, but *Asham'd* of That Mean and Unmanly way of Menage, in sacrificing the Honour of the Empire to a Strumpet. This was their General Sense, and Opinion; though nobody had the Courage as yet to take Notice of it. But the People fell-off

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by little and little, and as they cool'd in their Fidelity and Affections, they secretly wish'd for a more Competent Governour in Mahomet's place; for the Common Good both of the Empire and People. But see what came on't in the Conclusion.

As Mahomet was walking once in his Garden, up comes Mustapha, a Man of Great Honour, and Bravery, directly to him: and after the decency of an Excuse for what he had to say, enter'd into a Free Discourse upon the State of the Publicque. He lay'd it before the Emperour, how he had lost the Hearts of his People, and how Cheap he had made himself and his Dignity, by a Careless Dissolution of Order and Government, even to the Degree of endangering the very Foundations of the Monarchy; and all This for a Pittyful Babby of a Woman. Sir, says he, you stand upon the Brink of a Precipice, and praye have a Care how you Degenerate from the Character of your Victorious Ancestors. This put the Emperour upon the Fret, who was so divided betwixt his Honour, and his Inclinations, that he had much ado to resolve which way to turn himself. But in the Conclusion, he gave Mustapha a Gentle Reproof for talking more than became him: but that for This once he would pass it all over out of a Respect to his Past Services. And he told him further also, that it should not be long, before he would give himself and the World to understand, that he was no Slave to his Pleasures.

And now, Mustapha, says he, go you and order all the Bassas and Military Officers in Constantinople, to attend me to Morrow at Court: for I am resolv'd to eat in Publicque. And Mustapha, says Mahomet, I would have You there too; and praye Dresse your selves as Fine as Hands can make you. When every Thing was ready, and the Company gathered together, up comes the Emperour Himself, after a long Expectation, with his Mistress in his Left hand, and the Nobility receiving him with an Honour and Veneration answerable to the Quality of the Occasion.

Mahomet advances into the Middle of the Room, and There makes a Stop, with all his Courtiers about him. When he had View'd them All with a Stern Countenance; one after another: My Masters says he, you see This Lady here. Is there any Man living, do you think now, that will blame me for being Captivated

vated by so Divine a Beauty? They all agreed (according to the Court-Humour and Way) that his Love was so well plac'd, he could not do either *less* then he did, or *Better*. So much for that then, says Mahomet, and I am now about to shew you, that no Temptation under the Sun can transport me to the doing of any Thing Unworthy of my Family. With That Word he took his Mistress by the Haire with his Left Hand, and Cut-off her Head with his Right, in the Face of all the People; and These Words in his Mouth, upon the Finishing of the Work: [you are all satisfy'd I hope, by This Time, that the Emperour is still Master of Himself.]

Brantome tells us of such another Act of Barbarity, in the Story of a Nobleman that surpriz'd his Wife in the Arms of her Gallant. He kill'd the Cavalier upon the Place, and then in Revenge, bound them Body to Body: till the Stench of the Dead Carcass poyson'd the Living.

THE MORAL.

WHOEVER reads This Horrible Outrage, will naturally reflect upon the Snares and Miseryes that attend a Licentious, and an Unlawful Love: especially in a Prince that abandons himself to his Pleasures, and to the Humour of Parasites, and Buffons; to the neglect of his Fame, his People and his Duty.

We find in *Mistapha's* Part, the Benefit, and the Necessity, of a Faithful Servant, and the Danger of attempting a Good Office in so Deperate a Crisis. We are told also in the Cloze, that Violent Passions run all into Extremes, and that Tenderness it self degenerates into a Brutal Cruelty, as if it were a Piece of Bravery, to be Inhumane. And the same Moral agrees likewise with the Last Instance of Brantome.

LXIX.

Apollo's Reverence for Truth.

BOccalmi makes *Apollo* to have so great a Veneration for Truth, that he torbad the very Poets Themselves the Use of any Extravagant Fictions in their Writings, that are not to be found in Nature. The Poets mov'd by their Counsel for a Revocation of the Decree, unless the Prohibition might extend to Orators, Historians, and the rest of the Virtuosi, as well as to Poets: for what are Courtiers without Fraud; Statesmen without

without Interest; Flesh and Blood without Passion: and Princes without Ambition; but as arrant Fables, as *Phoenixes*, *Basilisks*, and *Centaurs*! and if the World were but well examin'd, a Body might find as many of the One as of the Other.

THE MORAL.

'Tis a Hard Case for Poets to be barr'd the Use and Ornament of Unnatural Fictions; and for Orators, and Historians, at the same time, to be left at Liberty, in their Characters, and Images, to make use of more Extravagant Figures: but it is a Humour in Fashion, to make a Beauty of whatever we have got before us, though the Devil Himself should fit for the Picture. For what are all our Dedications and Addresses, but Common-Places of what People Ought to be, impos'd upon the World for what they Are? Now These high Flights are all made up of Flattery, and Fiction, without the least resemblance of the Original.

LXX.

Truth and Falshood.

IN the Days of Simplicity and Plain-Dealing, Truth had so much Credit in the World, that Falshood it self, in the Person of the Arrantest Hypocrite under the Sun, fell directly in love with her. The Dissembler had Wit and Words at Will, and so moving an Innocence in the telling of his Tale, that his Mistress immediately inclined to entertain a Treaty, and there needed hardly Two Words to the Bargain; only she desir'd the Messenger to tell his Master, that she could do nothing without an Enterview; for That was a Thing not to be done in a Hurry. The Spark, upon This Encouragement, tricks himself up immediately as fine as Fingers could make him, and so away in That very Instant upon a Visit to the Lady: where he found Truth waiting at the Door, with a Transparent Silken Veyl thrown over her, and little better then stark Naked, ready to receive him. His First Compliment ran much upon the Topique of Oaths, and Protections, of the Infinite Veneration he had for her: and all These Hyperboles accompany'd with the most sensible Tendernesses in Nature. Well! Sir, says Truth, to deal Freely with you, if you Mean as you say, you must e'en strip in the First place, as Naked as you see me, for I am resolv'd, both to see and to know, what

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I am to trust to. He told her it should be done, and so march'd off in a Transport at the Graces of so Excellent a Person: But in This *Interim*, reflecting within himself, what a Monster it would make Him appear, to have all his Private Deformities and Imperfections lay'd open, he took such a Check upon the very Thought on't, that in the same Moment he turn'd his Back upon his Ador'd Mistress, *Truth*, struck up a League with *Dissimulation*, and so they Two went their way together and made a *Match* on't.

THE MORAL.

Nothing more Common than *Hypocrisy*, *Fraud*, and *Imposture*, under the Name, or *Misique*, of *Conscience*, *Good Faith*, and *Plain-dealing*: and no such way to expose the Cheat, as by stripping quite Naked on Both Sides: for *Truth* hath nothing to cover that she need be ashamed of. We are all apt however to phancy our selves in the Possession of That *Truth*, and that we love it, and understand it as we ought to do: when yet betwixt *Idle Imaginations*, *Loose Opinions*, and *Corrupt Affections*, we find that we do neither This, That, nor t'Other, as we should do: but look at Things through *False Lights*, and set them off with *False Colours*; whereas *Truth* is never so Glorious as in the Native Simplicity of her own Beauty, abstracted from the Vanities of External Pomp and Splendor.

This is to mind us also, that we value our selves more upon the Ornament of *Appearances*, then upon the Dignity of *Conduct*, and *Good Manners*; and that we take more pains to seem to be, what we are Not, then to Be what we seem. So that *Truth* is but a kind of an *Imaginary Point*; a Mark set-up rather to be shot at than Hit, and he that comes nearest, Wins the Prize. Now at This rate, the whole Story of our Extravagant Pretences to Virtue, and Wisdom, comes to little more in the Conclusion, than *Paradox*, and *Declamation*.

LXXI.

The Lyon Crown'd.

IT is the Humour of some *Beasts*, as well as of some *Men*, to make bold with their Superiours: witness the Case of a certain *Lyon*, that had his Crown snatch'd from his Head by a *Crew* of his *Rebellious Subjects*. They had no Exception, they say'd, either to his *Quality*, or to his *Virtues*, but he was *Superannuate*, and too Old to Govern. The Present King was no sooner depos'd, but the People came immediately to the very Point

Point of Cutting Throats who should succeed him. Now the Pretenders, in *Nomination*, were a *Fox*, a *Munky*, and a *Boar*. The *Fox* valu'd himself upon the Royal Faculties of *Policy*, and *Intrigue*, the *Ape* for an Obliging Turn of *Address*, and the *Buffoon*-art of making People Merry. But the *Boar* told them, in short, that no Prince could keep the Crown on his Head without *Power*; and that neither the *Fox's Quirks*, nor the *Ape's Volubility* in the scattering of his *Good Graces*, signify'd any Thing at all to the ordering of a State. The Vote, in one Word, pass'd for the *Boar*, but when they came to the *Coronation*, his Head was so out of Shape, that the Crown would not sit steady upon it. They try'd the *Foxes* Head next, and This was as much too Little, as they found the *Baboon's* Head, afterward, too Big: and so they concluded among themselves, that no Head would fit it so well as That which was made for't.

THE MORAL.

Audin has couch'd a Great deal of Profitable Matter under This Cover. It is much Easier to Unsettle one Government, by the Art and Power of a Faction, then to establish Another out of That Confusion. *Sovereignty* will hardly fit well but upon the Right Shoulders. Popular Dislikes are still follow'd with Worse Inconveniencies: And it is the same Thing for the Multitude to take upon them to Reform, and to take upon them to Govern. Allow them to *Censure some Laws*, and they'll endure None: and from the Liberty of *Blaming* the Administration, they'll advance to the Freedom of *Controlling* it. Wherefore the Provision of the *Lochneres* was not amiss, in the Case of *New Laws*, when they order'd that no Man should offer a *New Law* but with a *Rope about his Neck*. The Prince must be sacred, whatever the Person is, and the Person must be so too, for the Princes sake.

This Fable strikes likewise upon the Danger of Innovations, and shewus that it is a Thing next to Impossible, for any State to continue long, where the People are made Judges of the Incapacity of the Ruler.

LXXII.

Three Wishes.

There are some parts of the World, they say, where *Spirits* do the Office of *Servants*; and they do it with wonderful Care and Address, and, (which is a Great Matter) without Noise too. They look to the Manage of the *House*, they Dress the *Gardens*; Till the *Grounds*, and in all Cases of *Husbandry* and *Convenience*, they consult the Profit, the Credit, and the Pleasure of their Masters; provided always, that no other Creature presume to intermeddle in their Province.

One of *These Spirits*, that had been a long time in the Service of a *Rich Burgher*, happen'd to be call'd away by his Principal to attend some other Commission, but out of the Affection he bore to his Master and Mistress, he obtain'd a Favour for them, as a Token of his Respect.

I have order, says he, *to his Master and Mistress, to make ready to be gone, and perhaps at a Day's Warning; for the Time is Uncertain: but I am allow'd however to make you This Offer before I go. Beibink your selves of what you have the Greatest Mind to in This World; put your Demands into Three Wishes, and no more; and I am to assure you in the Name of my Superiour that they shall be all made good to you.*

The Master and Mistress lay'd their Heads together, and the First Thing they pitch'd upon, was *WEALTH*. Their *Coffers* were immediately fill'd with *Treasure*; their *Barns* and *Granaries* with *Corn*; their *Vaults* and *Cellars* with *Wine*, and Other Precious Liquors: and all in such Plenty too, over and above, that they wanted *Stowage* for their *Stores*. Under *These* Circumstances, there was such a Bustle, with Tossing and Tumbling Things, to Range and keep them in Order; such a Rout with *Clerks*, *Registers*, and *Writers*, that they had hardly an Eating, or a Sleeping time, for the Perpetual Hurry. To say nothing of the Hourly Dread they were in, for fear of *Thieves*, *House-Breakers*; *Desperate Debts* from *Beggarly Lords*; *Extortionous Seizures*, *Unmerciful Publicans*, and *Tax-Gatherers*. So it was in fine; that they made it their *Second Wish*, to be deli-

deliver'd from the Miseries of a *Superfluous Plenty*; which they had brought upon themselves by the Inadvertency of the Former.

They were now restor'd by *This Wish*, to the Blessed State of the Mediocrity they enjoy'd before; but the *Third* was yet to come, and the *Spirit* upon the very Point of taking his Flight. In *This Distress*, they call'd out in all Hail for *WISDOM*, as the only Security they could depend upon; against the *Passions* of *Humane Frailty*, and the *Iniquities* of *Fortune*.

The MORAL.

This Levity, of *Wishing*, and *Unwishing*, is, in one Word, the Great Business and Mistake of *Humane Life*; and the Doctrine is briefly This. Our Hopes are not of *This World*; and therefore let every Man lay a Foundation of *Happyness* to himself, in the Satisfaction of his Conscience, and the Faithfull discharge of his Duty, both to God and Man: without lashing out into the Vanities of Insatiable Appetites and Desires. He that's Sick of the *Present*, and thinks to Ease himself by *Shifting*, shall never be well: for every Change is but a Transition from One Present, and one Uneasyness, to another; and there's no thought of pleasing any Man that cannot Please Himself. To sum up all in a little. The *First Wish* shews us what we are when we are left to our selves. The *Second*, is only making the Best of a Bad Game, and renouncing in One Breath what we fought and pray'd for in Another. The *Third* was *Solomon's First Choice*, *WISDOM*; the only sure and steady Guide in all Difficulties: if it had but been the *First Wish*, instead of the Last; for upon *This Pinch*, it was an Act of *Necessity*, rather than a Motion of *Free Will*.

LXXIII.

The Force of Jealousy and Revenge.

Many a Good Woman leads the Life almost of Hell it self, under the Implacable and Incurable Jealousies of a Barbarous Husband; and commonly, the Better she deserves, the Worse she is treated.

Boccace gives an Instance of *This*, in the Case of the Fair Wife of one *Arimino*, a Rich Merchant. She was neither to see, nor to be seen; but close kept up, with hardly the Benefit of Common Air. *This Usage* set her Wits at Work, ei-

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ther for Ease, or for Revenge; and she bethought her self at last of one *Philippo*, a Proper Young Fellow, the very Next Door to her, and only a Wall betwixt them: so that if she could but open a Way of Communication thorough that Partition, the Work she thought would be as good as half done. She took her Time once, in her Husband's Absence, to examine every Inch of This Wall, where she spy'd at last the Glimmering of a Light, that struck thorough a Chink in a Dark Corner, into a Fair Chamber in the Next House; and the Place cover'd with a Hanging. Upon This Discovery, she made her Maid her Confident, who, upon further Enquiry, found That Appartment to be *Philippo's* Quarter. Upon This Intimation, her Mistress quickly made the Crack wide enough for a *Whispering-Hole*, and there began the *Intrigue*.

Christmas being now at hand, the Woman desir'd leave of her Husband to go to *Confession*, as other People did. *Very Good*, says he, *and what have you to Confess, I beseech you?* Why my Dear, says she, your Wife is Flesh and Blood as well as her Neighbours; but you are no *Priest*, to take her *Confession*. The Man was Nettled at This, but told her however, that she might go, provided she went early in the Morning, and to his own Chaplain, or to some other Priest at least of his Recommendation; and upon Condition to come back immediately so soon as the Work was done.

She went to Chappel at the Time appointed; though not so early neither, but her Husband was there before her. She went first to the *Chaplain*, but he was busy it seems, and recommended her to *Another Holy Man*; (as he call'd him) which was, in Truth, her Husband, in a *Priest's-Habit*, and a *Confession seat*. In the Course of her *Confession*, she declar'd, that having been tempted, and provok'd to Lewdness, beyond her Strength, by an Unmercifull Husband, she had a *Frier* that lay with her every Night, and her Husband at the same time in Bed with her himself. This Story would have made her Husband stark Mad, if his Curiosity to hear it out, had not restrain'd him. *Well!* says she, *how it is I know not, but This Frier does his Business certainly by the Black Art; for all the Doors of the House fly open to him whenever he comes: and 'tis but muttering a Few Words before he enters; and my Husband falls*

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presently into so Profound a Sleep, as if he lay under some Enchantment. But Daughter, says the pretended Confessor, I do not find any *Repentance* in you for what you have done, or the least *Christian Resolution* never to do it again. *No no Sir; says she, I must not tell you a Lye, when I am upon so Holy a Duty. I neither Do Repent, nor ever Can Repent, of any Thing I ever did with That Frier; I love him so dearly.* Why then says he, your Case is Desperate, and you can have no Absolution. But you shall have my Prayers however, for the Grace of a True Penitent; and yet let me see ----- *I could send one to you ----- No no Sir, says she, (cutting him short at That Word) let there be no sending to our House, I beseech you, for my Good Man has a Phancy that the very Ratts behind the Hangings, are all Cuckold-makers; and that his own Shadow makes Horns at him.*

After *Confession*, she goes to Mass, and so Home again according to Covenants; and there did she find her Husband in his own Shape, and most confoundedly Musty, but he put it off with a Flamm as well as he could. He was to go abroad by and by, he said, and see her no more till next Morning, wherefore praye, says he, let the Doors be well Lockt, and Bolted, for fear of *Thieves*. She told him every Thing should be done, and so he went away for That Night.

The Husband was no sooner out of the Door, but up goes the Wife to the *Whispering place*, with a Particular History of the whole Affair; and hinting, as by the By, how easily any Man that had a Mind to't, might slip out of the Gutter of the Next House into their Garret Window, while the Husband stood watching below at the Street Door; which was certainly his Design, as it appear'd by the Sequel.

Philip took the matter right, and by That Light found a Way to his Mistress's Chamber, where he entertain'd the Wife Above-Stairs, while the Cuckold was waiting Below for the *Frier* at the Street-Door. When they had been at This Lock several Nights successively, and no Tidings of the *Frier*; the Man call'd out to his Wife in a Rage of Impatience, to tell him every Article of her late Secret *Confession*, with the very Name of her *Minion* the *Frier*, or he would have her Hearts Blood else. The Woman refus'd to do the One, and Disclaim'd the Other. Why you Impudent Brute, says he, did

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not you own This very Thing to your *Confessor* ? Well ! then says she, I did own it, and it is all True. You your self are That *Frier*, and That *Confessor* that lyes with me every Night: the *Frier* I am in Love withall, and the *Frier* to whom all your Doors fly open. Alas ! I knew you as well in your *Cowle*, and in the *Confessionary*, as if I had been in your Arms. I saw the Juggle all the way thorough and thorough, and Laugh'd at the Foppish Formal Story of your Lying abroad That Night. But I hope you'll take This for a warning, without giving your self or me any further Trouble. You cannot but see how Cheap This Beastly Jealousy has made you, wherefore, prethee let it be so no more: and know, that if I had a mind to put a Slippery Trick upon you, all the Caution in the World should never hinder me. The Man was so Convin'd of his Wives Virtue, and Innocence, that there needed no more *Cats-play* to bring her and her Lover together, and from That Time forward, he stood up for his Wives Honesty to his Lives End.

LXXIV.

Tofano and Cheta.

TIs no News for a Rich Man to be Jealous of a Handsom Woman; neither is it any New Thing again, for a Crafty Wench to cry quits with a Suspicious Husband, and to pay one Affront with Another.

The Husband here, according to *Beccace*, being a Notable *Toper*, his Wife found it the Best of her Play to encourage the Humour in him, and rather then fail, to set-out his Hand now and then with a Chirping Cup, her self too. And at This rate, she had little more to do, then to give him his Load, and so to Bed with him, and there leave him to Sleep-out his *Debauche*; while she in the mean time made her Apointments as the Occasion lay fairest for her Hand.

Cheta's falling into This way of *Fuddling* all on a suddain, and the Care she took to keep her self Sober, and her Husband Addle, put it into *Tofano's* Jealous Noddle, that there was Roguery a brewing, and he propounded to himself the finding of it out, by This Means.

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He pass'd away the next Day from Morning to Night among his *Pot-Companions*, Dry and Sober; but coming Home late, and in Appearance, *wallowing-Drunk*; He play'd his Part so well, that they had him to Bed upon't, and his Wife gave him the Slip to meet her Gallant. When *Tofano* had layn a long while, Watching, and Harkening, and no News of his Wife, it came into his Head that he heard somewhat like the Creaking of the *Street-Door*, when he went first to Bed. Upon This Conceit, up he gets, and finding no Wife in the House, and the Door only *Latch'd*, he *Bolted* it on the *Inside*, and so up to the Window he goes to wait the Return of his Lady. Betwixt One and Two in the Morning, Home comes the Good Woman, and mightily surpriz'd she was, to find the Door Barr'd within, but as she was trying to force it, her Husband call'd to her from a Window above. No no, Cheta, says he, *go your ways back again, like an Impudent Gossip as you are, to the Place whence you came.* Alas my Dear Heart! says she, upon my Truth I have been only to Visit a Sick Body, and therefore prethee let me in. When she had ply'd him a Pretty while, with the most Moving, Tender Words that the Tongue of a Woman could utter, and he never the Better for't, she presently chang'd her Note, and treated him to Another Tune.

Thou Beastly, Brutal Sott; says she; *to use a Loving Wife, and an Innocent Woman, at This inhumane rate! But by all that's Good I'll be reveng'd of thee; Carcass, Reputation, and Estate, shall all pay for't. This very Well here, and the whole Neighbourhood shall bear Witness against thee; and the Government shall deal with thee accordingly.* With That Word she took her leave of the World, and Tumbling a Huge Stone into the Well, the Noyse of the Fall brought down *Tofano* in all Haste to fish-up his Wife. The Night was as Dark as Pitch; and the Woman slipt secretly into the House, Lock'd the Door after her, and so up Stairs, where she rung him such a Peale for his *Debauchery*, as brought all the Neighbours to their Windows to hear it. She call'd him a Hundred Guzzling Jealous Knaves, and Rattled him with a Vengeance, for the ill Hours, and the Lewd Company he kept, his Whoring, Drinking, and Lying; which was no other then an Appeal to all the People within hearing. Finally, she succeeded so well in't, that

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every Body fided with the Woman, and the Story passing from one to another till it came to her Kindred, they took the Affront so heynously, that they Cudgell'd the Man into a Patient Sense of his Duty, till he begg'd Pardon for what he had done, promis'd Amendment for the future, and that he would never be *Drunk*, or *Jealous* again: so that by This time all Partys were pleas'd; the *Amour* went on, and *Tofano* Liv'd and Dy'd, a *Contented*, and a *Thankful Cuckold*.

THE MORAL.

THE Humour of the Two Foregoing *Novells*, is *Romantick* to the Highest Degree, and yet at the same time there's little more in't than the History of *Humane Life*. For what are all the Conjugal Brawls and Squabbles, we meet with every Day that goes over our Heads, upon the Subject of *Loose Amours*, but the Playing of a Prize betwixt *Jealousy* and *Revenge*; and the putting of it to the Question betwixt the Two Partys, which is the *Arranter Fool of the Two*. Beside that He that's Jealous without a Cause, mult be pleas'd at last, without Amends.

LXXV.

The Punishment of Ingratitude.

A Common Soldier that had the Honour to be known to *Philip of Macedon*, for a Brave Fellow, gave the King an Account of a Storm he had been in at Sea; the Lots of the Vessel, and how narrowly he himself came off, with his Life. He begg'd at the same time, a certain Farm for his Subsistence; which the King granted him, and order'd him to be put into Possession of the Estate.

The *Proprietor*, perceiving that he was now to be undone by a Man that he had preserv'd; apply'd himself immediately to *Philip*, with the Naked Truth of the Fact. Sir says he, my Dwelling is in such a place by the Sea-side; where I heard an Out-cry one Night of some body in Distress: and upon going out to see what it was, there did I find the Ruins of a Wrack, and a Man Paddling in the Sea, half starv'd, and Labouring for Life. I took him up, and carry'd him Home with me, where he was Tended and Treated like a Child of the Family. At the end of Three Days, finding himself in a

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Travelling-Condition; he would needs be gone: so that I gave him a *Viaticum*, and he went away, with a Thousand Protestations that my Kindness should never be forgotten. And who should This be now out of the whole World, but the very Man that Begs my Estate! The King was so transported at This Barbarous Story (for the Soldier told him only of his Danger, and not one Word of his Benefactor) that he order'd *Pausanias* to put the Poor Creature into his Estate again, and the Soldier to be *Cashier'd*, and *Stigmatiz'd*, with These Words upon his Forehead. THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

THE MORAL.

THERE is an *Ingratitude*, in the Concealing of Benefits; in the Forgetting of them, and likewise in *not returning Good for Good*: but the Highest Pitch of all, is the Repaying Good with Evil; especially where *Conscience*, *Policy*, and *Humanity* fall in over and above.

The Ungratefull Man is the *Common Enemy of Mankind*, and therefore nothing less than a Mark of Infamy to make him known to all People, will reach the heynousness of his Crime. So that This Inscription, is as much as publishing him by a Proclamation, to be the *Worst of Monsters*. It would be a Blessing to the World, if all *Court-Beggars* of This sort might be *Branded*, for an *Example*, and a *Terrour* to all *Insinuating Parasites*, and for the Honour of their *Masters*.

LXXVI.

An Order against Libels.

IT has ever been the Policy of all well-govern'd States, to keep a Guard upon the *Press*; for an *Arbitrary Liberty* That way, strikes at the Foundations of *Faith*, *Government*, and *Good Manners*.

Boccalini speaks of a Commission erected for the Suppressing of all Sorts of *Seditious*, *Scandalous*, and *Defamatory Libels*: And the Commissioners, it seems, extended their Authority to the taking up of *Pimps*, *Bawds*, *Common Prostitutes*, *Flatterers*, *Court-Minions*; and the whole Tribe, in a Word, of That sort of Cattle, out of their *Rich Chairs*, and *Guilt Coaches*. This was so heynously taken, that they were complain'd of for exercising an *Absolute Power*. But they in-

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lifted upon it, that their Commission comprehended *all sorts of Libels*, and that there was as much Difference betwixt *Those Instances*, and the Common Extravagances of the *Printing-Presses*, as betwixt a *Proclamation* in the *Market-place*, and a *Quack's Bill* upon a *Pissing-Post*: for the One carries a kind of *Authority* in the Face of it, whereas the other comes *Creeping* into the World, without either *Warrant* or *Credit*.

THE MORAL.

THE *Suppressing* of Ill Manners in *Paper*, and leaving Men at *Liberty*, in *Conversation*, looks like a *Privilege* for Lewdness, then a *Censure* of it. *Profligate Examples* do Fifty times more Mischief than *Private Pamphlets*: for Men are not so much wrought upon by the *Reason* of *Wickedness*, as by the *Prejudice*.

LXXVII.

A *Lyoness* and a *Bear*.

AS A *Lyoness* was ranging abroad for her Prey, up comes a *Huntsman* to her Den, and shoots her Whelp. The *Damm* runs stark Mad upon't, and nothing less than the Blood of the Murderer to satisfy her Revenge. When she had spent several Days and Nights in Quest of him, to no purpose, and kept the whole Forrest waking, with Furious Exclamations, her *Infirmity* wrought more upon her at last, than her *Consideration*; and when she had roar'd her self quite *weary*, down she lay to take a little Rest. This Refreshment brought her to her self again, and several of the Beasts paid her their Condoling Compliments; only a Certain *Bear* of her Old Acquaintance, took somewhat more Freedom with her than the Rest, and read her a Lecture of Good Counsel upon the Subject of Patience, and Moderation: But This prov'd only a Blowing of the Coale, and put her again into her Fits.

Ah, says the *Lyoness*, the *Affection* of a Mother is a Tender business; And then for a Poor Innocent to be so Barbarously Destroyed! Not altogether so fast, I beseech you, quoth the *Bear*, as if the *Calves* and the *Pigs* that you have worry'd, had had no Parents. But That was no Barbarity I warrant ye. Put the

the Case now, that all the Fathers and Mothers that you have made Childless, should run Bellowing up and down as you do, what a Bawling would here be. Consider with your self, that they that live in This World, must abide the Fortune of This World. We are Born to *Eat*, and to be *Eaten*; and it is most certain, that by some Way or other, and at some Time or other, Death must be every Creature's Lot.

THE MORAL.

THERE'S no great Danger of *Immoderate Grief*; for betwixt *Humane Frailty*, and *Occasional Prudence*, *Nature* will do the Part of *Philosophy*; and Violent Passions will lay themselves asleep: not but that they may be more or less Intractable, till the First Heat be over. We are partial in our own Cases; and the Misery, the Torment, and the Misfortune that we endure our selves, are still Magnify'd beyond all other Peoples, for want of Consideration Abroad, and Temper at Home. All Men have their *Crosses*, as well as their *Infirmities*, and are as sensible of the Loss of Friends and Relations, as their Neighbours. And what's the Difference now at last, betwixt the Injuries we *Do*, and those we *Suffer*, but that we lay the One to the Heart, and we never mind the Other?

LXXVIII.

A *Kite*, a *Pullet*, and a *Hawk*.

A *Kite* made a Stoop at a *Pullet*, and the *Pullet* cry'd out for Help: down comes a *Hawk*, powdering, upon the Out-cry, and Trusses the *Kite*. The *Hen* takes This Rescue for a *Providential Deliverance* in Favour of her *Innocence*. But This was a *Rescue*, it seems, according to the way of the World, which the Poor *Pullet* was not aware of: that is to say; when the *Great* and the *Mighty* take upon them to Relieve the *Weak*, and the *Oppressed*, 'tis but to remove a *Lighter Burden*, and lay a *Heavier* in the Place. In the Conclusion, they went Both to Pot; only the *Pullet* had the Favour to be last Eaten.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common Thing in the World for People to take their Oppressors for their Protectors, and their Protectors for their Oppressors; and instead of being deliver'd from One Tyrant, to be eaten-up by Another. The Pullet cries out for Succour against the Kite. The Hawk brings-off the Pullet, and kills the Kite: But who shall Rescue the Pullet at last from the Hawk?

This is no more then to say in Plain English, that Might overcomes Right; and that in the Course and Order of the World, the Weak lies at the Mercy of the Stronger. So that upon the Main, the Question is not so much the Goodness of the Cause, as the Advantage of the Prize. And all the Gaudy Pretences of Humanity and Honour, are, in truth, little more then a Secret Spirit of Self-Interest, working under the Masque of Generosity, and Conscience.

LXXIX.

Two Old Dogs and Two Young.

A Country Fellow had Four Dogs to look to his House and Flocks; Two of them Old, and the Other Two, Young. The Two Young ones were Hardy, and Forward, and perpetually Teizing the Wolves. The Other Two were now past Hunting, and could only Bark, and Encourage the Chase. The Two Latter advis'd their Companions not to be too Eager in their Business, but rather to spare themselves, and Husband the Game: for 'tis only for the Wolves-sake, they cry'd, that we are Entertain'd; so that whenever we destroy Them, we destroy our selves; for what will our Master care for us, when he has no longer any need of us?

The MORAL.

THE Dogs Husbanding the Chase, is the same Thing with Soldiers Husbanding the War: every Creature has the Wit to look to one: nay the very Dogs as well as their Masters: and let the Servants be never so Bold, Faithfull, and Industrious, there runs a Vein of Private Interest, yet along with it: so that it is but Common Prudence, even in the Ordinary Affairs of This World, for Men to make themselves Necessary one to another, though it were but for the sake of Civil Society. For These Reciprocal Advantages are no other, then the Links of That Mighty Chain, that ties the World, and the several Parts of it, together.

LXXX.

LXXX.

Love and Badness.

THE Poets have a Tradition, that Venus had Two Children at a Birth; Love, and Madness; and that they were so strangely alike too, in Make, Countenance, Humour, and Manners, that it was hard to say which was which. Give the Girl a Bow and a Quiver, and one would have Sworn it to be Cupid: and then it was but dressing up the Boy with a Bib and a Bawble, to make him as like his Sister again, as ever he could stare. As they grew up, they were Inseparable Companions in their Little Playes, Freaks, and Gamboles: and they had Both the very same way of Frolique, in putting Tricks upon one another. They would be Teasy, fluttering, and Violent, in one Breath, and then Kifs and Friends in the Next. From Biting and Scratching, they would fall to Catterwawling, and Hugging, and never fail in the Conclusion to Brawl themselves asleep. Venus her self would sit Muzzling and Gazing them in the Eyes, one after the other, by the whole Hour together; till she fell in Love with her own Image, in the very Face of her Hopefull Brats.

It fell out once, upon a Particular Occasion, that Jupiter, with his Lady-Sister, and some Gods of Quality, had a Merry-Meeting at Cybæra; where the Niece and Nephew were immediately sent for to give a Relish to the Entertainment. The Word was no sooner given, but into the Parler they came, in a kind of Triumph, with their Mothers Coach, and Pigeons; and a Train of Pleasant Drolls at their Heels, like so many Lacquays to attend the Chariot. Cupid, upon his First Entry into the Room, made Proclamation, for all the Gods at their uttermost Peril, to pay True Faith and Allegiance to the Sovereign Deity of Love. Upon These Words, he mounted his Eagle, made his Bow ready, and Nicking his Arrow, threatend Jupiter himself with his own Thunder: while his Mad Sister Quiffed her self in a Fool's-Cap, with a Puppet in her Right Hand, and a Rattle in her Left.

The Gods could not forbear Laughing at the Spectacle, though they saw well enough, that they Themselves were Ridicul'd.

Ridicul'd. *Apollo's Quiver* was to seek; *Mars* mis'd his *Launce*; *Nerius* his *Trident*; *Mercury's Wings* were gone; nay the very *Mother* her self did not come-off scot-free; only *Pallas*, under the Protection of her Honour, and Prudence, escap'd untouch'd. *Jupiter* was well enough pleas'd, however, with the *Farce*, and after a Thousand Busses and Fair Words, a Toy took him in the Head to throw a Plate of Kissing Comfits betwixt them. This put them presently upon the Scramble, and so from Scuffling they fell to Strokes. As *Cupid* was looking about for Arms, his Sister took a Needle, and at Two Pushes struck both her Brother's *Eyes* out. This Disaster put all into a Confusion. *Venus* fell to tearing her Hair, Beating her Breasts, and washing the Blood from the Childs Eyes with her Tears; trying over and over if Kissing would bring him to himself again. But the Wounds were so Desperate, that *Phœbus* himself gave to understand, that it was not in the Power of Herbs to Cure them.

The Sister was so transported with This Accident, that she could hardly believe what she saw; and in This Passionate Conternation, she snatch'd up the Little Instrument with her Brothers Blood yet reeking upon it; and as she was just upon the Point of putting out her own Eyes, in Revenge of her Brother's, *Jupiter* held her Hand, and bad her preserve Those Eyes for the Service of her Brother, who now stood in need of a Leader. *Madness* (or *Folly*) undertook the Office, and did as she was Commanded, and has ever since serv'd *Cupid* for one Guide, though she her self wanted Another.

THE MORAL.

HE that call'd *Anger* a Short *Madness*, might have call'd *Love* so too: for they are not nearer akin in the Fable, then they are in the World, and in the Dayly Practice of Humane Life. In short; the whole Affair of *Love* is a *Mystery*, from one end to the Other. The *Bow*, the *Arrows*, the *Quiver*, and the *Ensigns* of *Cupid's Divinity*, have all of them their Allegorical Meanings: but to run thorough the whole *Mythology*, would be *Pedantick*, and *Tedious*.

The True Intent of This Phancy is to expose the Wild and the Ridiculous Transports of This Ungovernable Passion; and to Forewarn People of the Calamitous Consequences that attend it: for it spares neither Friend nor Foe; neither Things Sacred, nor *Prophane*: but presses forward at a venture in the Dark, without either Fear or Wit, committing the Conduct of *Love* to *Folly* that *Blinded* it.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

A Centonious Scribler.

A Pragmatical Smatterer in Letters, and a Severe Faultfinder wherever he came, publish'd an idle Tract, under the Title of [*Notes upon several famous Authors*;] and presented his Remarques, with a Pompous, Formal Dedication, to an Eminent Patron of Learning in the Place where he liv'd. This Prince, or Nobleman, (or whatever else you'll call him) found immediately upon dipping up and down in the Book, that the main drift of the Discourse was only to expose the Reputation of a Great many Excellent Men, under a Pretext of writing *Observations* upon their *Errors*, in his own Words and without any Use or Benefit to Mankind.

The Great Man accepted the Present, and put the Author in hope of a Considerable Reward. Go you, says he, presently to my Steward, and ask him for Four Bushels of the Best Wheat he can lay his Hands on. It must be well Thrash'd; and then do you take Care that it may be thoroughly Winnow'd: Pick out all the Chaffe as clean as Fingers can make it; put it in a Bag, and then bring it to me. The Man brought the Chaffe, and the Nobleman bad him try what he could get for't, and take the Mony to Himself. Alas! says he, People will give nothing for Chaffe. Why then, says t'other, again, try if you can make a Friend with it. But that would not do neither, for no body would thank him for't, he said. Very Good, says the Great Man, and what's the Difference at last, betwixt Trash in a Book, and Trash in a Bag?

THE MORAL.

Calumny is the Office, and the Business of the very Devils Themselves. And none so Bitter upon Others, as Those that have not one Grain of Wit, Worth, or Good Nature Themselves. There are a sort of Tale-bearers, and Pick-Thanks that prey upon their Neighbours, and create Faults where they cannot Find them. These are undoubtedly a Lewd Generation of Men, and yet it may be a Question, whether the Instruments, or the Encouragers, and Patrons, of This Uncharitable Practice, are the more Pernicious Members of a Christian Common-wealth: for the One only ministers Matter of Scandal, and the Other gives Authority to it: beside the Prospect, over and above, of a Reward. Now there is

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no better way of dealing with These People, then according to the Instance of This President, by taking care that they may Get nothing by their Iniquity, but *Mockery*, and *Contempt*.

LXXXII.

Pappyrus and his Mother.

Pappyrus was the Son of an Eminent Roman, and so Pregnant a Youth, that his Father took him one Day with him into the *Senate-House*. Upon his coming back, his Mother must needs know what the Council was upon. The Boy took himself to be under a kind of Honourable Trust, and so put her off as long as he could, till he found she would take no Denial; and Then, he up and told her in a Grave way, the Greatest Secret in Nature. *Madam*, says he, *they have been very Hot upon a Debate, whether it were better for the Commonwealth, to allow of a Plurality of Wives, or a Plurality of Husbands*; In short; It came to such a Heat, that they were e'en glad to *Adjourn*: but if you should open your Mouth of This now, to any Creature, it would be the Undoing of your Son.

In This very Instant, away scampers the Woman, to make a Party among the Ladies for a *Plurality of Husbands*. And it came to such a Hurry, that the Passes to the *Senate-House* were all so pester'd with Out-crys, and block'd up with Petitioners upon That Subject, that the Council took the People to be all raving-Mad; till Pappyrus unfolded the Riddle. This Riot produc'd an Order, that *no Children, under such an Age should have Admittance into the Senate-House*; Pappyrus only Excepted; who from That Time forward had a Privilege to go in and out at pleasure.

The MORAL.

In This Instance of Pappyrus, we have the Character of an Ingenuous, a Forward, and a Generous Youth, deliberating within himself betwixt his Duty to a Parent, and Trust to his Country; under the Difficulty of Behaving himself without giving Offence to either.

We are further given to understand, that Trusts of Confidence, though without any *Express Stipulation*, or *Caution*, are yet, in the very Nature of them, as *Sacred* as if they were guarded with a Thousand Ar-

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ticles or *Conditions*. Now Pappyrus had no other Tye of Secrecy upon him, then the *Moral Obligation of Honour*, and *Honesty*, at large. And it is to be observ'd again, that for his Encouragement, his Virtue did not pass unrewarded.

The Mother teaches us that there is no contending with the Importunities of an Impetuous Woman: nor any Faith to be expected from so Turbulent a Spirit, especially when the Interest of the whole Sex lies at Stake upon it.

To sum up all in a little, here's the Lively Image of a *Twatling Gossip*; there's no Denying her, and there's no Trusting her. The Itch of *Knowing* Secrets is naturally accompany'd with Another Itch of *Telling* them; which is in truth the very end of *Asking*; and she might as well have say'd it in Words at length, pray'e Tell Me, that I may tell the next Comer. There's nothing so Phantastical, but she'll swallow it, and then throw it up again.

LXXXIII.

A Soldier Punish'd for Railing at Alexander.

In the Warr betwixt Alexander and Darius, a Foul-mouth'd Fellow and one of Darius's Mercenaries, fell a Railing at Alexander. A Great Officer Cudgell'd him for his Insolence, and told him; *Sirrah*, says he, *you are hir'd to fight with your Hands, not with your Tongue; and to Behave your self like a Soldier, not like a Scold*.

The MORAL.

LET the Administration of Princes be what it will, there's a Veneration yet Due to their Character; and he that Tramples upon the Royal Dignity, for the Iniquity of the Person, punishes the Innocent for the Guilty. Beside that Foul Language, in such a Case, is a Contradiction to all the Measures of Policy and Honour. When Princes come once to be insulted upon by the Multitude, All Crowned Heads are concerned in the Quarrel. The *Præfice* turns the Out-rage into a *Licence*; and when the Humour is once in Motion, no body knows whose turn it may be next.

The Discipline of Artaxerxes was much in the right. When any of his Nobility Misbehav'd themselves, he caus'd them to be *stripp'd*, and their *Clothes* Whip'd by the *Common Hangman*, without so much as Touching their *Bodies*; out of a Respect to the Dignity of the Order.

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LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Sounder Sleep in a Cottage then in a Palace.

A Certain Great Man, that had the World at will to all Manner of purposes, for the Delight and Service of Humane Life : as Glorious Palaces, Rich Furniture and Equipage, a Splendid Train of Servants, the Best of every Thing to Eat and Drink ; Delicious, well-order'd Gardens, Water-works, Plants, Walks ; and a Revenue to answer all This Pomp and Expence ; a Healthful State of Body, with a Wife that was a Woman of a Thousand, and a Hopeful Stock of Children to crown the Blessing.

This Man, I say, though in the Full Possession of all that Fortune could bestow upon him, found himself yet uneasy in his Condition, to the Degree of envying, even *Drudges*, and *Slaves*. He took no Rest Night nor Day ; one while the Fault was in his Chamber, another while in his Pillow ; his Posture or some such other Foolery, never reflecting all This while, upon the *Cares*, and *Anxieties*, that attend *Invidious Fortunes*, and *Ill gotten Estates*.

With This Whimsy in his Head, he sends up and down among his Subjects and Tenants, to try who and who Sleeps best, and to take an account of the Ordinary Means of their Repose. At This rate, he went on, Trying, Shifting, and Enquiring from one Thing to another, till he came to be sensible in the Conclusion, that the *Fault* was not in his *Lodging*, but in his *Mind*.

The MORAL.

'Tis not *Treasure*, or *Power*, that lays, either the *Head*, or the *Heart* at Rest ; but a *Quiet Conscience*, and the Candid Simplicity of a *Tender Mind*. He's the only Happy Man, that neither Desires *more*, nor Fears the Loss of what he *has*. Men are distracted, Restless, and Uneasy, betwixt an Insatiable Thirst after what they have *Not*, and a Sollicitous Apprehension for what they *Have*.

He's in a Great mistake that looks for Those Blessings in a *Court*, that are only to be found in a *Hut*, or a *Cell*. How fast asleep was *Amicus*, (the Boat-man) upon a Bed of Bull-rushes, and Sea-weeds ; and how Quiet in his Miserable Cottage, when the whole World was in a Tumult about him, and *Julius Cesar*, at the same time, knocking at his Door ;

Door ; and (to Crown the Blessing,) That great Man's Fortune depending yet upon the Service of This Wretched Creature.

Nature and Providence have lodg'd the Happiness of Humane Life within our Selves, and within our Reach, and There it is we are to *look* for't ; and There it is we may be sure to *find* it : without squandering our Time upon searching where it is not to be had. Beside that we set our Hearts, not only upon what we have *not*, but upon That which in truth is *not to be Compass'd* : for our Appetites, like Waves, do but make way one for another, and there's no end of Rolling : so that This Levity deprives us, not only of the *Relish*, but the *Use* also of what we have in our own Possession.

LXXXV.

The Sea and the Banks.

THE *Sea* and the *Banks* had a Mortal Quarrel once, upon the Subject of *Freedom*, and *Restraint*. *What have you to do*, says the *Sea*, *to interrupt me in my Course* ? And pray'e what Privilege have you again, says the other, to affront us, in our Post, and Station ? Is it not enough, that your Waters are allow'd to make what Havock they please in your own Dominions, and to run Riot in your own Province, unless you may break in upon the Rights of your Neighbours, and swallow up all in an Universal Deluge ? Do not you know, that he that *Gave* you your Empire, *Bounded* it with a [*Thus far shall your Proud Waves go and no Further* ?] Neither is it in our Power to change Place, and give way, if we had never so great a Mind to't, for Providence hath made us Immoveable, and planted us here on purpose to keep you in order.

LXXXVI.

The Morning and the Evening Starrs.

THE *Morning* and the *Evening Starrs* had such a Conceit of their Dignity, and Glory, that they look'd upon the Sun, only as a Superfluous Light, that was set-up rather for Ornament, and Delight, then for Benefit, or Necessity. Upon This Consideration they call'd a Council of the *Lesser Starrs*, and joyn'd all together in a Petition to *Jupiter*, to This following purpose.

That

That whereas his Highness had entrusted the Sun with the Care of Illuminating, Warming, and Comforting the World, and administering due Justice to all Places and People: yet so it was, that without any Regard to the True End and Intent of his Function, and Commission, he Burns up one Half of Mankind with his Scorching Heat, while the other half lies starving in Frost and Snow: and at the same time while one part of the World have their Eyes put out with the Flashes of his Dazzling Beams, he leaves the Remainder to grope out their way in the Dark: over and above the Partiality he shews to the Cursed Production of Gold and Silver, in preference to Salutory Medicines, Gummies, Plants, &c. Now the Prayer was This.

That Jupiter would be pleased to transfer the Charge and Office of the Sun, to the Stars, upon Good Security, for the Better Government and Satisfaction of the Universe for the future.

Jupiter's Answer was, *Le Roy s'en advisera*: which according to the Style Royal, is only a Civil way of Refusal.

THE MORAL.

THE Quarrel of the Sea with the Banks, is no other then an Expo-
sition of the Multitude with Sovereign Power. They wrangle for Liberty; by which Liberty, is understood a Freedom of Out-rage, or a Licence of running down all before them without Controll.

Neither was That Arrogant Remonstrance of the Stars to Jupiter against the Sun, one jot better. It is not for Men to take upon them to mend a World of God Almighty's making; or to improve the Orders and Methods of Providence; as who should say, *The Divine Wisdom is of One Opinion, and Humane Frailty, of another*. But there is nothing so Sacred as not to fall in some sort or other, under the Lash of Calumny, and Detraction.

LXXXVII.

Four Sisters.

There was a Brood of Four Sisters; and the Eldest (Peggy they call'd her) was such a President for Sanctity, and Mortification, that the Mother would be Twitting the Other Three every Hour of the Day, with their Sister Peggy. *'Twill be long enough before you'll be like your Sister Peggy she* cry'd.

cry'd. Peggy would never have done This, I warrant ye, nor Peggy would never have done That: and Twenty Good-morrows, with Peggy still, for the Burden of the Song.

Now This same Sister Peggy of theirs, was a notable Revelation-Girl, and never without Heaven and Heavenly Things in the Mouth of her, though they never came near her Heart: a Fryday-Face for every Day of the Week. A Short-hand-Book still at her Girdle, and a Crumms of Comfort at her Bed's Head. The very Thought of a Play-House or a Dancing-Bout, would put her into Fits. She dreaded the Inside of a Popish Chappel more then all the Woes of the Gospel; and her Closet-Devotions were heard further then a Proclamation. As for the Other Three Sisters, they liv'd Civilly, and Sociably, all This while in the Innocent Enjoyments of the Lawful Comforts of Life. They would divert themselves now and then, 'tis true, at a Comedy, a Ball, or the like: but without the least Colour of Scandal, or Offence, to Conscience, Honour, or Good Manners. But This did not hinder the Mother from hitting the Girls in the Teeth yet with These Honeest Liberties. *Tes yes, she'd cry, you are like to be hopeful Birds. When will you renounce the World, I wonder, as your Sister Peggy has done! Oh never fear us, Good Madam, cry'd the Wenches, but by That time we know as much of the World as our Sister Peggy, we shall think every jot as ill on't, as she does. Now Poor Peggy had had Three Claps already, and Two Bastards.*

THE MORAL.

THIS Figure answers Cowley's Description of an Hypocrite as it stands apply'd elsewhere [The Holyest Man to Godward, he says, that ever was born, but the Arrantest Rascal among his Neighbours, in the whole Parish] meaning the One in Jest, and the Other in Earnest. Now the Hypocrite varnishes his Manners, as some Ladies do their Faces, and the One is just as much a Saint, as 't'other is a Beauty.

It falls under the same Head, the Story of a Caution that was given to the Famous Harry Martin. *Have a Care of such a Man, says one, for he's an Arrant Knave. Ay says Mr. Martin, and I'll tell you a worse Thing of him then That too, he's a Godly Knave, and One Godly Knave, is worth Fifty Arrant Knaves, I'll be judg'd by the Evangelists else.*

Boccacini tells us of a Notorious Wretch of That Kind, that was taken up, strip'd, and whip'd Naked. It was a Strange Thing, says he, to see upon the laying of him open, with what Horrour and Detestation People stood staring and Pointing at him, as the most Execrable of Monsters: and yet says he; let him be but put into his Old Masque, and Dress again, and the

the same Fools shall Troop after him, and adore him. There is nothing in short so Hideous, and Loathsome, as an *Hypocrite* in his Pure Naturals: nothing so Abominable in the Sight of God and Man, as we find it over and over, in *Scripture*, and *Experience*.

LXXXVIII.

A Talking Young-fellow that would needs learn Rhetorique.

There was a Pert kind of a Talkative Blade, that would needs have *Isocrates* teach him *Rhetorique*: and after a Great deal of *Twittle Twattle*-Stuff for a *Prologue*, he fell to Treat with him about the *Price*. *Why Sir*, says *Isocrates*, I must have twice as much of *You*, as of *Another Body*, for I shall have twice as much Work to do. You must be first Taught to *Speak*; and then in the next place, to *Hold your Tongue*: which will be the Harder Task of the Two.

THE MORAL.

'Tis as hard a Thing for a Man to know when to *Speak*, as when to Hold his Tongue; and to Govern himself in Both Cases with Modesty and Prudence: But the Difficulty will be where to Begin: for they are effectually Two Works in one. Some Men are Silent for want of Matter, or Assurance; and some again are Talkative for want of Sense, but in short; there's nothing Right without the Due Circumstances. And there is one Unhappyness in the Case too, that the *Worst Speakers* are commonly the *Longest*, and Men of *Vanity*, rather than of *Business*. There was a Tedious *Haranguer*, that when he had run himself out of Breath, and his Auditory out of Patience, with a Long-winded Speech, ask'd a Friend of his to tell him freely what he lik'd Best in't? Who gave him This Answer, that he lik'd that Best which was left out. To come to my Point; The Skill of managing This Province aright, is in truth the Matter-piece of a Sober Man's Life: for we are always either *Talking*, or *saying nothing*, in a Constant Succession of Speech and Silence, by Turns: so that a Due Provision upon This Topique answers all Cases.

LXXXIX.

Partridges and a Setting-Dog.

A Covey of Partridges, that went in Fear of the *Poachers*, made an Interest in a *Setting-Dog* for a Good Word to his Companions to be easy to them. The *Spaniell* undertook upon Honour, that not a Dog should touch them: for we are resolv'd, says he, so soon as ever we have any of your People in the Wind, to fall down flat upon the Ground, and look another way, without advancing one Step further.

This Covey of Partridges had the hap some few Days after, to see This very *Spaniell* abroad with his Master a *Setting*. The Dog stopt, all on a Sudden, and made his Point; and the Birds were over joy'd to see the Curr so True to his Articles. But the Intrigue was double, it seems, for the same Signal serv'd the *Faulconer*, as well as the *Partridges*: so that upon drawing his Net over them, the whole Covey was taken.

THE MORAL.

This is the Way of the World, and a Great Part of the *Business* of it, too: The *Knaves* impose upon the *Fools*, and the *Weaker* are a Prey to the *Stronger*. The very same way of Manage holds in all Publique Bodies, and Stations; in *Courts*, *Camps*, and *Palaces*, as well as in *Fields*, *Cottages*, and *Forrests*, and with the same pretence of Honesty and Good Will. The *Master-piece* is the doing of the Trick with a Good Grace, as the *Sutter* plays his Game here under the Countenance of a Friend, and a Plain-dealer.

If the *Spaniell* could have deliver'd himself in any Other Words than what the Moralist put in his Mouth, his Civility should have been accompany'd with all the Protections of Good Faith, and *Kindefess*, that we our selves make use of in Decoying and Trepanning one another. What's the Correspondence here betwixt the *Faulconer*, and the *Setter*, but (in the Language of the *Sharps*) a Direct *Cross-Bite*, as they call it, carry'd on against a Bubble by a Brace of Rooks. All Men, in short, would Live, though it were but like Wild Beasts, one upon another, and make advantage of the Treason without Betraying, even the very Traytor. This is it in fine, that passes for the Wisdom of the World; which is no more, in few Words, than the Knack of Wheedling one another, and the very Case here in the Question of the Dog and Partridge.

XC.

The Mad Men too many for the Sober.

A Certain Person that was upon a Visit once to the Mad Folks, took notice of one Particular Man among the rest, that look'd a little Soberer than his Fellows: and ask'd him in a Grave way, what he was In for? *Why*, says he, *we live in a Mad World and the Mad Men are too many for us*: that is to say, they have put all the *Sober People* in Bedlam.

THE MORAL.

We are all *Mad*, more or less, and in some respect or other, every Man of us; and the Best Quarter we can pretend to in This World, is, according to *Horace's Advice*, for the *Greater Madmen to bear with the Less*. Men of Sense and Virtue lie equally at the Mercy of the Stronger Party: that is to say; at the Mercy of Sharpers and Coxcombs; and under This Division, we do but suffer the Common Lot of Humane Nature.

XCI.

A Lame Man and a Blind.

T Here were Two Men upon the Way together: One of them, *Lame*, and the Other, *Blind*. There was no Travelling, they knew, without *Leggs*, and no finding the way without *Eyes*: so that they Reason'd the Matter betwixt themselves after This Manner. That which we cannot do apart, we may compass by helping one another. One of us wants a *Supporter*, and the Other a *Guide*. So that 'tis but the *Blind Man's* carrying the *Lame*, to bring us to our *Journey's end*. By This Means, the One found *Eyes*, and the Other, *Leggs*; which was no more than a Neighbourly Office in a Common Cause.

THE MORAL.

THE Whole Race of Mankind are but so many Members of the same Body, and in contributing to the Ease or Convenience of our Fellows, we are not only Serviceable to the Whole, but Kind to our selves. Every Man lying has his Imperfections and Defects: so that the helping of one another

another is as well an Office of Expedience, as a Virtue. What One Man Wants, Another Supplies; and the mutual need we have one of another, is the very Band of Humane Society. Without These Failings, there would be neither Friendships nor Company; so that it is become our Interest to be both Charitable, and Sociable, when our very Wants, and Necessities, are converted by Providence into Blessings.

XCII.

The Lyon's Proclamation against Horned Beasts.

A S a *Master-Lyon* lay fast asleep in his Den, without any other Guard upon his Person, then what he might promise himself from the *Awe* of his *Character*, and the *Duty* of his *Subjects*; several *Horned Beasts* brake in upon him in the Dead of the Night; Goring and Wounding him to such a Degree, that it might, very well have cost him his Life: but Who they were, or upon what Grounds, or Provocation, This Out-rage was committed, no Mortal could Imagin. The *Lyon* was so enrag'd at the Insolence of This Affront, that a Great Council was immediately call'd, to advise upon some way for the Discovery of the *Affassins*; or at least for the Security of the *Lyon's Royal Person*, for the future. They found, upon the Debate, that there was no Tracing of it home to the Conspirators; so that the *Lyon* was fain to content himself with Banishing all *Horned Beasts*, upon Pain of Death, a Hundred and Fifty Mile from his Palace. Upon the Publishing of This Proclamation, there were whole Shoals of *Spyes*, *Catch-poles*, and *Enformers* dispatch'd away every where up and down, to search for, seize, and Apprehend all Offenders against the laid Edit.

This was no sooner made known, but all the *Bulls*, *Unicorns*, *Antilopes*, *Stags*, *Ramms*, *Goats*, and other Horned Creatures in the Forrest, met at a *General Rendezvous*, with a Resolution, Bag and Baggage, to Troup away together, before the Time set for their Departure was elaps'd. While Things were in This Hurry, and Confusion; up comes a Troup of *Hares*, to enter their Names among the *Exiles*. Pray'e says one of the Company, how come the *Hares* to be so much concern'd in a Proclamation against *Horned Beasts*? Well! says one of the

Hires again, but what if a *Thorough-pac'd Jury* should find our *Ears* to be *Horns*, how shall we disprove them?

THE MORAL.

HERE'S the *King* of the *Beasts* reading a Lecture of State, and Political Prudence to the *Kings* of *Men*: and when *Woods* and *Deserts* come to Hold forth to *Courts* and *Palaces*, they will be sure of the Whole World for their Auditory.

Kings and *Lyons*, must not *sleep* without a *Guard*; their Safety, as well as their Dignity, requires it: And This *Sleep* may be understood, either of a Prince's Bare *Neglect* of his *Charge*, or the *abandoning* of himself to his *Ease* and *Pleasures*. The *Beasts* are *Popular Factions*, that take their Time in the Dead of the Night, while the *Lyon* is out of Condition of Defence, and the *Conspirators* in least Danger of Discovery.

We are given further to understand, by the *Hires* marching off with the *Bulls* and the *Goats*, for fear their *Ears*, should be taken for *Horns*, that there is no disputing or contending with Power, for every *Charge* is a *Proof*, where the same People are Parties and Judges. And it is much at the same rate, with *Honest*, or *Orthodox Men*, in State, or Religion, that it is here with *Horned Beasts* in the *Fable*, 'tis but *saying* they are *Traytors*, or *Heretiques*, to *make* them so.

XCIII.

A Publick Life and a Private.

THERE'S a great deal to be said *Pro* and *Con*, upon This Subject; The *Ease*, the *Innocence*, the *Blessings*, in short, and the *Comforts*, of the one, compar'd with the *Dignity*, the *Duty*, and the *Utility*, of the other. A Man lives in the One *Safe* to his Country, in the Other to Himself. The One in short, is a Life of *Thought*, and the Other, of *Action*.

THE MORAL.

GOD saw that *it was not Good for Man to be Alone*; and the very Words of the Blessing upon the Creation, were *Encrease and Multiply*: so that an Absolute Solitude would disappoint the Intent of the *Benediction*, and the Main End of the Great Work. We are Taught to Pray, in the *Stile* of a *Community*; not My Father, but Our Father, that is to say, *one and all*. Man is naturally a *Sociable Creature*, and a *Member* likewise of a *Body*, as well as a *Part* of the *Whole*: neither can he discharge himself in his Duty, but jointly with the Congregation. The Life of a *Recluse*, is in many Cases little less than a *Departure* from the *Offices* and *Duties* that every Individual owes to the Common Service of Mankind. So that

Publicque

Publicque and *Private* are to be taken by *Turns*; and in so doing, the Quiet of the One Relieves us against the Hurry, and the Importunity of the Other. But nothing could be *Prettyer*, or more to the Purpose upon This Argument than That of the *Old Philosopher*. [*It is a Fine Thing* says he, *to be Alone*, but a much *Finer Thing* to be *Talking of it in Good Company*] which comprises the Comfort of Both Conditions in one.

XCIV.

A Pike and Little Fishes.

THE *Roches*, *Daces*, *Gudgeons*, and the whole Fry of *Little Fishes* met in Council once, how to deliver themselves from the Tyranny of the *Pike*; with a Protestation, at the same time, *one and all*, to give over *Spawning*, and utterly to extinguish the whole Race: unless their Posterity might be better Secur'd against the Out-rage of That Unnatural Monster.

The Substance of This Complaint was digested into a *Petition* to *Jupiter*, who divided his Answer into Two *Articles*. First, says he, as to your Fancy of a Total Failure, Nature has made it absolutely Impossible: Beside that your *Consumption* is in some sort Necessary, for if there were not *Destroying* on the *One* hand, as well as *Encreasing*, on the *Other*, the Whole World would be too Little for any one Species of *Creatures*.

And then again for the Voracious Humour of the *Pike*, there is no Room left for Reasoning in the Case: for it is a Resolution founded in the Laws of Providence and Nature, that the Stronger shall Govern: over and above, that Tyranny is no New Thing in This World, and whoever shall pass by *Transmigration* into a *Pike*, will go the same way to work Himself too.

THE MORAL.

WE have here the Lively Image of a *Popular League*, and *Complaint* against *Arbitrary Power*: that is to say; against Government it self, under the Scandal of That Odious Imputation; though but in the Exercise of an Authority according to the very Order and Instinct of Nature: And what's the Grievance at last? The *Pike* devours the *Little Fishes*, and the *Fry* have a Mind to *starve* the *Pike*: the One being but the Humour of the Multitude; and the Other the Ordinance and Appointment of an Almighty Creator.

It

It is but natural to follow This Expostulation with a Menace ; and the One just as Reasonable as the Other. And what does all This amount to now, but a Threat rather to Destroy the whole Race of *Little Fishes* at a Blow, then to lay them at the Mercy of the *Pike*, to be eaten-up Piece-meal ? Now the *Pike* has not only Reason on his side, but Prescription also, and Authority, against the Clamorous Envy of an Imperious Rabble. And at worst, where Arguments cannot prevail, he does himself right by Force, which is a Remedy that holds among Men, as well as among Fishes.

XCV.

Semiramis's Monument.

Semiramis erected her own Monument, and left it behind her with This Inscription : [*What King soever wants Money, let him but open This Enclosure, and he shall find enough.*] Darius took the Hint, and brake it up ; and instead of the Treasure he sought for, there was only a Second Inscription in These Words, [*Nothing but an Inhumane, and a Sacrilegious Wretch, would ever have put This Scandalous Affront upon the Ashes of the Dead.*]

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing so Sacred but the Love of Money will break thorough it ; and it is all a Case which way it comes, whether by Right, or by Wrong ; whether out of the *Mine*, or out of the *Monument*. This is to tell us in the *First* place, that Covetous Men will stick at nothing : *Secondly*, it shews us how lyable these People are to Miscarriages, that indulge themselves in their Inordinate Appetites : and *Thirdly*, let but any Creature Consider, how pittyfully out of Countenance That Great Man look'd, when he found himself Fool'd by a Woman, into an *April-Errand* ; and that his Purchase at last, was only *Infamy*, and *Contempt*, instead of *Wealth*, and *Glory*.

XCVI.

XCVI.

Boccalini's Way of Thriving in the World.

HE that would Thrive in the World, must live in a Conformity to Times, Persons, and Humours. Let him but Gain his End, and no matter by what Means ; for Success carries Virtue and Reputation along with it. It is the Master-piece of a Courtier, or a Man of Business, to Play with all Biasses ; for he that Rises by Sinister Arts, Gets more Credit in the Carrying of his Point, then he Loses by the Indirect way of coming at it. *Morals* are as much thrown away upon *Politicians*, as a Lecture of *Chastity* would be upon a *Common Stewes* ; and to no more purpose then it would be to treat the *Blind* with *Fireworks*, or the *Deaf* with a Band of *Fiddles*.

The MORAL.

THE Wife Men of This World do the Business of This World, according to the Ways and Methods of This World, without ever troubling their Heads about the *Puntillos* of Honour and Conscience. And all This is no more at last then following the Fashion, and speaking the Language of the Place where we live. There must be no thought of Incorporating Honesty with Politicks, and *Every Man for Himself*, holds as well in practical Prudence, as it does in Common Speech. The whole Mystery, in fine, of Humane Wisdom, is but a Dextrous Faculty of accommodating Matters to serve a Turn. Men of *Intrigue*, we see, Sail with all Winds : so that let the Weather-cock look which way it will, the Mill shall be still kept going.

XCVII.

No Fence against the Wit and Will of a Woman.

AN Old Doting Fop, that had a Sparkish Young Wench to his Wife, would be every foot making his Brags, that what with Guards, Spyes, and Other Artificial Ways of Discovery, and Prevention, he had so secur'd the Main Chance that he defy'd the Devil himself in a Petticoat to deceive him. He counted every Hair of his Wife's Head, Morning and Evening ; and kept such a Watch upon her in the Night too, that he slept with One Eye Open. And then in the Day-time,

time, she was never out of his Sight, without a *Governante* at her Heels, that kept as close to her as her Shadow : over and above a Huge *Common-place-Book*, with a Table to't, of all the Slippery Tricks that were ever put upon Poor Husbands by Woman-kind, since the Days of *Adam*.

The Wife happen'd to be coming from Church One Day, with her Keeper at her Back-side, and down comes a Piss-pot from a Window, upon the very Head of her. The Innocent Creature was forc'd by This Accident into the House whence it came, where she was receiv'd with Twenty Compliments, and Excuses, for That Unlucky Mischance. While This pass, away trotted the Gammar as fast as her Stumps would carry her, to her Master with the Story, and for Clothes to shift her Mistress. The Husband cry'd out immediately. *A Pox upon all ill Luck*, says he ; *for I am Bubbled, I perceive. This Device is a Note beyond Bla, and my Book says nothing on't.* This he said, and This he found to be True, in the Conclusion, and that it was a Scene concerted betwixt the Wife and the Gallant, to get quit of the Old Woman only for a *Kissing-while*.

THE MORAL.

THERE'S no way of Curing a *Jealous* Husband, but by making him *Sure* ; and it may be a Question at last, whether is the Greater Plague of the Two, the *Jealousy*, if it be not True, or the *Folly* of being *Troubled* at it, if it Be ; for there is no contending with the Wit and Will of a Freakish Woman ; especially when she is set agog by *Provocation*, *Spite*, and *Defiance* ; as well as by *Inclination*. Nay it is a Point of Honour gain'd, on the Woman's Part, to get the Better of a Man that will be putting of Things to a Tryal of Skill betwixt Man and Wife.

XCVIII.

A Poor Man's Last Will and Testament.

A Poor, Indigent, Beggarly Creature ; Weak in Body but in sound Sense, sent for a *Notary* to draw his *Will*, which was as follows.

There are Two such Persons, says he , (naming them) *Men of Quality and Estate, that have ever shew'd themselves my Generous Friends, and I should be much to blame, not to leave them some*

Taken

Taken of my Love for a Remembrance, before I depart This Life. This Formal Gravity set every body a longing to hear what Legacies ; for they all knew the Man, (*Eudamidas*) not to be worth a Groat.

I do bequeath, says he, *my Aged Mother to the Care of Aretæus, my Particular Friend, to be by him provided for and Maintain'd, out of a Respect to my Memory when I am gone.*

And to another Friend of mine, (Philoxenus) I bequeath my only Daughter, to be by him dispos'd of in Marriage, with as Fair a Fortune as he can well spare.

This *Testament* look'd liker *Romance*, then Matter of *Fact*, till the Two Friends appear'd, and undertook the Trust. *Philoxenus* dy'd in Five Days, and upon his Decease, *Aretæus* took the whole Charge upon Himself : and having a Daughter of his own too, he dispos'd of her, and of his Friend's Daughter, both in a Day, and gave them *Two Talents* a piece for their *Portion*.

THE MORAL.

IT is one Good Office to minister the Occasion of Another ; and a High Obligation, to furnish the Opportunity, and the Means of doing a Generous Thing. How many Glorious Spirits are bury'd in Obscurity, for want of Light to shew themselves by ! A Brave Man desires nothing more then Matter well dispos'd to work upon : Neither can we do an Honest and a Good Man a Greater Favour, then to put him in a way how he may honourably oblige another : beside that it is a Singular Instance of the Good Opinion I have of the Man, and a Nicety well judg'd, with a Respect to Piety and Prudence, on Both Hands. It was, in short, a Thought Sublime in it self ; Judicious in the Application, and as providentially Illustrated in the Execution.

XCIX.

Pythes an Avaricious Prince.

T Here was a *Golden Mine* discover'd in the Grounds of one *Pythes*, a *Persian Prince*, of an Inestimable Value ; and his Heart was so set upon it, that there was nothing but Delving and Refining, Day and Night, without so much as allowing, either Himself, or his Workmen, Liberty for the most necessary Offices of Nature ; inasmuch that divers of them

O

them Perish'd for want of Food, and Rest. In This Distress, the Wives and Relations of These Poor Men joynd in an Address to the Wife of *Pythes*, to intercede with her Husband on their Behalf. She gave them the Hearing, and bad them go their ways Home again, and hope the best.

She sent at the same time for some of the most Exquisite Artists among the *Goldsmiths*, that she thought might be trusted with a Secret she had to impart. So she gave them a Particular Account of her Husband's Diet, with orders to provide an Entertainment, all in *Gold*, according to That Bill of Fare. By the Time that the Precious Collation was prepar'd, Home comes the Husband, tir'd, and half starv'd; and calls for *Supper*. The Word was no sooner spoken, but in comes a *Golden Table*, with a wonderful variety of Delicacies upon it, all of the same Mettle. *Pythes* stood in Admiration at the Curiosity of the Workmanship. But Wife says he, after a little Pause, *preibee let me have somewhat to Eat, as well as to look upon*: and so he call'd for one Thing after another, and it was all brought in *Plate* still. This Mockery (as he understood it) put him into a Fret, and so he told his Wife, over and over, that he did not call for *Gold*, but *Meat*. Why Sir says she, sure you talk Idle. There's no such Thing as *Meat* in *Our Country*. Here's no *Planting*, no *Plowing*, or *Sowing*, no *Fruit*, no *Corn*, no *Vintage*, no *Harvest*. Here's nothing but *Digging*, and *Mining*, and That which comes of it, is all we have to trust to; so that we must eicher Eat *Gold*, or *Starve*. The pretty Sharpness of This Hint wrought so effectually upon the Husband, that from thence forward he divided his Cares, betwixt his own Separate Interest, and the Publique Good.

The MORAL.

AVARICE is so *Boundless*, and *Insatiable*, that in a Narrow Soul the Love of *Money* takes up the whole Man: The Fetching of it out of the *Mine*, and the Transporting of it into the *Coffers* of a *Miser*, is but the Removal of it from one *Hiding-place* to another, and from the Bed where *Nature* had lodg'd it, into a *Hoard*, where it lyes every jot as *Dead*, and *Useless*. *Propriety*, without Enjoyment, is not one jot better than a Pinching *Penury*. For the Owner lives in *Want*, though in the *Possession*, of That which he neither Does, nor Dares, make use of: and it is to Him the same Thing, as if it were utterly Lost. He is no longer a Member

Member of the Community, but sets up a Private, and a Distinct Interest against Mankind, in withdrawing himself from all the Offices of Humane Society. This Cuts so sensibly upon Men of Place, and Figure, that there's no way but under the Masque of an *Embleme*, or a *Fable*, to scape a *Scandalum Magnatum*, and bring These Muck-worms to their Wits again.

C.

The Chinese Immortality.

THE *Chinese* are so strangely possess'd with the Phancy of a State of *Immortality*, to be acquir'd by *natural Means*, that though they see the Patrons, and the Asserters of This Doctrine, dayly expiring before their Eyes, such is their Madness yet, that they go on, Believing, and Embracing it, even in a Contradiction to Common Sense, and in contempt of the very Death it self.

This was the Case of an *Emperour* we read of in the History of *China*. His Heart was so set upon the Persuasion, that he took-up a Resolution of parting with *One Life in Hand*, for the Gaining of *Another to Come*: a Practice frequent among Those People. There was a *Quack-Impositor*, it seems, that had prepar'd the Draught that was to do the King's Work; and there it stood upon the Table before him, ready for his Hand. But in the mean time, a Particular Friend of his lay upon the Watch, advising him against it, to try if it were possible to prevent the Mischief; and finding that neither Argument, nor Importunity, would prevail upon him, he took his Time, as the King was looking Another way, snatch'd up the Cup at unawares, and Drank-off the *Dose* at a Gulp. The King immediately in a Rage laid his Hand upon his Dagger, with Bloudy menaces for presuming to supplant him in the Right he had to That Blessed Draught. *How's That Sir?* says he, with an Honest Assurance, *will you pretend to take away the Life of a Man that has a Potion of Immortality in his Guts, and Cannot Dye? If it be possible for you to kill me, do but say wherein I am to Blame: for either I am Immortal, or You are Impos'd upon*. This Dilemma brought the King to his Wits again, and to a True, though a Late sense of understanding the Treasure of so Excellent a Friend.

The MORAL.

WE have here a Glorious Instance of the Heroical Bravery of a Tender Friend, and a Loyal Subject, both in one: for what could be greater, then for a Servant to lay down his Own Life to save his Masters; and at the same time to deliver him from the Snare of so Desperate a Mistake.

It shews likewise how miserably a Prince may be misled, in being wrought upon to take a *Friend* for an *Enemy*, and an *Enemy* for a *Friend*: and when he's once out of the way, there's nothing like Sedate Counsel and Experience to bring him to himself again: not but that he that buys his Wisdom with the Loss of such a Minister, pays dear for his Learning.

We have here likewise an Instance of a *Pagan*, doing more for the acquiring of a *Phantastical Immortality*, than many a *Christian* would do for the Purchasing of a *Blessed Eternity*. But *Enthusiasts* are Deaf to the Dictates of *Common Sense* and *Reason*, and to the Best Offices of *Friendship* and *Advice*.

CI.

A Countryman to Jupiter.

A Country fellow ran Bawling to Jupiter with an Out-cry, that the *Sheep* eat-up all his *Grass*. Jupiter gave them a Check for't, and bad 'em take that Rebuke for a Warning. But they went Gutting-on still nevertheless: and upon a *Second Complaint*, Jupiter order'd the *Wolves* to look after them. The *Wolves* were no sooner in Office, but up comes the *Bumpkin* again, with *Another* Dismal Story, what Havock they were a making, just at That Instant, with the Whole Flock. Why then, says Jupiter, we must e'en get *Huntsmen* to take Care of the *Wolves*. Well, says the *Countryman* again; but what if the *Huntsmen* at last should prove *Mutton-mongers* *Themselves* too? Where shall we be next?

The MORAL.

LEVITY is a Restless Sickness of the Mind, that makes a Man Uneasy whatever he does, and which way soever he turns himself. He shifts, only for Variety, and One Change is as Irrksom to him, as Another. He governs his Life by Humour, not by Consideration, Choyce, or Judgment; and acts, not only *Without Reason*, but *Against* it: for he passes as well from Good to Bad, from Bad to Worse, and still Weary of the *Present*, whatever it is.

If the *Sheep* must Eat no *Grass*, the *Master* must Eat no *Mutton*: so that for a Revenge upon his *Flock*, he goes the ready way to starve himself. But Nature must not be put out of her Course, to gratify the Caprice, or the Avarice, of a Phantastical Churle; who had rather the Bounties of Providence should be Perverted, or Lost, then Employ'd upon the Ends they were intended for. But so it is, that the very Granting of our Prayers, generally Speaking, would be one of the Heaviest Judgment: could befall us.

Grudge the *Sheep* their *Grass*, and the next Work will be to turn them over to the *Wolves* to look after them; and then from the *Wolves* at last, to the *Huntsmen*, to secure the main Chance: that is to say, we Pray our selves out of a Happy Condition into a Miserable, and from That, into a Worse; and so Proceed till we are undone past Recovery: so that upon the whole Matter, we are Ungrateful to Providence, Enemies to our Selves, and Malevolent one toward another.

Now This is for want of Searching into, and understanding the Nature of Things, and the True Measures of Humane Affairs. It is the Great Art, and Philosophy of Life, to make the Best of the *Present*, whether it be Good or Bad; and to Bear the One, with Resignation, and Patience, and to Enjoy the Other, with Thankfulness, and Moderation.

CII.

A Courtier and a Flock of Sheep.

AS a Courtier, a Divine, a Physician, and a Lawyer, were taking the Air together; they made a Stop in their Walk, at the Sight of a Flock of *Sheep*; and so entertain'd themselves a while, with Observations upon the Humour of That Creature. Look ye, says one of the Company, which way soever the Leader goes, the Rest follow, and upon This Ridiculous way of Proceeding, the *Virtuosi* took an Occasion to Reason the Matter with these *Animals*. Pray'e, with your leave, Good People, says one of them, why do you not rather Govern your selves by *Choyce*, and *Inclination*, then by *Chance*, and *Example*; without so much as considering whether you do Well or Ill? If your Leader happens to be in the Right, much Good may it do you, but if not, you are all Lost.

When he had gone Thus far, a Grave *Ramm* at the Head of the Company took the Word out of his Mouth; and turn'd the Argument upon the *Doctors*. Gentlemen, says he, You that are so Severe and Critical upon Others, should do well in the

the First place to examin your selves. Where's the Virtue, I beseech you, of your Formalities, your Caps, and your Habits; and what was the Original Invention of them, more, then a Phantastical Whimfy? Or what is there more in your following, and continuing the same Mode, and Fashion, then one Mimick treading upon the Heels of Another? Briefly, what are you, in your Doctrines, Maxims. Practices, and Presidents, but so many *Two Footed Sheep*, that Govern your selves more by *Imitation*, then *Reason*?

The MORAL.

LET no Man presume to Censure, or Despise Another, without putting it first to the Question, whether He Himself be not Guilty of what he Blames in his Neighbour. Here's an Expostulation betwixt the *Doctors*, and the *Sheep*; and upon the Ballance it appear'd that the *Virtuosi* have the more to answer for of the Two. We are to gather from hence, that *Men*, Generally Speaking, are led by *Example*, as well as *Brutes*; and follow their Leaders at a Venture, without any Regard to the Equity of their Proceedings; provided they do but tread in the Steps of him that marches before them. So that at This rate, we Live at Hap-hazard, without either *Choyce*, *Judgment*, *Rule*, or *Measure*.

CIII.

Two Rams fighting.

Here pass'd a Quarrel betwixt a Couple of *Rams*; partly upon Honour, partly Provocation: infomuch that they put themselves in Posture like a Brace of Bulleys, and fell to battering one another. This Combat was no sooner over, but a Second Couple of These Sparks enter'd the Lists, and did the like. When the Humour was once a foot, the whole Flock took the same Freak, and fought it out, from the Captain himself, to the Puny of the whole Troup. But in the conclusion, a Good Tender Charitable Wretch puts in with a Word of Wholesome Advice, to make all Friends again. Good People, says the Bigotted Mediator, do but think what a Shame it is, for the very Embleme of Innocence, and Patience, to behave it self so Outrageously, and liker *Wolves* and *Tygers*, then *Muttons*. *Doctor* says one of the *Rams*, *praye give me leave to tell you that Discord is natural*

ral to Us, as the very Blood in our Veins; and that without Fighting and Scuffling, the World it self could not be kept alive. And praye observe, that where-ever you see People live in Peace, tis not for want of Good Will to be Troublesom, but for want of Force. And for your Better Satisfaction, do but take a Sober View of the World we live in, and then tell me, which is the Quieter Company of the Two, Men, or Beasts.

The MORAL.

HERE's a Short Account of almost all the Quarrels under the Sun, Publique or Private; some, for a Crown, Others for a Mistress; and *Example* works with *Men*, just as it does with *Rams* and *Bulls*; betide that, as small a Matter puts the Humour in Motion. A Spark from the Stroke of a Flint sets the whole Town in a Flame: A Match at Foot-Ball puts the whole Body of the People in a Tumult. One Box, and One Provoking Stroke draws-on Another: And This Ungovernable Rage, when the Blood is once stirr'd, turns Reasonable Creatures into Brutes. To talk of *Religion*, *Morality*, *Humanity*, or *Good Nature*, is quite beside the Purpose: for we live by President, and learn to be Quarrellsome one of another.

CIV.

A Contest betwixt Gold and Iron.

There was a Mortal Quarrel betwixt *Gold* and *Iron*, and the Question was This: which of the Two was the Greater Curle to Mankind, or the Greater Blessing. The Dispute would have been Endless, if the Court they appeal'd to, had not Ty'd them up to This way of Proceeding: that they should be heard in their Turns, only allowing *Gold* the Privilege of leading the Cause.

Curled be the Hour, says *Gold*, that First brought *Iron* out of the Bowels of the Earth; and Curled be the Finder, and the Workman, as well as the work it self: for what is it upon the Main, but the Common Instrument of Warrs, Murders, Massacres, Assassinations, Sacrilege, and Rebellion, without putting any Difference betwixt Things Sacred and Profane! The Profess'd Enemy of Peace, and Order, the Embroiler of States, and the Subverter of Governments; an Advocate for Rapine, and Violence: a Promoter

more of Tyranny, and a Supporter of all manner of Wick-
edness !

You should do well now to confider, says the Other Party, that *Iron* is only Passive, in all the Harm it does, and no more then a Tool in the Hand of the Master-workman ; acting in Subordination to the Ends of *Gold*. What is it but *Gold*, that fetches it out of the Mines, and brings it to Light ? That Models, Fashions, and applies it ? What is it in Warr, but the Author of Bloud and Confusion ! What is it in the Hands of a Rebel, a Bravo, or a Cut-Throat, more then a Prostitute Mercenary that serves for Wages ? Is a Church, or a State, to be Betray'd ? Is a Friend, or a Virgin, to be Corrupted ? Is a Vow, an Oath, or a Contract, though never so Sacred, to be made Void ? Why 'tis the very Province of *Gold*, to Bind, and to Loose ; to Dispencc, to Discharge, and to Absolve, in all These Instances. Neither is the Court, the Bench, the Camp, or any other Body of Men, any better Proof against that Irresistible Temptation.

But to pass now, says *Iron*, from the Mischiefs that Occur in the Abuse of Things, to the Advantages that naturally flow from the Right Use of them. How were it possible for Mankind to subsist, without Navigation, Building, Tillage, Digging, Planting, Sowing, Arts, Manufactures ; Arms to Defend their Rights, Lives, Libertyes, Religion, Laws, and Country, against Usurpation, and Oppression. Nay and I might have said, without Necessaryes for Food and Rayment ! In fine, This does so naturally depend upon the Help and Service of *Iron*, that there were no living in This World without it.

Now to take you at your own way of Reasoning, says the Other side, If, upon the Whole Matter, *Iron* be only Subservient to *Gold*, in all the Hurt it does, it may be so likewise in all the Good it does, since it is *Gold* that sets *Iron* at Work in whatever it does. To say nothing of a Thousand other Offices of Bounty, Charity, and Humanity, over and above, that are cast into the Account by Providence, in Favour of *Gold*.

The

The MORAL.

ALL the Works of *Providence*, and *Nature*, are Good, and God Himself hath pronounc'd them so, in the very Creation of them. 'Tis the Right Use, or the Abuse of Things, that makes them either Profitable, or Hurtfull to us ; and it is the Pravity of our own Corrupt Affections, that draws Evil out of Good, and turns the Blessings of Heaven to our Condemnation. The same Reason holds in the Case of Wine, and Women, Fire, and Water, &c. as it is here with *Gold*, and *Iron* ; all depends upon the Application of Things in Due Time, Place, and Measure.

CV.

A Deaf and Dumb Gardener.

A Dissolute Cavalier, that had a Month's Mind to a Little Nun's-Flesh, bethought himself of This Stratagem for the Compassing of his End.

There was a Monastery of Delicate Virgins, which, as he understood, wanted a *Gardner*. He took up the Habit of a Day-Labourer, and so went to This Cloyster, as by Chance, to look for Work. The First Man he met with was the Steward of the House ; whom he gave to understand that he was both *Deaf*, and *Dumb*, and in very great Necessity. The Officer gave him to eat, and made some little Tryal of him about the Grounds, wherein he acquitted himself much to the Stewards Liking. As he was up and down the House, the Lady Abbess took Notice of him, and enquir'd what he was, and what might be his Business. Why Madam, says the Steward, it is a Poor *Deaf* and *Dumb* Creature, that I phancy would make a very Good *Gardner*, and we want one at present : Beside that there would be no Danger of bringing a Scandal upon the Monastery, for entertaining a Miserable Wretch, under his Circumstances. The Lady told him she was much of his Opinion, and therefore, says she, praye let him be taken-in, Cloth'd and Provided for. Now the Man was all This while within Hearing of the Discourse. So Said, so Done ; and the New *Gardner* was put immediately into Possession of his Charge.

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The *Nuns* were wonderfully pleas'd with the Thought of so innocent a Diversion, in the Company of a Man that was *Deaf and Dumb*, and whatever they said or did, would be sure to keep Counsel: so that they had their Tongues more at Liberty then before. The Little Officer, in the *Interim*, whether he was Digging, Weeding, Planting, or whatever else he was a doing, took Care to Emprove every Thing to his Edification; till in the End he was able to give almost as Good an Account of the whole Enclosure, as either the Fathers, or the Physicians themselves.

This *Gardening-Trade* went on, till the Death of the Steward; but the Cavalier, finding by This Time that he had a Great Charge upon him, apply'd himself to the *Lady Abbess* to be dismiss'd, which with some Difficulty he obtain'd. It was a Surprize, no doubt on't, to the Good Lady, to hear a *Dumb Man Speak*: but by the Favour of the *Convent*, This Recovery of his Speech was enter'd upon the File, as a *Miracle*, and fo he departed.

The MORAL.

THE Moral of This *Nouvelle* will lye in a little Room. Love is Freakish, and Industrious; and Flesh and Bloud is as Frail in a Cloyster as in a Palace. It is not to be Imagin'd that *Boccace* ever intended the History of This Romantick Adventure, as an Invective against any sort of People, or against any State of Life; but to shew that we carry Humane Frailty about us wherever we are: and to mind us at the same time, that the Holy Disciples themselves were not without a *Judas* in the Number. But when the Worit comes to the Worit, 'tis but covering the *Intrigue*, we think, and bringing it off with a *Miracle*.

CVI.

Exemplary Justice in Cambyfes.

CAmbyfes, the Son of *Cyrus*, was a Prince Famous for the Severity of his Government, and the Strictness of an Inexorable Justice. This Prince had a Particular Favourite that he made a *Judge*; and This *Judge* reckon'd himself so secure in the Credit he had with his Master, that without any more ado, Causes were Bought and Sold in the Courts of Judicature, as openly as Provisions in the Market.

So

So soon as *Cambyfes* came to understand how this Ungrateful Wretch had Prostituted his Royal Dignity for Gold; together with the Liberty and Property of his People, and the Honour of his Administration; he caus'd his Minion to be taken-up, and Degraded, his Skin Strip'd over his Ears, and the Seat of Judgment Cover'd with it: and he order'd his Son, in the Conclusion, to succeed the Father in his Character and Office.

The MORAL.

Exemplary Crimes require *Exemplary Justice*, but the Punishment ought to be likewise Instructive. There's a Great Difference betwixt the Fierceness of a Cholerick Out-rage, and the Solemnity of a Severe Animadversion: so that the *Rigour* here, upon the *Father*, is well distinguish'd from the *Grace* shew'd to the *Son*: for it would have been most Unreasonable to Confound the Guilt of the One, with the Innocence of the Other, and to Destroy the Family for the Person.

CVII.

Dionysius Robb'd a Temple.

Dionysius enter'd a Temple of Idols, and took a *Golden Cloak* from the Principal Image of the Place: It was too *Heavy* for *Summer*, he said, and too *Cold* for *Winter*. He took away *Aesculapius's Golden Beard* also: for his *Father*, *Apollo*, wore *None*, he said, that might better have afforded it.

The MORAL.

'Tis the way of the World to Cover the Foulest Things and Designs with the Fairest Names, and the most Plausible Pretences. Have we not heard of *Church-Lands* Seiz'd to *Prophane Uses*, under the Specious Colour of a *Necessity of State*? *Barefac'd Sacrilege* Countenanc'd, and Committed, for fear of an *Invisible Idolatry*? And what is there more in't upon the main, then First, a Dissolution of Order and Government past all Recovery; and afterwards, giving a Frivolous Reason for't.

P 2

CVIII.

CVIII.

A Courtier to Simonides.

A Great Man belonging to the Court, that had a mighty Mind to pass for some body in the World, was Tampering with *Simonides* to write a Copy of Verses in his Commendation, and he'd be thankful to him, he said. *Simonides* told him, that he had a Box at Home with Two Drawers to it; one for *Thanks*, and t'other for *Money*. When I open the one, says he, there comes out, at first, a Delicious Fragrancy, but then tis immediately gone again, in *Fume*. But in the *Money-Drawer*, I find Meat, Drink and Clothes, and all Necessaries for the Life and Comfort of Humane Life. Now praye Sir let me know, that I may be upon some Certainty, which of the Drawers am I to trust to for my Acknowledgment?

The MORAL.

MANY a Man would be glad of a Fair Reputation in the World, that's loth to go to the Price of it: so that there's no dealing with Courtiers and Great Men, altogether upon Trust. Court-pay is but *Smoke*, or as *Barclay* has it, a *Civility that costs a Body nothing*. Wherefore it will become a Wiseman to take Care of the Main Chance, and to provide the best he can, in the first place, for Things Necessary and Useful: We live in a World of Interest and Design, and that which we call *Court-Holy-water*, will not keep the Devil out of a Man's Pocket.

CIX.

Cambyses and Praxaspes.

Cambyses was a most Intemperate Drinker, and *Praxaspes* took the Freedom to advise him against it, as a Practice that puts People out of the Command and Government of Themselves, Body and Mind. Well! says *Cambyses*, but to Shew you that Wine has not such a Power over me, fetch your Son hither. The Young Man was brought; and now, says he, let him stand before me with his left Arm over his Head. As he stood in That Posture, *Cambyses* took a mighty Draught

Draught, and follow'd it with an Arrow, that struck him directly thorough the Heart. Look ye, says *Cambyses* to the Father, Wine does not spoyle my Aim, you see. No no Sir, says *Praxaspes*, *Apollo* Himself could not have mended That Shot.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Dangerous Post, That of a Prime Minister, to an Intemperate, Freakish Prince; that will neither understand Jest nor Earnest, any further, then as it gratifies his Humour. He takes Good Council, for an Affront, or a kind of Reproche; as who should say, *That Man thinks himself Wiser then his Master*. He makes no Difficulty of Sacrificing the Best Friend he has in the World, to a Frolique; and in This Wanton way of Cruelty, he makes it Death to be Honest: not but that it highly concerns a Prince to support the Dignity of his Crown and Authority, by all Reasonable Severities, where the Justice of the Case shall require it. But to Trifle away Mens Lives in a Banter, as we call it, and to spill Humane Blood, purely for the Blood-sake, This is to turn Governours into Tygers, and ill-order'd States, only into more Tolerable Desarts.

CX.

Columbus's Discovery.

When Columbus, to his Immortal Honour, had newly perfected his Discovery of the *West Indies*, the Spaniards went up and down in Clubbs and Cabals, vilifying the Action, and Derogating from the Glory of the Work. They saw nothing in the Business, they said, but Another body might have done it as well as He. The Passage, they cry'd, was Safe and Easy: the Thing it self Obvious, and it lay every jot as fair for a Spaniard, as for an Italian. Columbus had the hap to be Incognito at one of These Meetings, and when he had set still a while, as a Person not at all concern'd in the Discourse, he call'd for a Hen's Egg, which was immediately brought him. He took it; and after viewing and turning of it one way and t'other, Gentlemen, says he, I would gladly see any Man here set This Egg upright now upon the Table. They fell to Whispering, and Fleering one upon another, and after several Tryals, concluded the Thing was not to be done. Pardon me, says Columbus, there's nothing easier in Nature: and so he took the Egg, Crack'd it, and set it up-an-end. The Company, upon Second Thoughts, took the Hint as he intended it.

The

THE MORAL.

NONE so forward to Lessen other People, as Those that are good for nothing Themselves. Every Thing is Easy, they say, when 'tis Done once, without considering the Envy and Reproche that attends all Honourable Undertakings. Thus goes the World, and Thus it is like to go, so long as the Labours and Services of Worthy Men are Subjected to the Censures of Ill-natur'd Fools.

If we were but half so Solicitous to Advance the Reputation of our Neighbours, as we are to Depress it, or but half so Careful to Mend our own Manners, as we are to spy Faults in Other People's, we should find Work enough at Home: but our Bus'ness is Scandal, and Defamation: never considering, that Detractors are Falsifiers over and above. *Calumniators*, in Short, live upon the Spoyl like *High-way-men*, that have nothing *Themselves* but what they take from *Others*.

CXI.

A Huntsman and a Stag.

SOME body had put it in the Head of a Weak Lord to set-up for a Huntsman: He provides himself an Equipage upon it; and so away over Hedg and Ditch to the Chase; with his Wood-men, his Currs, and his Tew about him. He kept up with the Doggs to the very Fall of the Stag; but so Bruis'd, and Batter'd, with pressing through the Bushes, and so Sick of his Adventure, that Tir'd and Harra's'd as he was, he turn'd his Rage upon the Poor *Animal*, after This Manner. *Sirrah*: says he to the Stag; *I may thank you for all This: but upon my Honour, I'll be Reveng'd upon your whole Generation: for I will not leave you so much as a Copse, or a Thicket, to put your Heads in.* The Words were no sooner out, but People were immediately employ'd to cut-up the Woods and lay all Waste. It was not long after This, before the Hunting-Humour took him again as before, and wonderfully pleas'd he was, to think what Riding he should have, now there was nothing left to hinder him in his Career. And he had *Field-room* enough, 'tis true, but the *Game* was gone.

CXII.

CXII.

A Country-man and Bees.

THERE was a Plodding *Country-fellow* that was pretty well to pass in the World, and he might thank a Good Stock of *Bees* for't. As he was sucking a Comb one day, a *Bee* caught him by the Tongue: The Pain put him into such a Rage, that he threw down all his Hives upon it. The *Bees* fell to expostulate the matter with him, what a Fool he was to do himself a Mischief because he was Angry at another body: especially considering that it was Their Labour and Industry that both Rais'd and Maintain'd him, and if he would not take the Sweet and the Sowr one with another, they'd e'en leave him to shift for himself. Upon This Disgust, they forsook the Poor Man, to his utter Ruine.

CXIII.

A Burgher and a Pear-Tree.

A Shatter-Brain'd Rich *Burgher*, but a Man Curious enough in his Gardens, Pluck'd a *Pear*, and Tasted it: but the *Pear* it seems was stark Naught: He took This so Heynously, that he order'd the Tree immediately to be digg'd up by the Roots. Alas Master! says the Tree, if the Fruit be not good, it has not been a kindly Year, you know, and praye do not make me answerable for the Iniquities of the Seasons? Beside, that the Burden of Sound, and Pleasant Fruit I have upon me, might have compounded, methinks, for here and there One Rotten Piece.

THE MORAL.

THE *Three Phancies* above are much upon the same Turn. But shall we call it *Anger* now, or *Madness*, for a Man to Pick a Quarrel with the *Bushes*, and the *Brambles*, for *Scratching* him; the *Bees*, for *Stinging* him; a *Pear-Tree* for putting his Mouth out of *Taste*? and when all is done, for wreaking a Reveng upon himself. This may seem to be an Extraordinary Case, but in truth all Passions in Excess have the same Effect upon us, in Proportion to that of a Furious Choler, only they work several ways.

But

But the most Glorious Exployt of This kind, was the *Countryman's* *Revenge* upon his *Landlord*. He was the Last Life in the Lease of an Estate, in his Patron's Possession. He took somewhat ill of his Landlord, and immediately Poyson'd himself, to defeat the other of the Estate.

Montagne tells a Horrid Story of a Certain King, that Renounc'd God Himself upon the Loss of a Battle, and Prohibited his People, either to *Work*, or so much as to *Name* him, for such a certain Time, in his Dominions. An Execrable Blasphemous Out-rage, and not to be thought of without Horrour.

CXIV.

A Blind Man that would not be Cur'd.

A Surgeon that had undertaken the Cure of a *Blind Man*, was just entring upon the Operation: but the Patient, upon Second Thoughts, bad him hold his Hand a little; and praye tell me, says he, before you go any further, what kind of World is it that I am like to see, if I recover my Sight? Just the same World over again, says the Doctor, that you saw before you fell Blind. Nay then, says the Patient, een leave me as you found me: for I had rather see nothing at all, then the Second Part of the same Story.

THE MORAL.

THIS is that which we call a *Cure worse then the Disease*: for it is most certain, that the Blessings of Sight will not always Countervail the Miserys that attend it, in the View it gives us of a Vain and a Wicked World. But we have This at last for our Comfort, that in all Conditions of Calamity and Misfortune, we are not without some Providential Advantages or other to Ballance the Inconvenience.

CXV.

Ambs Ace.

THere were Two Prisoners Sentenc'd to throw the Dice for their Lives, and the First Castler threw *Deux Ace*, which put him into such a Fit of Repentance, Vows, Promises and Resolutions, that there never was so Saint-like a Penitent. While he was in the Middle of his Ejaculations, the

the Other throws *Two Aces*. The Dice were no sooner upon the Table, but up starts the *New Convert*, from his Prayers, with a Bloudy Oath in his Mouth. *Ambs Ace* by ----- says he.

THE MORAL.

THIS Story has in it the very Image of Humane Nature. It lays us open in our Frailties, and Corruptions; the Vanity of our Pretensions, and the Weakness of our Resolutions. How Tender, and Devout we are, when we find our selves upon a Pinch; How Ready to *Promise*, and how Backward to *Perform*; how False, in fine, and Fickle we are upon the Main.

CXVI.

A Battle betwixt the Birds and the Beasts.

THere happen'd a Battle once betwixt the *Birds* and the *Beasts*, with the *Lyon* and the *Eagle* at the Head of them, and it was a Battle hard-fought: The *Beasts* being terribly Gall'd from above, with Darts out of the Air, and from the Tops of Houses. In the Heat of the Encounter, up comes a *Griffon*, toward the Place of Action, which put Both Generals to a little Plunge what to do: for betwixt his *Wings*, and his *Fore-feet*, the *Eagle* was afraid he would have joyn'd with the *Beasts*, and the *Lyon*, on the other hand, as Suspicious that he would have taken part with the *Birds*. Upon This, they Both sent Deputyes to the *Griffon* by consent, to know what he was, and to learn his Bus'ness. His Answer was, that being neither *Bird* nor *Beast*, he could not concern himself in the Quarrel; but as he was a *Partaker* of *Both*, he could not but have a Kindness for the one as well as the Other; and so advis'd them to bethink themselves of an Accommodation. They took his Counsel, and made the *Griffon* the Umpire of the Controversy: who immediately order'd Both Armyes to Disband, and so put an End to the Warr.

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The MORAL.

'Tis hard, that *Humanity*, and *Good-Faith*, should be found only in *Emblem*, and in *Fables*; and that Reasonable Creatures should be sent to School to Birds and Beasts (as in This Case here of the *Griffon*) to learn their Duty. Mankind, either Is, or Ought to be, all of a Piece; so that every Individual is bound to promote the Common Good, and the Well being of the Universe. This was the *Griffon's* Part and Province. He had a Fellow-feeling of the Calamities of Both Parties, and made it his Bus'ness, as well as it was his Interest, to Reconcile them: not like a *Trimming Incendiary*, to play Fast and Loose on Both Sides, and without either Honour or Conscience to make the Best of a Bad Game.

CXVII.

Two Chimeras.

TWO *Whimsical Chimeras*, that were abroad upon Adventure, happen'd to encounter, head to head, *full-Butt*, upon the way: They gave one another, the Time of the Day, enquir'd what Bus'ness, and the like: and to be short, their Questions and Answers were all Freakish, and the very Counter-part, the one of the Other.

What a Jaunt have I had, says one of them, *up and down the World, to look for Lodgings! I have been among the Men of the Long-Robe, Church-men, Lawyers, States-men, Projectors, School-men, Musicians, Chymists, Small-Poets, and what not! I took a Ramble from thence among the Sparks of Love, and Pleasure; and every Nook was so crowding full of Whimsy, that there was not Room enough left in all their Skulls for so much as one Maggot more.* Very Good, says t'other, and just such another Job have I been upon, and just to as much purpose too: for take them one with another, Men, Women, and Children, Young and Old, Rich and Poor, there's never a Barrel better Herring.

The MORAL.

This is to tell us, that there is nothing Pure or Perfect in This World: But he's the *Wiseſt* Man that is the least a *Fool*; the *Honestest*, that's the least a *Knave*; the *Holyest* that's the least an *Hypocrite*; and the *Soberest* that's the least a *Mad-man*. That is to say, the Virtue and the Knowledge of This World, is all but Visionary, and Phantastick. Man, at the

the Best, is but a Composition of Good and Evil, and that which we call *Humane Wisdom*, we find to be little more then *Vanity*, and *Illuſion*.

CXVIII.

A Cuckow and a Nightingal.

IT was a Dolefull Story that a *Cuckow* told a *Nightingal*; how Barbarously she was us'd in the World. People would stand Staring and Gaping at her, like an Owl she said; and Twitting her for bringing up other People's Brats at her Fire-side. Nay if I do but happen to perch my self over any Body's Head, 'tis as much, they say, as if I call'd him *Cuckold*. Now, says the *Cuckow*, if I were but put into your Drefs a little, and into your way of Singing, I phancy, I might redeem my Credit. Alas for thee, thou poor Ignorant Creature says the *Nightingal*; there goes more to the making of a Songster then thou art aware of: The *Cuckows Pipe*, I tell thee, was never made to bear a Part in a *Consort of Nightingals*.

The MORAL.

ALL Creatures are uneasy, for want of somewhat or other; and we find them still as Uneasy when they have Compass'd it, as they were before: for in truth, it does not prove to be the Thing they took it for. Now This comes of indulging our selves in Extravagant Appetites. The *Cuckow* would be a *Nightingal*; that is to say, *Heaven has made us One Thing, and we had rather be another.* Now This Restlessness is not only Vexatious, but Vain, and Impious, to the Highest Degree: There's no prescribing Rules and Measures to the Doings of the Almighty; but the Laws of God, and Nature, are Firm, and Unchangeable.

CXIX.

A Cock Boasting of his Services.

A Cock was making his Braggs how much all People were beholden to him, from the very Prince to the Beggar: as *Church-men*, *States-men*, *Merchants*, *Mechaniques*, &c. for calling them up a Mornings to their Tasks and their Business: by which means, they make their Fortunes, and Qualify themselves for all Functions, Publique and Private. This Vanity pass'd well enough, till People came to consider, that he did as much Mischief to the Sick, with his Bawling, as Good to the Sound, with his Crowing: for That which was a Benefit to the One, was Death to the Other.

The MORAL.

It is the Good Will that stamps the Obligation, neither is it, in truth, to be call'd an *Obligation*, when the Good Office is done, more by *happazzard*, then by Intention, and Choyce. The same Action falls out many times to be the Making of One Man, and the Ruin of another: so that as a Man may *Mean well*, and yet do a *Shrewd Turn*, on the one hand, he may likewise do *Good*, with *Malice* in his *Heart*, on the Other.

CXX.

A Dog Trepann'd.

There was a notable Fierce Dog, that had the keeping of a Castle in a Wood; and look'd so well to his Charge, that so long as he kept his Station, there was not a Wolf durst shew his Head near That Quarter; but the Difficulty was, how to remove him. The Wolves call'd a Council about it, and came to This Result, that the Cur was too Brave, and Generous, to be wrought upon by any Thing but Ambition. Upon This Consideration, they sent a Couple of the Gravest of their Brethren, to the Dog with a Compliment from the whole Body, giving him to understand, that out of the Reverence they had for his Wisdom and Courage, they were now to present him with a Tender of the

the Crown, if he would but shew himself in the Field in the Head of his Subjects, and do them the Honour to receive it. By This Artifice they drew him out into an *Ambush*, where the whole Herd fell upon him, and tore him into a Million of Pieces.

The MORAL.

EVERY Man living has his *Blind-side*, as well as every Dog: only One Man is led by his Ambition, Another by his Pleasure, a Third by somewhat else, and provided the Poynt be gain'd, no matter whether it be by one or the other. Here's a Premeditated Treachery, Form'd, and Executed, against a Generous Creature; whose very Generosity was the Temptation and Encouragement to That Conspiracy: so Powerful and Sacred is the Confidence of *Virtue*, that the Basest of Actions pass many Times for Just, and Glorious, under the Recommendation of That Cover.

CXXI.

A Penitent hard put to't.

A Poor Fellow was chid by his Ghostly Father, for not coming oftner to *Confession*. Well! Sir says he; *It shall go hard, but betwixt This and to Morrow Morning, I'll rumidge out somewhat or other for you.* He was as Good as his word, and the next Morning he discharg'd his Conscience upon it. I have indeed, says he, Eaten Roots and Drunk Water with more Pleasure then became a Good Christian, but he was heartily sorry for it, he said, and desir'd Absolution, which was not refused him.

The MORAL.

This is a Right Pharisaical Holyness, that *Strains at a Gnat, and Swallows a Camel*; but That which is Pride and Vanity in one Man, may be pure Simplicity in another: As a Poor Woman that was call'd upon to ask God Forgiveness at the Point of Death. Alas! says she, I never offended him in my Life. Now as to the Absolute Necessity, as well as to the Christian Use, and Practice of *Confession*, it passes for a kind of a *Popish* point; not but that it seems as Reasonable, to lay open our Souls to our Ghostly Fathers, as our Carcasses, and Estates, to Physicians, and Lawyers.

CXXII.

CXXII.

No Misery like an Unsettled Mind.

A Woman that was as Happy in every Body's Opinion, as the Blessings of This World could make her, fell into a Desperate Melancholy all on a sudden, and no Mortal could imagin the Reason of it. Now her Misfortune was This. Her Husband, in a kind Fit, bad her ask him any One Thing in This World, that was in his Power, and she should have it, provided she came to a Resolution in *Twelve Hours* what it should be. *Eleven* of the *Twelve* were already gone, and This Miserable Wretch directly at her Wits End what to pitch upon.

The MORAL.

If an Angel from Heaven should offer us the Choice of any One Thing, (One and but One) out of the whole Creation, it would almost break our Brains to be so Confin'd. And yet at the same time we find our selves Uneasy under the Dispensations of Providence, without so much as Knowing what we would be at; only the Present does not please us, and we are consequently never to be pleas'd; beside that the *Compas-sing* of what we Will, is not more Difficult then the *Resolving* upon it.

CXXIII.

No Medlers in Other People's Matters.

A Gentleman's Servant was taken Notice of to be sauntering up and down the Garden, one time, with his Hands in his Pocket, when his Master's House was a Fire. The People of the House call'd out to him for Help, and his Answer was, that *he never car'd for Meddling in Other People's Matters*. It was the Answer of a Girl too, upon the Burying of her Mother Alive, She confess'd indeed that she saw the Body Heave when it was laid into the Grave, but it was none of her Business; and truly for her part she was loth to make any Words on't.

The

The MORAL.

THERE's no Rule that is not lyable to some Exception or other, saving That very Rule it self. A Man has Room enough to Avoid being Pragmatical and Troublesome, without being Inhumane. But in all These Cases, Reason has a Distinguishing, and a Dispensing Power; and we are left to the Government of Ordinary Prudence, in Agreement with Common Honesty, and Good Manners.

CXXIV.

An Inditation for To Morrow.

A Grave Holy-man was invited over Night to a Dinner Next Day. *If you have any Thing*, says he, *to command me at [PRESENT,] I am at your Service*, but This same [to MORROW] is a Thing I have not thought of This many a Year; for I have expected every Day should be my Last. It was well said of *Dionysius*, to one that desired to speak with him if he were at *Leisure*. His Answer was, *he had no Time to Spare, and consequently was never at Leisure*.

The MORAL.

THERE is no such Thing as to *Morrow*, to a Man that Husband's his Time, and knows how to make a Right use of it. And to *Morrow*, is not only out of our Power, but our Business lies with the *Present*, for otherwise, we shall spend One Day in computing upon Another. The Man does not live as he should, that does not reckon upon every Day as his Last. Or I might have said [every Moment;] for Time is but a Flux of Instants, and every Breath we draw is a New Life.

CXXV.

A Hopeful Patch.

THERE was a Treaty of *Marriage* set a-foot betwixt a Well-willer to Good-fellowship, and the Father of a Brisk Lads. The Affair went comfortably forward, on Both sides; only the young Man was afraid the Girl might be somewhat of the Youngest for a Marry'd State. But the Father bad him
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set his Heart at rest for that Matter, for my Child, says he, has had Three Brave Boys already by the Clerk of the Parish.

The MORAL.

NICETIES of This Nature are better let alone than Medled with ; but that a Man is as uneasy in the Ignorance of the Truth, as in the Knowledge of it. It is, in short, an Irrkdom, and a Dangerous Curiosity: but we have This for our Comfort however ; that at the worst we are sure to be Miserable in Good Company : and Neighbours-fare is no Scandal.

CXXVI.

No Match like a Deaf Man and a Blind Woman.

A Club of Good Companions were discoursing at Liberty upon the Subject of *Matrimony*, and when they had talk'd over all the Joys and Hazards of That Blessed, or miserable State, it came at last to This Result : that considering the Common Licence and Practice of Marry'd People, and the Insupportable Plague of That Condition, where they cannot agree; the only *Happy Match* under the Heavens would be a *Deaf-Man*, and a *Blind Woman*, which at the same time puts the Husband out of Reach of the Womans Tongue, and the Wife out of ken of her Husband's Debauches.

The MORAL.

THIS is to tell People what they are to trust to in a Marry'd State, at the Ordinary rate of Man and Wife. Happy is the *Match*, says our Author, where the one is Deaf, and the Other Blind : which imports no more, then, that where they cannot agree, 'tis their Wifest Course to *Hear and See, and say Nothing*.

There was a Body of a Malefactor hanging in Chains, and Two Men under the Gibbet, Gaping at the Spectacle. One of them was the Husband of a Shrew, and the Other a Discarded Courtier ; and there did they stand blessing the Man upon the Gallows, that was now past the Danger of falling into either of their Conditions.

CXXVII.

CXXVII.

Mnemon's Grace.

A *Ritaxerxes Mnemon* was a Great Instance of Moderation : and much in the Right, certainly, in his Dayly Practice of giving Thanks, for the Blessings of *Course Fare*, and a *Good Stomach* ; which was his Constant Grace.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Pleasure to speak of, in the most Delicious Excesses of Eating and Drinking, without the Blessings of Health, and Appetite, to give them a Relish : all the Rest is but Qualm and Surfeit, with a Vitiated Palate, and a False Digestion, to take off the Edge of the Delight. It is no more, in short, than a Plain and an Instructive Lecture upon the Text of Temperance, Sobriety, and Moderation, and the Blessings that attend a Virtuous Life.

CXXVIII.

A Sovereign Antidote to Prevent the Por.

TAKE a Well-drawn Picture, says *Boccalini*, of the most Faultless Beauty that ever appear'd in Flesh and Blood : and then touch it over again, with *Rotten Teeth*, *Bleer Eyes*, *no Nose at all* : let it be as Lothsome, in fine, as *Venom* and *Corruption* can make it. Carry This Picture still about with you, and whenever you have a Phancy for a Woman you suspect, do but take a Sober View of This Piece, and my Life for yours, it shall keep you Safe and Honest.

The MORAL.

THIS Preservative against the *Pox*, will serve us every jot as well in a Thousand other Cases : and a Sober Consideration, in the Improvement, and Application of the Hint, will do the Office of such a Picture. 'Tis but saying at last, This comes of Drinking, Blaspheming, Quarreling, Cheating, Lying and Slaughtering : Oppression, Sacrilege, Murder, Rebellion, &c. and it will do the Work every jot as well as [*This comes of Whoring*] with a Picture to set it out. For This Precaution, or Fore-sight, would have the same effect upon us, in all other Cases of Vice, and Iniquity, if Men would but duly examin what they are about, and

the Consequences of their Misdoings. In one Word, it would be enough to keep a Man Honest, and Virtuous, if he would but say to himself before it be too late, that *the End of These Things is Death*: and if he would but do what he Ought to do, out of a Sense of Conscience, and Honesty, rather than wait to be Frighted into't by the Phancy of a Squeamish, and a Beattly Disgust.

CXXIX.

Trade and Empire Inconsistent.

AS one of the Emperours was taking the Air by the Seaside; up comes a Goodly Ship with her Sails aloft, and Sweeping along before a Fair Wind into the Harbour. The Stateliness, and Bulk of the Vessel, together with the Depth of her Lading, Occasion'd a very Particular Enquiry after her Cargo, what she was, and to what Owner she belong'd. Answer was made, that she was Built, Rigg'd, set-out, and Maintain'd, upon the Account of the Empress. The Emperour stomach'd the Scandal to the Highest Degree, and call'd his Wife to him; but in a Temperate way, and without any Shew of Displeasure. *Pray'e my Dear,* says he, *do but see to what a Pittiful State I am reduc'd here: I took my self for a Roman Emperour, and I am no more, I perceive, then a Miserable Broker.* Prethee what Trade are we to drive next? And at That Word, he gave a Peremptory Order for the Burning of both Ship and Lading.

The MORAL.

THE Privileges of Sovereignty are Incommunicable: and it is not for the Dignity of a Prince to Prophane the Sacredness of his Character with Common Thoughts and Bus'ness. The Line of Partition betwixt Kings and Subjects, cannot be too tenderly touch'd: for wherever the Rights of Prince and People come to interfere, the Order of Government is Confounded, and the Political Union Dissolv'd.

CXXIX.

CXXX.

Love and Death.

AS *Love* and *Death* were Travelling the World, they happen'd to take-up in the same Inn together. Next Morning they Post'd away in a Hurry, and by Mistake chang'd Arrows, so that *Love* kill'd the *Young* People, and *Death* made the *Old* Men in *Love*. The Fable tells us, that ever since This Unlucky Adventure, *Love* and *Death* have shot at Random.

The MORAL.

Love and *Death* are the Great Bus'ness of the World; which is all but *doing* and *undoing*, and the One finds work for the Other. But there's a Time for all Things, and nothing can be either Natural, or Graceful, but as it answers That *Crisis*.

CXXXI.

A Wonderful Cure.

THERE were Two Men lay desperately Ill, the one of a *Leibargy*, the Other of a *Phrensy*. They were Both given over by the Doctors, and for the last Experiment, put to Bed together. The One was ready to Perish for want of Sleep, and the other for want of somewhat to Rowze, and keep him Waking. The *Mad Man* fell so Outrageously upon his *Bed-fellow*, with Kicking and Cuffing, that in the end, he tir'd himself quite out, and dropt insensibly into a Slumber: while the other, by the Force of This Agitation, was brought out of his Dozing Fit to somewhat of Sense and Motion: so that in the Conclusion, *Nature*, and *Providence*, did the Part of the *Physician*.

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The MORAL.

It is no New Thing for the Divine Willdom to draw Good out of Evil ; and to improve the very worst of Calamities to our Advantage : and yet This Providential Interposition does not hinder Nature all This while from going on in her Course ; but by a Regular Mediation of Causes and Effects, turns One Disease into a Remedy for Another, and makes Two Sick Men each the Other's Doctor.

CXXXII.

A Discourse upon Charity.

There was a Question started in very Good Company, upon the Subject of *Charity to the Poor*. They all agreed upon the Main, as to the Piety, the Humanity, and the Necessity of the Office, only there appear'd some Difficulty about the Regulation of it. This Discourse led naturally to the Case of Common Beggars ; and as the Point was managed, the Scandal on the One hand, was look'd upon as a Discouragement to the Virtue on the Other. *What are Those Vagabond Beggars, they cry'd, but the worst of Cheats and Impostors ; that counsel People in God's Name, and make a Trade of their Hypocrisy ! A Pack of Unprofitable, Slothfull Drones, that are only a Burden to the Publique, and take the Bread out of the Mouths of the Industrious ! Counterfeits, to all intents and purposes, in the Story both of their Wants, and of their Misfortunes ; and so shamefully False, that they turn Good Nature it self into a Snare. They are the Men of the World that have the most of Heaven and Holy Things in their Mouths, and the least of it in their Lives. Their Religion, in fine, carries them no further then the Church-Porch, and there they Drop it ; for not one of a Hundred of them, ever goes further.* The Conversation, in short, Ended just where it Began. They had all unanimously a High Veneration for *Good Works*, in the *General Notion* ; but there were so many Rubs thrown in the way, they could never agree upon the Practice.

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The MORAL.

THERE's a Great Difference betwixt Speculation, and Practice ; and no Reconciling of our Consciences to our Conversations, We are all agreed upon the *Piety of Good Works*, but mightily at a Loss for want of a Rule to guide us in the *Ordering* of them : that is to say, with a Respect to *The Quantum*, the *Season*, the *Person*, the *Proportion* ; the *Duty* I owe to my own *Family* and *Relations*, and That which in *Tenderness* and *Humanity* I owe to *Mankind* : and all These Niceties fall naturally into That Question.

CXXXIII.

A Memorable Exploit of Zopyrus.

Zopyrus was highly celebrated by Darius for a Trick he put upon the *Babylonians*. He Hackt and Mangled himself all over ; Cut-off his own Ears, and Nose, and in This Ruful Condition went over as a *Deserter*, to the *Babylonians*. He was known to be a Man of Skill, and Courage, and, upon the Credit of That Character, they made him Governour of the City, which he afterwards betrayed to Darius.

The MORAL.

THE Character of Zopyrus here, is not all of a Piece. It was kind, and Brave, to stand the Shock of so Extravagant an Experiment, for the Publique Good. But let the World say what they will of the *Man*, the *Action* is not to be brought into President : for *Good Faith* is the same Thing indifferently either to *Friend*, or *Foe* : and *Treachery* is nevertheless *Treachery*, because it is to an *Enemy*. But it was Pity however yet, that Zopyrus was not as *Honest*, as he was *Brave*, and that his *Courage* had not a more *Illustrious Matter* to work upon.

CXXXIV.

CXXXIV.

Tame Pigeons and Wild Birds.

Here pass'd a Debate once betwixt a Flight of *Tame Pigeons*, and a Troup of *Wild Birds*, which led the Hap-pyer Life of the Two. The *Pigeons* were utterly against the Beggary way of living upon the Ramble, and lying expos'd to Guns, Snares, and Doggs, and all the Injuries of Wind and Weather: beside the Fatigue of scouring up and down the Fields for Meat, and the Tedious Hazards of Hard Win-ners. Now if you'll come over to us, they cry'd, and do as we do, you'll find your Meat and Drink ready provided for you; Nests made to your Hands, and a Good House over your Heads to keep you Warm and Dry, with a Hearty well-come, over and above.

So far 'tis well enough, says one of the Birds, but what says mine *Host* all This while? Who pays the Reckoning? Nay for That, says a Formal *Pigeon*, we have it all *Gratis*; without any manner of Payment, Tax, or Duty. 'Tis true indeed, we commonly Breed once a Month, and present our Landlord with a Brood for an Acknowledgment, so soon as they are fit to be Eaten. Truly a Notable Bargain says one of the Other Party, to Sacrifice your Children for Meat, Drink and Lodging!

The MORAL.

EVERY Thing is Best in its own Natural State, and here's a Question started betwixt a Servile, Lazy, Luxurious Condition of Ease, and Plenty, and a Generous and Industrious Course of Freedom, with all the Comforts that attend a Life of Exercise and Health. There are but too many *Men* of the Humour of These *Pigeons*, that Pamper their Own Carcasses, and never care what becomes of their Posterity.

CXXXV.

CXXXV.

A Dog and a Bitch.

A Gentleman had a Brave, Trusty *House-Dog*, that had stood all Tryals, of Flattery, Menace, and Reward, and nothing could ever Corrupt him in his Duty to his Master, till an old Experienc'd Sharper, that had serv'd his Time out to the World and the Flesh, bethought himself of a Certain *Court-Trick*, that he had heard of. Who knows, says he, but the same Bait that serves for a *Man*, may serve for a *Dog* too: and so he Lifted himself with a Gang of Good-fellows, took a Bitch along with them, and away they went upon Adventure. The *House-Dog* had his Mistress no sooner in the Wind, but away he steals after her, like a Discreet Whoremaster, without Barking or Baying, or so much as one Word speaking. When the *House-keeper* had once quitted his Post, the Thieves took the Opportunity and Robb'd the House, while the whole Family were all asleep in their Beds.

The MORAL.

EVERY Man living has his Inclination; as a *Bag*, for the Purpose, a *Bottle*, a *Wench*; some Appetite in fine or other; and some Bait or other will do the Work. The same Temptation serves also to Betray and Expose Palaces and Governments, as well as Private Houses: where Prostitutes do the very Office of This Bitch in the Fable, and Corrupt the Guards. There is nothing so frequent in History, Sacred and Profane, as Instances of Humane Frailty upon This Topique. *David* was a Man after God's own Heart. *Solomon* was pronounc'd the *Wise*st of Men, and *Samson* the *Strongest*; but they were all Three Captivated and Overcome by *Women*.

CXXXVI.

Religion is for Gentlefolks.

A Sober Good Woman, that was treating with a Maid Servant about Work and Wages, ask'd her, among other Questions, *what Religion she was of?* Alack-a-Day! says the Poor Innocent Girl, *Religion is for Gentlefolks.*

The

The MORAL.

THERE'S a Pretty Air of Simplicity and Respect, in This Poor Creature's Answer, and the Application of it may be This. That the Religion of a Servant is one Thing, and the Religion of a Mistress is another: for all People are to serve God according to their Talent, and in their Station. She might as well have said that her Business was to live Honestly and Dutifully in her Calling, without prying into Mysteries that she does not understand. When it comes to That once that every Private Person shall set-up for a Guide, we shall e'en have as many several Churches, as there are Whimsical Noddles.

CXXXVII.

A Persian Law.

THE *Persians* pass'd a Law that left the People at Liberty to do what they pleas'd, for the First Five Days after the Death of the present Governour: upon a Presumption, that the Misery of so Licentious a Confusion, would make them more sensible of the Blessings of Order and Peace.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no such Judgment to be made of the Good or Ill of Government, or Confusion, as by Comparing them; and there's no Expedient like an *Interval of Anarchy*, to shew the Necessity of a Regulation.

CXXXVIII.

An Ape and Cupid.

AN Old, Crafty *Ape*, that had been dogging *Cupid*, in several of his Walks, and Adventures, found an Opportunity at last of Filching away his Bow and Arrows, and other Ensigns of his Commission, with a Design to get the Trade out of his Hand, and set up for a *Cupid* Himself. This *Mimical Droll* had already Connd, by observation, the way of Handling his Arms: so that there was little more now to be done, then immediately to enter upon the Ramble, and so abroad into the World to try his Fortune.

There

There happen'd to be a very Pretty *Lass*, just in our New Archers way; and the Mark lay so Fair, that he Struck her to the very Heart. Never was Poor Girl in such a Taking! She could neither Eat, Drink, nor Sleep, nor give any Account all This while what it was that ail'd her, but Sighing, Weeping, and Exclaiming was her whole Entertainment. This Proof of his Power made him take himself for a *God indeed*; and such was his Vanity, that he would have disputed *Beauty* with him as well as *Divinity*. The Languishing Looks of This miserable Creature, gave him to understand her Secret Thoughts, and Longings, while *Pug*, for his Part, was as Nice and Insensible as Another *Narcissus*. But his Reign however lasted not long, for no sooner had *Cupid* found out This Sacrilegious Impostor, but he stript him of his Borrow'd Equipage, and upon the Unmasking and Uncasing of This Counterfeit, the Poor Woman found the way to her Wits again.

The MORAL.

THIS Story of *Cupid* with his Trinkets about him, may pass for an Invention diverting enough, to palliate the Scandal of many a Phantastical Piece of Flesh and Blood. The Phancy of the *Boy Cupid* here, and his *Archery*, points at *Youth* and *Appetite*, in some Cases, and at a Sicklyness of *Imagination* and *Humour*, in some others; which considers neither *Beauty*, *Shape*, nor *Person*, but like the *Green-Sickness*, feeds upon *Chalk* and *Char-coale*. How many Men have we seen, little better then *Apes* to look upon, and yet making Love to Delicate Fine Women? Nay, which is more yet, Succeeding in their Addresses too; while the Phancy supplies all Defects on the one hand, and the *Ape* as Conceited of himself on the other, as the most Accomplish'd Cavalier. But Time and Satiety will bring People to their Senses again, though too late many Times, to recover either their Peace, or their Credit; after so Gross, and so Mortal a Mistake.

CXXXIX.

The Alchymist.

A Chymical Pretender, that had written a Discourse Plausible enough, upon the *Transmutation* of *Mettles*, and turning *Brass* and *Silver* into *Gold*; thought he could not place such a Curiosity better then in the Hands of *Leo the Tenth*,

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and

and so he made his *Holyness* a Present of it. The Pope received it with great Humanity; and with This Compliment over and above. Sir says he, I should have given you my Acknowledgment in your own Mettle, but *Gold upon Gold* would have been *False Heraldry*: so that I shall rather make you a Return of a Dozen of Empty Purfes to put your Treasure in; for though you can make *Gold*, I do not find yet that you can make *Baggs*.

THE MORAL.

PRESENTING, in many Cafes, is but a more respectful way of *Begging*; and Presents, in Those Cafes, are rather Affronts, then Obligations: especially when they reproche the Receiver with the Want of That which all People would be thought to Have. There are some Presents, of Heart, and Good Will, and Others again, that are Mere Mockery and Banter. Where the Present it self is either Slight or Sharp, or carries some Severe *Innuendo* along with it, the Return to it may be allow'd to be so too, as in our Philosophers pretending to teach the Pope to make Gold; what does it but intimate an Avaritious Disposition in him, that could be pleas'd with such a Present! The Pope gave him so many Empty *Baggs* for a Reward, which was only Another way of telling the Mountebank he was a Fool for his Pains. Beside that there's as great Nicety in the Manner of doing the Thing, as in the Thing it self. But the Fairest Medium that I know in all These interchangeable Respects, is to keep within the Compass of Prudence, and Convenience; without either making them a Burden to the Giver, or a Reproche to the Receiver.

CLX.

More Physicians then of any other Profession.

UPON a Discourse in *Ferrara* about Men of Trade and Business, and how mightily That Place was overstock'd with People of That Quality: it came to a Question at last, what Employment had most Professors of it. One said, *Lawyers*, Another, *Divines*; some said one Thing in fine, and some another; but in the Conclusion, upstarts one *Gonella*, a pleasant Kind of a Companion, and offers a Bett on the Physician's Side against any other Calling. How can That be, says one of the Company, when to my Certain Knowledge there are not above a Dozen of them in This Populous City.

It

It came at last to a Wager betwixt a Nobleman and *Gonella*, and the Case left to a Tryal.

Gonella went out early the next Morning to the Church-Door, with his Chops all muffled up in Searcloth, and Flannel. Every body would be asking the Poor Man what he ail'd, as they went to their Devotions, whose Answer was, that he had upon him at That Instant, a most Tormenting Fit of the *Tooth-Ache*. One told him *This* was good for't, and another *That*: and so as they gave him their Opinions and Advice, he took all their Names, and Prescriptions in Writing. When Church was done, he wandered up and down the Streets, picking-up more Names and Receipts, till he had a Matter of Five Hundred upon the Roll.

In This Pickle, he went to the Count Himself with whom he had the Bett; who, without ever Dreaming of the Frolique, presently took the Hint of his *Tooth-Ache*, and gave him a Remedy that he call'd an *Infallible Cure*; with Directions how to use it. Away goes *Gonella* at that Instant, puts his Trade and his Trinkets together, and all under the Title of [*A List of the Famous Physicians of the City of Ferrara*] After a Three-Days-pretended Tryal of the *Infallible Cure*, back goes *Gonella* to the Count again, to Acknowledge the Sovereign Virtue of his Medicin; and at the same time presents the Nobleman with a Formal Catalogue of his *Doctors*, and their *Remedies*. When the Count came to find his own Name at the Head of the List, and several other Persons of Quality marshall'd in their Order under him, he was so well pleas'd with the Conceit, that he yielded the Wager Lost, and order'd the Payment of the Mony.

THE MORAL.

THERE'S *Quacking* in all Trades; and *Mountebanks* in Religion, and Policy, as well as in *Physick*. What are all our *Empirical Church and State Reformers*, but so many *Corn-cutters*, and *Tooth-drawers*, in another way of Dabbling? One values himself upon Remedies for all Diseases, and Playsters for all Sores: Another, for Expedients in Cafes of Misgovernment, and Misdadministration, and the one prescribes just as much to the purpose as the Other. And what's the Ground now of all This Ostentation, Vanity, and Pretence, but that People take more Pains to *Appear Wiser* then they *Are*, then really to *Be* what they *Ought* to be: as the *Hoi-headed Enthusiast* takes the *Spleen* for the *Spirit*, and imposes upon the World the Fumes of his *Melancholy*, for *Revelations*.

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CXLI.

CXLI.

A Thiefe and a Hang-man.

IT stuck most abominably in the Stomach of a *Thiefe* at the Gallows, to think of going to Pot Himself, and leaving his Master behind him that taught him his Trade. But the *Hang-man* told him, he was well enough serv'd for conning his Lesson no better. Nay for that, says the Prisoner, the Bench will bear me witness that I am Master of my Profession. Yes yes, says t'other, you are pretty good at the *Hanging-Part*, but you should have study'd the *Shifting Part* of it, and That would have taught you to do the same Thing in a Whole Skin, that would have brought Another Man to the *Pillory*; Nay the *Whipping-Post*, or the *Gibbet it self* perhaps.

The MORAL.

MANY a *Little Rogue* is Hang'd, when a *Great* one comes Off: and the *Greater Rogue* commonly Hangs the *Less*; and not so much for *Stealing* neither, as for *Bungling*, and hampering himself needlessly in the Noose of the Law. *Penal Laws*, in short, are Snares, only for Wood-cocks; and so far from endangering Men of *Sense*, and *Intrigue*, that they are at the same time, as Instructive, on the one hand, as they are Pinching on the other: insomuch that the Lawyers are effectually of Councell for the Criminals: and the Nicety of the Case is no more then This, which way a Man may Break the Law, and yet scape the Forfeiture.

CXLI.

A Spanish Gravity.

A *Spaniard*, under the Lash, made a Point of Honour of it not to mend his pace for the Saving of his Carcass: and so march'd his Stage out, with as much Gravity as if he had been upon a Procession: insomuch, that one of the Spectators advis'd him to consider, that the longer he was upon the Way, the longer he must be under the Scourge, and the more Hast he made, the sooner he would be out of his Pain. Noble Sir, says the *Spaniard*, I kiss your Hand for your Courtesy:

but

but it is below the Spirit of a MAN to *Run* like a DOG. If ever it shall be your Fortune to fall under the same Discipline, you shall have my Consent to walk your Course out at what rate you please your self. But in the Mean time, with your Good Favour, I shall make bold to use my own Liberty.

The MORAL.

THERE are certain Affectations of Gravity, and Form, that some People had rather Dye then depart from; and provided they do not shrink at the Execution of the Punishment, they never trouble their Heads at the *Shame*, the *Scandal*, or the very *Confiscation* of the *Crime*; but make a vanity of it to bear the worst of Extremities with a Stout Heart. We have a Generous Instance of an *Astrologer*, that foretold his own end, to the very Year, Month, Day, and Hour. He liv'd perfectly in Health, till the last Minute of his Time, and then Hang'd himself, for the Honour of his Prediction.

There goes a Story also of a *Gentleman-Thief* under a Sentence of Death for a Robbery upon the High-Way; that petition'd the Court for the Right Hand in the Cart, to the Place of Execution; out of a Respect to his Blood and Extraction. Nay we have heard of a *Gentleman Cobler* too that charg'd his Son upon his Death to maintain the Honour of his Family. And so of a *Cavalier-Libertine*, that had the Choyce offer'd him out of Three very Fine Women for a *Mistress*. He was so Tender upon a Pure Point of *Honour*, and *Good Breeding*, that he had not the Heart to meddle with any One of them, for fear of Disobliging the Other Two.

CXLI.

A Spaniard without a Shirt.

THere happen'd a Quarrel about a Mistress, betwixt a *Spanish Virtuoso*, and an *Italian Poet*: they fought upon it, and the *Spaniard* was Mortally wounded: who finding his Condition desperate, gave it in Charge to a Friend of his, by all that was Dear and Sacred, to see his Body decently Burry'd, without Stripping. The Man was a proper Handsom Fellow, well-Dress'd and a very Rich Ruff about his Neck: Now These Things being put together, made the People so much the more Curious to see his Skin. And what was the Secret at last, but the *Spaniard* had never a *Shirt* to his Back; so much was the Affectation of a Phantastical Punctilio of Honour, dearer to him then his Life.

The

The MORAL.

A Man without a *Conscience*, is not half so Scandalous in the Eye of the World, as a Man without a *Shirt*: provided there be a *Lac'd Ruff* in the Case, to atone for the want of Other Linen. In one Word, we are made up of Appearances, from Head to Foot, and False at Bottom too. We are *Hypocrites* in our very *Clothes*, as well as in our *Manners*, and take a Pride to be thought *Finer* than we are, as well as *Better*: so that 'tis but turning the Best side Outward to make a Scoundrel pass Muster for a Man of Honour: for all that's out of Sight goes for Nothing. The *Spaniard*, we see, made less Difficulty of the *Sin*, (the *Bloud-shed* I mean) then he did of the *Shame*: so great was the Care he took, to go to the Devil like a Gentleman, and with a Good Grace.

CXLIV.

An Ass and a Little Boat.

There was an *Ass* that was ready to Choak for want of Drink, by the Side of a Deep River; but the Bank was so Steep, there was no coming at the Water. This *Ass* Stept into a *Boat* that lay moor'd there among the Willows, to Refresh himself. When he had taken his Soup, and Cool'd his Mouth a little, he fell to Knabbing the Oyster that fastned the Vessel; till in the end, he loosen'd the Band, and set the *Boat* a drift: so away goes the *Ass* with the *Boat*, and the *Boat* with the *Ass*, down the Current; and they were Both cast away together, in the Sight of several Lookers-on. This Case came to a *Law-suit*, betwixt the *Two Masters*, of the *Ass*, and the *Vessel*. What has another's Man's *Ass* to do with my *Boat*, says the One? And what has Another Man's *Boat* to do with my *Ass*, says the Other? It came, in short, to a Tryal, and upon hearing the Cause, and Counsel on Both sides, it was found *special*.

There goes a Story of Two Drunken Grafiars in a Bright Starr-light Night, that looks much the same way. *Ab* says one of them, *would I had but as many Fat Bullocks as there are Starrs in the Sky yonder!* With all my Heart says t'other, if I had but a Meddow as large as That Sky is. And pray'e what would you do with your Bullocks then? Why I'd put them in your Pasture says he. But you should not, says one. But I would

would, says t'other: and so they went on and on, till they came at last to Loggerheads, and Beat one anothers Brains out.

The MORAL.

WHAT a Madness is it, to Laugh at That in a Tale, or a Story, that we make the Earnest and the Bus'ness of our Lives! For what, in truth, are all our Warrs, and our Disputes, and Moot-points, in School-subtilties, Philosophy, Law, Physique, and the like, but more or less the Adventure of the *Ass* and the *Boat*, or the *Gotham Quarrel* here, in This Embleme! It is, Effectually, but playing the Fool in Both Cases alike: only the one is a Squabble for *Bullocks*, and the Other perhaps for *Kingdoms*; and what matters it at last, whether the Contest be for the One, or for the Other? When the Reason of the Thing is the same either way.

CXLV.

Semiramis and Ninus.

Semiramis, the Wife of *Ninus*, begg'd a Boon of her Husband, out of a Pretended Curiosity to try how well he lov'd her. Now the Request was This, *that he would lay down his Sovereignty only for one Single Day, and give her leave in That Interim to Reign in his stead*. Her desire was granted, and the First use she made of her Power, was to put her Husband to Death: which she did, and kept the Government a long while after. But her End at last was Infamous; for her Son *Ninus* put her to Death with his own Hand, for tempting him to the most Execrable Act of Incest with her.

The MORAL.

SOVEREIGN Power is, in it's own Nature, *Inalienable*, and a Prerogative not to be parted with for One Single Hour. It is neither Fair to Ask it, nor Reasonable to Grant it; in respect, both of the Danger, and of the President. The very Request carries Malice and Mischief in the Face on't. Crown's are Holy Matters, and not to be play'd withal: for People do not use to Borrow Royal Authority, with an Intent to Restore it: but when they have once gotten a Patent, to sit, and Govern, till they shall Dissolve Themselves, the Work is done. This was the Case of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*; to lay nothing of That of Forry One.

CXLVI.

CXLVI.

A Turtle and a Ring-Dove.

NO no, says the Inconsofable Turtle, *my Dear is Dead, and so is the whole World to me, and all that's Good in't.* In This Transport of Sorrow, away she flies to an Old Ruinous Tower, among the Owls, and the Bats, and with a full Resolution never to move out of her Hole again. But it so fell out, that a Beautifull Wood-Pigeon had taken-up his Quarter in the same Retreat: and as he was not altogether a Stranger to the Art of working upon the Passions; so he made use of the Occasion to give the Comfortless Widow a Taft of his Skill That way, though, for any Thing that she minded him as yet, he might as well have Preach'd to the Dead.

When he had made his Approches by Degrees, and came to amplify upon the Subject of the Defunct, in the Loss of such a Blessing, and the Misery of so Unsupportable an Affliction, the Widow began by little, and little, to lend an Ear to the Discourse; and, of her own accord, with Sobbs and Tears, to enter upon the History of their *Amours*, with the Charming Virtues, and Tendernefles of the Person that was now gone: never considering that while she was enlarging upon her own Calamity, on the One hand, she taught the Pigeon to manage his Pretence on the Other. The Ring-Dove, in a word, acted his Part so well, that the Turtle was by Degrees prevail'd upon, to try if she could Recover Those Satisfactions in the One, which She had Lost in the Other.

The MORAL.

THERE was never any such Thing under the Sun, as an *Inconsofable Widow*. Grief is no Incurable Disease, but Time, Patience, and a little Philosophy, with the Help of Humane Frailty, and Address, will do the Business. Lamentations and Out-cries, are but matter of Course, and Good Manners, and the Pudder that is made all This while for the Death of *one* Husband, is but a Turn of Art toward the Inveigling of Another: especially when the Passion is regulated according to the Methods of Skill and Good Nature. But let it go as it will in other respects, the same Providence that hath made the Separation of Friends Necessary, hath order'd it so likewise, that the Wound shall not be Mortal. Life and Death are but according to the Course of Nature. The Loss of
Friends,

Friends, and Relations, may be Grievous, but not Deadly. Thus it is, and it is the Will of God that it should be so; and consequently our Duty to Submit, and Resign: over and above that it is to no purpose to Contend.

CXLVII.

The Inconsofable Widower.

TIs a Common Thing for Men to love their Dead Wives better than their Living ones. As for Example. There was a Certain Cavalier and his Lady, that had liv'd a matter of Five or Six year together, in a kind of a *Conjugal Snip-snap* one with the other. The Woman at last fell desperately Sick, and the Man, in Appearance, ran stark Mad upon't: especially when the Nurse brought him the Dismal News that his Poor Lady was departed. The Word was no sooner said, but away flies the Widower like Lightning to his Wives Chamber: Tears-off all his Buttons for haft, Strips, and to Bed to her, with a Thousand Vowes and Protestations, that Death it self should never part them. He carry'd the Jest so far, that the Woman came to her self again, and liv'd many a Fair Day after: but the Husband however took it for a Warning, and parted Beds upon't.

CXLVIII.

A Cuckold by the Courtesy of England.

THis minds me of Another Widower too. The Breath was scarce out of his Wive's Body, but the whole Town rung immediately of his Lamentations, and Outcries, and particularly of the Incomparable Virtues and Qualities of the Deceased. A Familiar Friend of his spake a word of Comfort to him in the Heat of his Passion, and told him, that he hop'd his Loss would not be so heavy as he phancy'd it: for I have been told, says he, that This Incomparable Lady of yours was Flesh and Bloud as well as other People. Why truly says the Husband, I have heard as much my self: but
T praye

pray'e what says the Law in the Case ? If a Man be a *Cuckold* by a Former Wife, does he remain a *Cuckold* as long as he lives ? Yes sure, says t'other, *by the Courtesy of England*, he does : for *whatever a Man has in the Right of a Former Wife, he holds it for Life.*

CXLIX.

A Warm Wife for a Cold one.

I Have heard of another Man also, that was upon the very point of breaking his Heart for the Loss of such another Wife. When he had tir'd out all his Friends with the History of his Misfortunes, one of his Companions took him up bluntly, and ask'd him what he would be at ? If, says he, you would have your Wife again, that's impossible, for she's Dead and Gone, past all Recovery : but if you find your self dispos'd to deal upon the Truck ; *what Boot now, betwixt my Warm Wife, and your Cold one ?*

THE MORAL.

THE *Three Stories Above*, are much of an Air and Humour, and a body might have furnish'd Ten times as many of the same Make and Complexion, as Good Cheap : beside that they are Matter of Fact, as well as of Morality, and Allusion. But whether they be taken as a Reality, or as a Fiction, they are nevertheless Edifying, either in the *Embleme*, or by the *Example* : beside that they agree also in This necessary and Instructive Precaution, to have a Care whom, and how far we Trust.

Now *Embleme* in This Case duly consider'd, is but a kind of *History* in *Disguise*, and may pass one way for the Semblance of what we would Represent, and the Other way for the Thing it self. But whether it be a *Copy*, or an *Original*, it matters not, so long as it is made subservient to the Conduct of Humane Life. We are to be taught in short what we are *Not* to do, as well as what we *Are* ; and even from the *Lewdest* of Practices to draw Salutary Doctrines. These Instances of *Hypocrisy*, *Perfidy*, and *Fooling*, are nevertheless Odious : for being at the same time whimsical and Ridiculous. As there are many Accidents a body cannot forbear Laughing at, though they make his Heart Ake. But Men of *Parable* and *Mystery*, walk safe however under the Protection of That Cover. *Mythology* does the Office of a Dark Lanthorn, I see Every body, and No body sees Me.

CXXXV.

CL.

The Poverty of the Persians.

THE Kings and Queens of *Persia* Din'd constantly together, unless upon some extraordinary Appointments, of Frolique, and Debauche : and in Those Cases, the Queen still retir'd, and none but *Singing-Wenches, Drolls, and Prostitutes*, allow'd a part in the Entertainment.

THE MORAL.

IF Princes or Husbands will be taking unwarrantable Liberties Themselves, their Wives however are not upon any Terms to be admitted, either as Parties, or as Witnesses to the Excess. This has somewhat in it of the Humour of a *Libertine-Cavalier*, that wanted a *Lacquey*. A Friend of his told him of a Pretty Ingenious Youth that was newly out of Service, and the Honestest Poor Wretch too that ever was born. Nay now you have spoil'd all, says t'other, for I must have a Boy that is to go to the Devil whether he comes to me or no. There is a kind of Tenderness and Respect, in the doing of *Ill Things*, only in *Ill Company* : as there are Those that make less Scruple of having to do with Twenty Loose Prostitutes, then of Corrupting one Wife or Virgin.

CLI.

A Young Eagle and a Faulconer.

A Young Eagle that had got a Rambling Head, and would needs be Wiser than her Mother, took a Phancy to quit the Craggs and Solitudes she had been brought up in, and take a Turn in the World at Liberty, to see Fashions. In This Humour, she gives a Spring, and up she mounts into the Air as high as her Wings would carry her ; and at That Pitch she fell to Reasoning the Case after This Manner.

Oh the Difference betwixt Barren Rocks, and Mountains, and the Deliciousness of Fruitfull Meadows, and Valleys ! Betwixt Hideous Precipices, and Magnificent Palaces, and Castles ; betwixt Wildernesses, and Wall'd Cities ; Uncouth Desarts, and Lovely Groves ! Why at This rate the Meanest of our Subjects are Happier than their Sovereign. Well well ! Let my Mother say what she Will,

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Will, That Turret there, from This time forward, shall be my Habitation. In the same Moment she made a Stoop, and took Possession of it, and there she Timber'd for That Bout. Now the Master of the Place, happening to be a Faulconer, watch'd the Airy so close from the Egg to the Bird, that taking his time when the Dam was abroad a Forraging, he Dislodg'd the Eagle, and destroy'd the whole Brood.

THE MORAL.

THIS is to say, that Youth is Rash, and Inconsiderate; and consults neither the Reason, nor the Nature of Things, but wholly abandons it self to the Transports of Passion and Appetite, without any Regard to the Power, Wisdom, or Authority, either of God or Man.

It holds forth likewise Another Doctrine to us, which is, that we judge only by outward Appearances, and Sacrifice the Peace and Comfort of our Lives, to vain Opinions, and Mistakes.

The Ramble of This Eagle, from a *Rock* to a *Palace*, out of a Disgust and Contempt of her Former Course of Life; together with the Mortal Consequences that Ensu'd upon it, may pass for a Reflexion upon the Levity, the Pride, and the Ambition of those Men, that when they might be Safe and Quiet, in the Innocent Simplicity of a Private Retirement, chuse rather to expose themselves to the Snares and Difficulties of a Court-Life; and to the Extreme Hazzard of Body, Soul, and Estate.

CLII.

A Swallow and a Duck.

A Swallow, that had a little out-stay'd her Time of changing Air, took Wing at last, and away. As she was in her Course, she met a Duck, in the Head of a Troup of Fowl of the same Feather, and took her to task, for so extravagant a Ramble. Why what a Mad Fool art thou, says the Duck, to be wandering now for Relief, into a Place where thou wilt be burat to Death; when thou seest Us, at the same time, clipping away into Frost and Snow to avoid Those Heats.

The

THE MORAL.

INCLINATIONS, and Aversions, are the Instincts of Providence; which has so order'd it, that One body's Meat is another body's Poyson, and at the same time, replenish'd all Parts of the Universe with People agreeable to the Climat, and the Season: some for one place some for another; some for Summer, some for Winter, and some for Both, and yet These very Diversities, and Discords, have their Share in the Beauty and Entireness of the Whole. God and Nature never made any Thing in Vain, and there is not one Spire of Grass upon the Ground, but the Entire Mass of the Earth would have been Imperfect without it.

CLIII.

A Spark would be a Starr.

A Spark, that was carry'd up by a Cloud of Smoak a Mighty Height into the Air, flatter'd it self all the way it mounted, with the Hope of being a Starr. And what was the End on't? But so soon as ever it was gotten as High as the Fire could carry it, down it fell again with Noise and Sputter, into Dust and Ashes.

THE MORAL.

NOTHING can be more Lively, then the Resemblance of a Popular Pretender, to the Circumstances of This Phantastical Starr. It is the Breath of the Common People that elevates the One, as the Exhalation does the other. And what is the Aspiring Humour of mounting still higher and higher, till the whole Project drops into a Final, and a Fatal Disappointment: what is it, I say, but the Last Twinkling of a False Light, that vanishes in That very Moment into Dust and Smoke. This is the Phancy, and the Fortune, sooner or later, of all Those People that take Sparks for Starrs, and venture the Whole Summ of their Well-being upon That Issue.

CLIV.

CLIV.

A Peynter and a Hare.

A Peynter had drawn a Brace of Grey-Hounds upon the Course, so to the Life, that a Strange Dog gave a Snap at the Hare, and Tore the Picture. The Master of the House fell to Rating and Beating the Poor Cur in a most Violent Manner. *Here have you destroy'd a whole years Work,* says he, *in one Quarter of an Hour.* Alas Sir! says the Dog, it was your own Fault, to draw the Picture so like the Hare, that there was no knowing one from t'other.

The MORAL.

THIS is the very way of Popular Factions toward Publique Ministers. 'Tis but drawing Great Officers like Wolves and Bears, and then set the Rabble to worry them under that mistake: as they did with the *Christians* that were Baited to Death in the *Amphitheaters*.

CLV.

A Pyramid would change Top for Bottom.

IT blew a Hard Wind, that shook a *Pyramid*, and the Top of it would fain have chang'd End for End, with the Bottom, for fear of being blown down. No no, says the *Lower End*; That's a Thing as Impossible to Compas, as it is unreasonable to Propose: for when the Position is once assign'd, we are ty'd up in Spite of our Hearts to the Order of the Master-Work-man.

The MORAL.

PROVIDENCE has allotted to every Particle of the Universe it's Proper Place and Station; and there must be no refining upon the Methods of Divine Institution. Now if This Pillar had been turn'd *Topsy-turvy*, to have pleas'd One end, it must have been turn'd once again to please the Other: for the Lower end would have found it self as uneasy under the fear of being Crush'd to Pieces by the Weight, as the Top was under the Apprehension of being blown down with the Wind. So that we are never the better for Shifting neither: but the Mischief upon the Main is This; we do not *Know* when we are well, and then 'tis no wonder if we never *Think* our selves so.

CLVI.

CLVI.

Agathocles the Son of a Potter.

Agathocles, from the Son of a Potter, came afterwards to be King of *Sicily*. Now the Difficulty was, under These Circumstances, how to reconcile the Honour of his Dignity to his Trade and Business. Upon This Advancement, he call'd his People often together, and shew'd them a Choice Collection of *Earthen*, and *Golden Vessels*, that he kept by him in Store. Look ye, Good People, says he, These Pieces (pointing to the Former) are the work of my Hands, and These Other, of my Industry.

The MORAL.

A Mean Extraction is no Blot upon any Man that is not ashamed of himself, and Ambitious to be thought Greater then he is. The Modesty of owning the Truth, atones for the Pretended Defect. No Man is to blame, for what he cannot help; but on the contrary, to be highly Honour'd for Illustrating his Birth by his Virtue. The People were so Sensible of the Stroke of This Allusion, that all Disagreements were compounded upon it, betwixt the King, and the Potter.

CLVII.

Amasis, an Egyptian Prince.

HERODOTUS tells a Story much of the same Turn with That Above. There was, he says, one *Amasis*, an *Egyptian Prince*, that was advanced to the Crown from so Mean a Condition, that he was hard put to't at first, to gain the Love and Reverence of his People: but he bethought himself in the end of This Invention.

There was a Large Golden Vessel, provided expressly for the Service of the King's Friends to wash their Feet in. *Amasis* order'd That *Basin* to be melted down, the Mettle to be cast into an Image, and That Image to be set up in a Publique Place, and Dedicated to Divine Worship. It was no sooner erected, but People came flocking from all Quarters, with a Passionate Zeal and Devotion, to This *New Idol*. The Thought

fus.

succeeded so well, that the King call'd his Subjects together upon't, and in a short Speech made a Pertinent Application of it to his Own Case. *Look ye, good People,* says he, *the God here that you at present Adore, was no more the other Day than a Common Utensil, but as it now stands Consecrated, and set apart to Holy Uses, 'tis but according to your own Practice, and the Natural Reason of the Thing, to repute it Sacred.* By This *Innuendo*, he brought them to a Love and Understanding of their Duty.

The MORAL.

IN Cases of Imperfections, or Defects, which we cannot help, as in *Bloud, Fortune*, or the like, 'tis good Discretion for a Man to begin with Himself; provided it be done with such a Spirit of Generosity, and Address, as may turn the Matter to his Honour, instead of a Reproche, as we find it for Example in the Case before us.

And we may gather further from it, that it is *Wisdom and Justice* that fits a Man for *Government*, where Prudence, and Virtue, supply the Want of Fortune, and Quality. Now he that advances himself by a Consciencious, and an Honourable way of Deserving it, is a much Greater Prince than he that's barely Born to't. 'Tis the *Royal Character* that makes the *Person Sacred*; for Sovereignty purges all Defects, and consecrates the Head, whatever it be, that Honestly wears it.

CLVIII.

Extreme Justice in Charonda.

ONE *Charonda*, a Great Man among the *Sibarites*, took a Walk into the Fields one Morning, with his Sword by his Side; and found the People, when he came back again, all in a Desperate Tumult. Upon This, an Assembly was presently call'd; and *Charonda* hurry'd away in such haste to the *Council-Chamber*, that he forgot to leave his Sword at the Door. He was no sooner in the Room, but there was a *Hubbub* rais'd against him. *No marvel*, they cry'd, *that Charonda should be so eager to have it Death for any Man to enter the Council with his Sword on, and He himself the First Man to break his own Law: but Charonda made that Law, they said, for Other People, not for Himself.* No no my Masters, says *Charonda*, I made it for my self in the First place, and it shall be my Care to see it put in Execution too; and in That very Instant he threw himself upon his Sword in the Middle of the Court.

The

The MORAL.

PEOPLE are Clamorous many times against *Tyranny*, without Feeling it, and, generally speaking, without so much as understanding what it is. But of all sorts of *Tyranny*, the forcing of the *Letter* of the Law against the *Equity*, is the most Insupportable. The only Proper Interpreters of the Law must be the Judges of it: for it is otherwise an Appeal from Authority to the Multitude, and the People are made the Umpires of the Controversy. Now This Violence of *Charonda*, was not so much an Act of Justice, as of Indignation, and Stomach; and to stop the Mouths of his Unreasonable Enemies. There is somewhat in the Resolution, 'tis true, that makes it look Great, and Heroical; but it is, at the same time, so Freakish, and Irregular, that there's no bringing of it into President.

CLIX.

The Treacherous Box-Tree.

ONCE upon a Time, Nature call'd a Councel-Representation of all the Trees and Plants upon the Face of the Earth; and the Debate came to This Issue. The *Box-Tree* was dispatch'd away with a Petition to *Jupiter*, in the Name of the rest, to grant the whole Body of them a Perpetual Verdure, and that they might continue Fresh and Green all the Year long. This was the *Boxes* Commission, but instead of moving for the Common Benefit of the whole, she play'd a Game of her own a part; and Solicited the Privilege singly for her self. She ply'd her Business so close, that with much Importunity *Jupiter* was prevail'd upon to grant her Request. And away she goes upon't, as full of Pride and Vanity as her Skin would hold. This Treachery made her Odious, but yet the Promise, and the Promiser, being Both Sacred, there was no recalling the One, nor Trifling with the Other. But though *Jupiter* could not undo what he had done, Nature had it yet in her Power to lay This Curse upon the Perfidious Plant, that it should never bear Fruit.

U

The

The MORAL.

THIS Case of the *Box-Tree*, is the Case of a World of Representatives, Deputies, Trustees, and the like, that Act in the Name of their Principals, and then set up for Themselves. But it is natural for the Disposers of other People's Fortunes not to Forget their own. The Fraud however, was in the End, we see, attended with a Malediction, and there are few Cheats that sooner or later come-off better.

CLX.

Drones and Bees.

THERE was a Parcel of *Drones* Buzzing about the Hives, in a Conspiracy to Debauche the *Bees*. Why what a Senseless Humour is it for you, they cry'd, to lye Moiling and Toiling your Hearts out, like so many Slaves, for the Service only of Apothecaries, Druggists, Confectioners, and other Liquorish and Phantastical Palates? If nothing else will serve 'em but they must have Wax and Honey, let them e'en make it themselves. Had not you better pass away your Time easily as we do, that neither Want any Thing, nor Fear any Thing, but reckon our selves secure, without either Tax, or Pillage?

The *Bees* gave them the Hearing, and This Short Answer: that the Ostentation of their Scandalous Sloth, was no Argument against the Exercise of an Honest Industry. 'Tis true, they said, we work for others, but it is upon such Terms, that we our selves have the First Fruits of our own Labours, and our Masters are well enough pleas'd with our Leavings. Now so long as we have sufficient for our own Families, what do we care who has the Rest, which is only Superfluous?

The

The MORAL.

THEY that consult their Ease, and their Appetites, in Preference to Particular Duties, and the Good of the Community, are those *Drones* in the World, that are here figur'd out to us in This Fable: beside that the very Project is against Common Sense and Honesty, over and above. They would have the *Bees* leave working, which is the ready way to starve the *Drones*. But This is the Courte and Over-sight of Those People, that set up for Lives of Ease and Pleasure, in Opposition to the most necessary Offices of Humanity and Virtue.

CLXI.

An Ant and a Lyon.

THERE was a Time when a Pittifull *Pismire* had the confidence to reade a Lecture of Good Advice to a *Lyon*. I do not set-up, says the *Ant*, for a *Politician*, but if you'll take my Counsel upon the Point of *menage*, and *Good Husbandry*, my Life for yours, you shall never Repent it. Alas! I am but a Diminutive Creature, you see, and a small Matter you'll say will maintain me; and yet I have enough to do, let me tell you, with hard Labour one part of the year, to keep my self from Starving the other. Now, to my thinking, you should do well to go the same way to work, and lay up somewhat in store for a Rainy-Day. Soft and fair, my little Fool, says the Other; This may do well enough for a *Pismire*, but not for a *Lyon*: for the Rules of Providence and Thrift, were never made for Princes, but for Beggars.

CLXII.

An Ant and a House.

THE *Pismire* was no sooner turn'd off by the *Lyon*, but away she trudges to a *Mouse*, upon the same Errand. How comes it, says she, that you that are a kind of a Corn-Merchant your self, with a Pair of Good Shoulders to bear a Burden: that you, I say, should lye Idling all the Harvest-Time, without making any Provision for a Hard Year, as

we do, you see, and I thank my Starrs for't, our Stores are never empty. Well well! says the *Mouse*, but That's none of my Business; for I am under another way of Government. There is a Certain Person of Quality that joyns with me, and we Two keep House together. We have a matter of Thirty Servants for the getting-in of our Harvest: beside those that stow it up afterwards in our Granaries and Barns. Now This is all for the Service of the *Mice* in the first place. And were not we a Company of fine Fools do you think, to drudge out a Livelyhood by our own Labour, when we may have it better Cheap by the Sweat of other People's Brows!

The MORAL.

WE may gather from These Two Phancies, that it is but lost Labour for People to inculcate Good Husbandry to Those that live upon the Spoil, where the Servile Industry of the One, serves only to support the Pomp and Luxury of the Other: beside that it does not become Private Persons to break-in upon the Functions of Publique Ministers, which is the same Thing with an *Ant* prescribing to a *Lyon*.

And the same *Pismire* again, to the *Mouse*, is the Case of many a Well-meaning Officious Wretch, that is more Bold as we say, then Welcome, out of a Publique-spirited Zeal to the Common Good. And what comes on't at last, but the turning of him off from one to another, with his Labour for his Pains: and assigning him a Reward for his Services in the other World? unless he had rather content himself with the Empty Character in This, of an officious Consciencious Fool.

CLXIII.

A Man and his Wife Parted.

A Man and his Wife were parted, and the whole World could not prevail with the Husband to take the Woman Home again: so good a Creature, they said; so Modest, so well Humour'd, so Agreeable a Companion, and the Mother of so many Pretty Children, &c. The Husband said nothing to the contrary, but gave them This Short Answer. *Look ye,* says he; holding out his Foot. *Here's a Clever, well-made Shoe, and a Pretty Thing it is to look upon; but all This while I am very uneasy in it: Pray'e good People,* says he, *do but lay your Heads together now, and tell me where it wrings me.*

The

The MORAL.

'Tis a Nice Office, That of a *Match-maker*, unless a Man has the Spirit of a Prophet to Foresee all Events, or the Gift of Intuition to read the very Souls of People through their Bodys. It is not *Virtue*, *Fortune*, *Beauty*, *Quality*, *Good Wit*, *Good Nature*, *Good Humour*, and a Thousand Good Things beside, joyn'tly or severally, that makes the *Happy Couple*, but the *Woman* must be *FIT*, to be *Easy*, and of *That Fitness*, the Partys concern'd are the only Competent Judges. Now there's a Great Difference in This Case, betwixt the *Comforts* of a *Happy Life*, and the *Prudentials* of making the best of a *Bad Game*; over and above, that at the best, *Levity*, and *Satiety*, spoyle all.

CXXIV.

The Old Man's Almanack.

A Reverend Judge, that had Books, Baggs, and Infirmities without Number, and phancy'd, there went no more to the Managing of a Brisk Young Lady, then the splitting of a Law-Case, or the turning over of an Old musty Record. This Judge, in Cold Blood, and for fear of a worse business, as he pretended, committed *Matrimony* with the Fam'd Beauty of the Country. The Story tells us; his Habitation was in *Pisa*, his Name *Ricciardo Chinzica*, and his Wife's Name, *Bertolomea*. They had no sooner pronounc'd the Words [*I Ricciardo, and I Bertolomea take thee*, so and so] but away goes the New-marry'd Couple Home in Course, to Celebrate the Nuptials.

The First Part of the Virgin's Entertainment, was the History of her Husbands Doughty Exploits, in Times gone and Past: and the First *Present* This Man of Law and Morals, made his New Spoute, was a *Gay Almanack*, with the Bride-grooms grave Readings upon't. He took a great deal of Pains to make it appear, that there was *One Saint* at least for every Day of the Year, beside *Martyrs*, and *Confessors*; *Faasts*, *Vigils*, and *Common Fasting Days*, appointed by the Canon. He preach'd Night and Day to her upon Texts of *Temperance*, and *Mortification*, and was still laying it before her, how great a Part it was of a Christian Duty to keep Those Times Holy, by abstaining from the Vanities of the World and the Flesh.

The

The woman could not but Edify under This Doctrine, and Discipline; and so, for Meditation-sake, she got her Husband out of Town to a Country-House he had near the Sea-side, where she might be at Liberty, both to divert her self, and to Con her Lesson. While they were in This Retreat, the Good Man took the Opportunity of a Glorious Day, and with Two Boats, one for Himself, and Another for his Lady, and her Friends, they put out to Sea a Fishing. As they were at their Sport, up comes a Notorious Pirate, and carries off, Lady, Vessel and all, in the Sight of her Husband, who immediately made all the Sail he could for *Pisa*, with a Complaint in his Mouth, that the Action was against Law. The *Pirate's* Name was *Pagamino*; who was so charm'd with the Good Graces of his Fair Prisoner, that he treated her with all possible Softness, Affection, and Respect; and so Tenderly, in fine, that the *Saints*, the *Almanack*, and the *Fasting-Days*; and the whole Trade of *Mortification-Stuff*, in one Quarter of an Hour, were all run out of her Head.

The Lady it seems was carry'd away to *Monaco*, and the Judge no sooner heard of it, but away goes he after her, to treat with the *Pirate* about her Ransom. I cannot deny, says the *Pirate*, that I have a Young Woman in my House; but for matter of Wife, or Widow, or whether *your* Wife, or *whose else*, I can say nothing to't. You seem however, says *Pagamino*, to be a Man of Honour, and if you please to have it so, she shall come to you her self. If she owns you for her Husband, you shall have her again upon your own Terms, but otherwise, you must not think to take away my Wife (for so she is in effect) upon a Pretence that I have taken away Yours. Nay That's very Fair, says the Judge, and I am content to cast my Cause upon That Issue.

The Judge, and the *Pirate*, upon This, took their Places in the Hall, and the Lady was brought into the Room, where she talk'd freely enough to *Pagamino*, but not one Word to the Judge; (to his very great Amazement) any otherwise than as to a Stranger. Wo's mee, my Life! says he, am I so alter'd by my Sorrow and Affliction for the Loss of so dear a Wife, that thou hast quite forgotten thy poor Husband *Ricciardo*, that has taken This Journey now to purchase thy Redemption at any rate!

Indeed

Indeed, says *Bartolomea*, with a smile, (as if *Ricciardo* had talk'd Idle) if you speak to me Sir, you are mistaken in your Woman. Do you not know me then, says either to be *Ricciardo de Chinizza*, and *your Husband*? Sir says she, I do not care for staring Men in the Face, but I cannot say that ever I saw you in my Life before. The Husband, imputing This to the Awe she stood in of *Pagamino*, begg'd the Favour of a Word or Two by her self, which was readily granted, upon Condition, that he should not offer to Kiss her without her own Good Will and Consent. Upon This, they went together; And when the Old Formal Top had laid on all the Rhetorique that Love and Law could inspire him with, only to make her own him for her Husband. The Lady told him in one Short Word, that she knew very well who he was, and that in the Eye of the Law, in truth, he was her Husband; but in all other Respects, no more to her than the greatest Stranger in the World. But briefly; says she, Here I am, and Here I am belov'd, and pleas'd, and Here I am resolv'd to continue. *Ricciardo* minded her of her Honour, Family, and Relations: the Mortal Sin of *Adultery*, and a Thousand desperate Consequences, but This was talking to the Deaf, saying only that it brought the good Man to a Sight and Sense of his Folly, and so away he goes back again to *Pisa*, as he came; where he found himself already the Scorn and May-game of the Town. The very Thought of This Indignity brake his Heart, and his Widow he left to *Pagamino*, who made a Match on't, and liv'd afterwards together a very *Happy Couple*.

THE MORAL.

IF This Judge had but been as good a *Philosopher*, as he passes here for a *Lawyer*, he would have known, that the *Fundamentals of Nature* are at least as *Sacred* as those of *Government*; without troubling his Head with *Almanacks*, instead of *Proclamations*. But when an *Old Top* will be setting up for a *Beau* again, at Fourcore, we see what comes on't; and let him e'en take what follows. Now if his Gravity had but consulted the *Blind in his Veins*, when he took Counsel of the *Mayor* in his *Head*, he would have gone another way to work: without affronting the *Honour* and *Order of Providence*, that appoints all Things to be done in their *Proper Seasons*. And then for his Discipline of *Mortification*, and *Temperance*, it makes the *Remedy* look more *Ridiculous* than the *Mistake*. 'Tis a long Story, but carry'd on from end to end of the Adventure with

with the *same Bias*, as it Points all the *same Way*. This makes me think of *Boccalin's Jolly Old Fellow*, that was taken up for reading *Bandy Songs in Spectacles*; and found *Guilty of perverting the very Course of Nature*, in making the *Levities of a Young Fool*, the *Business of an Old one*. Nay there are that value themselves upon the *Reputation of being Thought Whoremasters*, when they are past the *Danger of so being*.

CLXV.

One had a Mind to see Bedlam.

IN the Year One and Forty, there was a Country-fellow that had been to see almost all the fine Sights about the Town; as the Lyons, the Bears, the Play-Houses, the Lord-Mayors Show, the Tombs, and the like, but all was as good as nothing, till he had seen *Bedlam* too. So they had him one Morning, in a *Banter*, to the *Commons Lobby*, and told him *Bedlam* was *within* there, and if he did but peep into the Next Room, as People went in and out, he might see the *Mad-men*. The House it seems was in a *Heat*, and such a Noise and Hurry along with it, that upon opening the Door, the *Bumpkin* scourd off at the Fright of it, with an Outcry all the way he went, that the *Mad Men were all broke loose*.

The MORAL.

WHEN the *Principals* themselves are *Mad*, it is but natural for their *Deputies* to be so too: and the Country-fellow that in those Days took *St. Stephens Chappel*, for *Bedlam*, might very well be excus'd a Mistake in Two Things so near alike. The Phancy was diverting enough but not much Edifying, unless with This Application of it, that the Whimsy of the Conceit, answers the very Earnest of Common Practice: and that the People were every jot as *Mad* as they seem'd to be.

CLXVI.

CLXVI.

The Sheep League against the Wolves.

A Shepherd found his Flock so infested with *Wolves*, that he call'd his *Sheep* together, and Reason'd the Matter with them in a Formal Speech, *You are a Great Number*, says he, *and your Heads are arm'd, the Wolves not near so many, and they have no Horns; so that if you would but pluck up your Hearts, and stand upon your Guards, they would not dare to meddle with you.* The *Sheep* were *one and all* for putting it to a Push, and upon the *First Wolfe* that appear'd, they were *one and all* again, for betaking themselves to their Heels.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no contending with the Order of Providence, or the Instincts of Nature. *Wolves* will be *Wolves*, and *Sheep* will be *Sheep* still, in despite of all Arguments, and Resolutions to the contrary; and without any Regard to the *Many*, of the *One*, and the *Few*, of the *Other*. This Project has somewhat in the Face on't, of one of *Cromwells Plots*; with a Confederacy of *Sheep* on the *one side*, against a Herd of all sorts of *Beasts of Prey*, on the *Other*; never considering the Disproportion of an *Un-arm'd Innocence*, to the Force of Discipline and Power. Now the Mortal Mistake at last was in the *Shepherd*, not in the *Sheep*, in the very starting of so Impracticable a Proposal. But This was it however that the Poor People call'd *Lifting*, and which we find celebrated in our History from time to time by the Glorious Name of so many *RISINGS*.

CLXVII.

An Embassy from the Wolves to the Sheep.

A Certain *Wolfe*, that was better at *Hocus-Tricks*, than at *Feats of Arms*, was sent from the Body of his Brotherhood upon an Embassy to a Flock of *Sheep*. And the Account he gave of his Commission was to This Effect. *I am come hither*, says he, *in the Name of my Principals, to offer you a Peace; upon Condition you break off your Alliance with the Dogs, which are my Master's Sworn Enemies.*

I am likewise, says the *Envoy*, to mind you that the Greatest Adversary you have in the World, is the Creature that takes upon him to be your Patron, and Protector; and calls himself your *Pastor*. He leaves you neither *Wooll* upon your Backs, nor *Blond* in your Veins; but first Fleeces you, and

then gives you up for a Sacrifice, either to the Priest, or to the Butcher. The *Sheep* consider'd of the Proposal, and return'd their Answer by one of the Dogs that Guarded the Flock.

THE MORAL.

THE Case of *King Charles the First*, is the direct Moral of This Fable, and it is but turning the *Embassy* into a *Remonstrance*, to make out the Parallel. This Proposal of the *Wolves* to the *Sheep*, is just the Method of Those Days, in Tampering with the Multitude. The Condition of their Calling off their *Dogs*, and their *Masters*, is no other in plain *English*, then the Removing of the King, and his Ministers; and by the Fleecing and Fleying of them, is only meant the Exercise of an Arbitrary Power over the Lives, Fortunes, and Liberties, of the People. These were the Pretences of Those Times, which ended in the universal Ruine, both of Church, and State; and there is no better to be expected where the *Wolves* are of Council for the *Sheep*.

CLXVIII.

A Peacock and a Swan.

AS a *Peacock* was strutting along the Bank of a Delicate smooth River; and Priding himself in the Beauty of his Plumes, all the *Swans* thereabouts came sailing up towards him, in Admiration at the Majesty of his March, and the Gracefulness of his Person. When they had spoken a World of Fine Things of him, in *Their way*, one of the Company, in the Name of the rest, pronounced him the most Glorious Creature under the Canopy of Heaven. The *Peacock* answer'd vainly enough, that Nature had done her part, but yet upon the Comparison, that a *Peacock* was not to be nam'd the same Day with a *Swan*. Alas! says the *Swan*, if you speak of the Whiteness of our Feathers, there are Hundreds of other Creatures that may vie Beauty with us upon That Account: but for the Curiosity and Enamel of your Colours, 'tis an Excellence Peculiar to your Selves; beside that if you saw us Under Water, as you do Above, I am persuaded you would change your Opinion. At That Word, the *Swan* stept ashore, and shew'd the *Peacock*, an ill favour'd Pair of Black Legs, enough to turn his Stomach. The *Peacock*, that was Conscious to himself of the same Blemish, turn'd it off in a Blunt Careless way, that he was as Free to shew his Black Legs, and his Feet, as his very Train.

The

THE MORAL.

WE have all of us a Mixture of Good and Bad, as well in our Manners, as in our Shape, Colours, Conditions, &c. which may serve to keep us from being either Vain, on the One hand, or desponding on the Other. People do naturally think well of themselves, and as naturally desire to be thought well of by others: but still every Man has his Defects, and there is as much Art shew'd in the Exposing of them on some Occasions, as there is in Covering, and Disguising them in others: but in what Cases, and in what Manner, must be left to the Direction of Ordinary Prudence.

CLXIX.

Simonides prefer'd by Providence.

SIMONIDES found a Dead Body upon the way in his Travels, and out of pure Humanity put himself to some Trouble and Cost to give it a Decent Burial. As he was going a while after to put himself aboard a Vessel for a Voyage, This Man appear'd to him in a Vision, and precaution'd him as he lov'd his Life, not to set Foot in such a Certain Boat, which was the Ship that he design'd for his Passage. Upon telling his Dream next Morning, the Company Laugh'd at him, and went on their way, but *Simonides* stay'd behind. The Vessel was scarce clear of the Port, but the Ship was broken all to Pieces by a Terrible Storm, and the Passengers drown'd every Man of them.

THE MORAL.

PROVIDENCE hath so order'd it, for the Well-being and Comfort of Mankind, that all Good Offices are, sooner or later, or in some manner or other, attended with a Reward: so that we are the better several Ways for doing our Duty, provided only that it be done out of a Right end; and without either Vanity, or Hypocrisy, at the Bottom.

CLXX.

A Religious Intrigue.

There was a Haughty High-spirited Dame, and an Honest Wealthy Tradesman, that, as Luck and Friends would have it, came to be Man and Wife. The Woman was Handsom and Agreeable enough, but one that valu'd her self more upon her Family then upon her Beauty. She did vouchsafe however, now and then for Fashion-sake, to keep her Husband Company; but upon such Terms, he might have had a Mistress better Cheap. While This Wambling and Uneasy Humour was upon her, she took a Phancy for a Man that fell in her way by Chance, and rested neither Day nor Night for the Thought of him, but how to come at him was the Question; Letters or Messages, she durst not venture upon, but chose rather to observe his Haunts, and Walks, and so, by Tracing him from place to place, to get some Knowledge of his Wonts, and Acquaintance. While she was upon This Train of Discovery, she found no Man so great with him, as a Certain *Capuchin Frier*, a well-meaning Creature, and consequently the fitter for her purpose; as a Person, by his very Character, the best qualify'd Agent for a Goer-between. The First Thing she did, was to find him out in his *Convent*, where she desir'd him to receive her Confession: and after Absolution, she told him, that, with his Leave, she had somewhat further to say.

Sir says she, *there is a Certain Person, such a kind of a Man, and he goes commonly in such and such Clothes, (marking him so to the Life, that the Frier knew him by the Description.) This Gentleman, says she, as I understand, comes often to your Reverence. He has the Look, I must confess, of a Sober, Virtuous Man; but I could wish he would leave Dogging me up and down as he does. I cannot so much as stand at my own Door, or Window, or barely walk the Streets, but he's putting his Tricks upon me. Alas Sir, a Lady's Honour is sooner Lost then Recover'd; and a Modest Woman cannot be too tender of it. I was thinking to have told him my Mind another way, but upon Second Thoughts, one Word of yours, I phancy, will do the Work: at least if you can guess at the*

the

the Man, as perhaps you may. If he deny the Thing, praye let him know that I am ready to Justify it, and I beseech you Sir, rattle him severely. I have Friends in a Condition, I thank Heaven for it, to acknowledge the Good Office: with That Word, she dropt Two Pieces of Gold into his Hand, and so with the Holy Father's Blessing for That Time, she departed.

It was not long before the *Frier* had, an Opportunity of Schooling the Gentleman upon This Lady's Account, who was so Transported at the Story, that the *Frier* was forc'd to stop his Mouth, for fear he should lash out into Oaths, and Imprecations. Hold, says the Religious, let us have no denying of Things, for I have it from the Lady her self, who is certainly one of the most excellent Women under the Sun: wherefore Repent in Time for what's past, and mend your Manners for the future. The *Cavalier*, that saw further into a Millstone then the *Religious*, put-on a face of Confusion upon This Reproof, and, promising to do so no more, away he went according to the Direction of the Hint, and found the Lady at her Window, waiting for his coming, which was a Circumstance that expounded the Riddle.

Soon after This, away goes the Woman to her Ghostly Father with a Fresh Complaint, that This Wicked Man would be the Undoing of her. Alas! Sir, says she, where he came once before he comes Thrice now: nay and for a further Instance of his Shameless Impudence, This Gallantry (shewing him a Purse and a Girdle) was brought me yesterday by one of his Bawds for a Present. I could have torn the Slut's Eyes out. Away you Jade you, said I, do you come to me with your Trumpery, go your ways with it back again to the Beast that sent it. In This Rage I was about to throw it at the Head of her; but then, said I to my self, what if This Carrion should keep it now, and say I have accepted of it? So that, upon Second Thoughts, I beseech you Sir, give him his Fooleryes again, and praye tell him, if you please, that I want for no such Things, and how much he is mistaken in his Woman. He'll never leave, till he forces me to Complain to my Husband. But I'll do nothing rashly, and therefore praye advise me Sir, what Course I am to steer. Daughter, says he, have Patience, and not one Word to any Mortal of This Unlucky Affair; your Honour

nour is in Safe Hands, and pray'e leave it to me to manage with This Gentleman. The Lady took Heart at This Encouragement, and so slip't *Ten Ducats* more into the Hand of the Holy Man, for a Farewell. He sent immediately upon This, and gave the Gentleman another Scouring.

Why what's all This for ? says the *Frier*. Cannot an Honest Woman be Quiet in her own House, but you must be teizing of her with Messages ? How long have you been a Dealer in *Purses*, and *Girdles*, I beseech you ? The Gentleman not being instructed in This Mystery, was fain to fish it out, with Doubts, and put-offs. As for his Part, he said, he knew nothing of any *Purses* and *Girdles*. Why then, says the *Frier*, in a Passion, False Wretch as thou art ; This is the very *Purse*, and This the *Girdle*, shewing him Both. You know your own Trinkets again sure when you see them. The Man took the Matter now by the Right Handle, and looking extremely out of Countenance, own'd the Presents, submitted, and begg'd Pardon, with a Solemn Oath, that he would never Trouble the Lady again in That Kind. The *Frier* took his Word ; gave him his Bawbles again, as he call'd them, bad him be Wiser hereafter, and so dismiss'd him for That Bout.

Away goes the Gentleman once again, as before, finds the Lady at her Window, and in his Passage gives her a Sight of the *Purse*, and the *Girdle*, as by Chance, to the Full Satisfaction of them Both.

The Husband of This Persecuted Lady being call'd out of Town about Business, some Short time after, away goes the *Wife* to the *Frier* again, in a more Forlorn Plight then before. 'She says she, This Devil has heard of my Husband's being 'gone out of Town, and what does He, but over the Garden-
'Wall This Morning by Break of Day, mounts a Tree that
'leads to my Window, opens the Casement, and had certain-
'ly got into my Chamber, if I had not wak'd that very Mo-
'ment, and threaten'd to call out [*Thieves*] Why there's no
'living for a Virtuous Woman, at This Lewd rate. Good
Dear Daughter, says the Religious, make no more Words of
what's past, but leave him yet once again to my ordering, and
if ever he troubles you any more make an Example of him.
Well ! Father, says she, I am all Obedience, and so she went
her way. It

It was not long before the *Frier* gave the Gentleman another Schooling, and he laid it on to some Tune too. Art not Thou ashamed, says he, thou Beastly Man, that a Woman's Husband cannot be out of the way a little, but thou art presently ramping over the Garden-wall, Climbing of Trees, and creeping in at Windows, like a Common House-breaker. Nay you are discovered, let me tell you, in every Step you set : wherefore out of my Sight once for all, and never look me in the Face again. He might as well have said nothing : for This was the Last Scene of the *Frier's* Part in the Story. So that the Other had no more now to do, but to follow the Instructions, and to go about his Business.

The MORAL.

THIS Story points at the Danger of *Unequal Matches*, whether in Respect of *Age*, *Birth*, or *Fortune* : for instead of creating an *Union*, it establishes a *Faction* ; that sets People's Heads at work in a Phantastical Emulation how they may Out-Trick one another, under the Countenance and Privilege of that *Holy Masque*. When People find themselves uneasy once, upon This Account, and that what is *once Done* cannot be *Undone* ; it is but Natural to try if they can mend themselves *Abroad*, when they find there's no Quiet to be had at *Home*.

In the Manage of *Conscience* with the *Frier*, is excellently well set forth, the *Mercurial Humour* of a *Witty Woman*, when that wandering *Maggot* has once taken Possession of her Brain. And it was then Another Piece of Art, to pitch upon a *Religious* to go between, and assist in the Good Office : for there's no such *Pimp*, as a *Reverend Fool*, where That which is arrant *Bawdery* on the one side, is pure Matter of *Conscience* on the other.

In one Word more ; This *Romantick* way of *Shuffling and Cutting*, has *Two Handles* to't : for it both *Teaches* Villany, and *Corrects* it, and at the same time, serves both for a *Caution*, and a *Lesson*.

CLXXI.

The Love of Ricciardo and Catharina.

Catharina, according to *Boccace*, was a Beautifull Young Lady ; the Hope and Comfort of her Aged-Parents, and as Good as she was Handsome. *Ricciardo* was a Cavalier of Honour on the other hand, and had so fair a Reputation with the Father and Mother of This Lady, that he was as Free in the House with them as a Child of the Family. They were

were Both well descended, and by the Frequency of Visits and Interviews, had contracted such an Agreement of Inclinations and Manners, that they thought they could not place their Affections better then mutually One upon the Other. It was very rarely, that they could get a Private Word together, and their Time was so short too, that their Talk was rather *Hint*, then *Discourse*. Such an Occasion Presenting it self to *Ricciardo*, Well! Madam, says he, in a soft Whisper as he pass'd by her; *I am Dead if you do not Love me*. And That's my Case too, says she, in the same way of Mystery: but how shall we meet? *Do but you get leave*, says he, *to Lodge in the Garden-Gallery, and let me alone for the Rest*. And there the Dialogue brake off.

Catharina took Occasion next Day to tell her Mother that her Chamber did not agree with her; she was Hot in't, and out of Order, for want of Rest. Now the Gallery-Chamber, she said, was Open and Airy, and the very Chirping of the Birds would be some sort of Relief to her, when she could not sleep. They Reason'd the Matter a while, till her Mother promis'd to move her Father about it, and so she did, but the Old Man was so Froward, and Crossgrain'd, that there was no enduring of him. Here's a Stir indeed with a Phantastical Fop, says he, as if the Girl could not sleep without a Fiddle.

The Peevishness of This Reply kept *Catharina* waking the Next Night, in Good Earnest: and she fell so ill upon't, that the Mother press'd her Husband yet once more about it. Why what are you a doing, my Dear, says she? We have but One Poor Child in the World, you see, and That's to be cast away, it seems. What is it to us, I prethee, whether the Girl lyes in one Chamber or in Another? At This rate she lay Teizing of him, till at last, all in a Fret, *Well!* says he, *Young Ladies are like Watermen, they Lou' one way, and Row another*. But if nothing else will serve, let but mee have the Locking of her up a Nights, and letting her out again next Morning, and you may e'en lodge her where you have a mind to't.

Ricciardo, understanding that his Mistress had gain'd her Point, mounted the Garden-Wall That Night, and so got up to the Chamber-Window, where he posted himself upon Duty till toward Break of Day, and then drew-off again.

This

This went forward, Night after Night, till at length, having quite overwatch'd themselves they fell fast asleep, Hand in Hand, at the Window.

While they were in This Posture, in comes the Master of the House, before any of the Family were stirring, with the Tidings to his Wife, that *his Daughter was turn'd Birdcatcher, and had caught a Nightingale*. Pray'e says he, come along with me now, and tell me if the Girl was not much in the Right to take the Gallery Chamber for the Better Sleeping-Room. This put the Mother into such a Freak, that the whole Town should have rung of the Story, if her Husband had not given a Timely stop to't. Come come says the Old Man, *some Wiser then some*. In such a Case as This, the less Noise the better. Here's an Innocent Love carry'd on, without either Fraud, or Dishonour; the Attempt indeed is Capital to the Poor Fellow, but by my Faith, I should be loth to take the Forfeiture. I see no Exception at all to the Young Man, either in matter of Years, Blood, or Fortune; and for the rest, what have we more to do, then to call a Priest immediately, and make a Match on't. The Wife was of the Husband's Opinion. And the Resolution was no sooner taken, but the Young People awak'd in the greatest Confusion imaginable. There pass'd however some Necessary Decencies of Supplication and Submission, to the Father and Mother, and all was afterwards made up by the Solemnity of a Formal Marriage, to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

THE MORAL.

WE have here the *Rise*, the *Progress*, and the *Conduct* of a *Virtuous, Faultless Love*: without any Substantial Exception, either to the *Parties*, or the *Manage*. The Plot was Innocent, and carry'd on within the Bounds of *Modesty*, and *Good Manners*: and after some pretty Harmless Turns in the Course of the Relation, here was a *Match* Consummated at last, to the Honour of the Proceeding, by the Voluntary Consent of *Parents*. So that the *Romance* in the *Fiction*, may pass nevertheless for a *President* in the *Embleme*, and an *Exemplary Recommendation*, upon the main, to others to Govern themselves according to the *Innuendo* of This Story.

CLXXII.

A Hole and Spectacles

A Poor Short-sighted *Mole*, that had try'd Surgeons, Opticists, and Receipts innumerable for the helping of Weak Eyes, and never the better; came at length to make Tryal of Glasses, and provided the most Artificial Spectacles were to be gotten; but when all was done, that which was a Help to a *Man*, did no Good at all to a *Mole*.

The MORAL.

ART may Cover, or Disguise Natural Defects, but it can never Supply them; for the Works of Nature are all Perfect in their Kind, and whoever goes about to Mend them, makes them Worse: beside that it is a Folly, and a Presumption, unpardonable, to pretend to the Curing of Those Eyes, that in the very Forming of them were created Blind.

CLXXIII.

A Lyon, an Ass, and a Wolfe.

A *Lyon* that had been hard press'd by a Faction among the Beasts, came at last to have all his Enemies under his Feet. This *Lyon* was too Generous, not to do some sort of Honourable Right to his Friends and Allies that stood by him in the Action: and so thought it reasonable, for Those that had born a part in the Hazzard, to have their Share likewise in the Glory. Upon This Consideration, he invited his Fellow-adventurers to a Collation with him in a Wood near at hand there, where he provided an Entertainment of all Varieties answerable to the Occasion: as Bread for the Elephants; Oats for the Horses; Hay for the Oxen; Soup for the Dogs, Nuts for the Squirrels, Apples for the Monkeys, and the like: The Guests were all highly pleas'd with the Treat, only a *Wolfe* and an *Ass* took it in Dudgeon, that there was neither *Carriion*, nor *Thistles*.

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The MORAL.

UNDER This *Apologue* of the *Wolfe* and the *Ass*, is fairly represented to us a Division of the Captious Part of the World, into Men, that want either Honesty, or Brains: for there are no People so Peevish and Capricious, as they that have the least in them of Worth or Good Manners: who in truth are never to be pleas'd without disobliging all Reasonable Creatures beside. The People I speak of, are Men of Singular and Deprav'd Appetites, that Relish nothing but in Opposition to the Sober Part of Mankind. That which is other People's Nourishment, is their Poyson, and soon the Contrary: for they take Delight in the Mortifications of other Men, and yet These are the Male-contents that complain the most of hard Measure Themselves.

CLXXIV.

One Quitted the World upon Reading the Fifth of Genesis.

It is written in the *Fifth* of *Genesis*, that all the Days that *Adam* liv'd, were Nine Hundred and Thirty Years, and he DY'D: and all the Days of *Seth* were Nine Hundred and Twelve Years, and he DY'D: the Days of *Enos* were Nine Hundred and Five Years, and he DY'D. The Days of *Methusalem* were Nine Hundred and Sixty Nine Years, and HE DY'D. One *Guericus*, upon the bare hearing of This Chapter read; quitted the World, and Retir'd.

The MORAL.

THERE needs no more then the History of Life and Death, to make a Man Sick of the World; upon the very Satiety of doing the same Thing over and over again: as Eating and Drinking, Sleeping and Waking by Turns, &c. And what's the whole Story at last, but a Scene of Vanity, which a body can hardly think of without a Glut; beside the Blessed Prospect of a New and a better Life after This.

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CLXXV.

CLXXV.

A Penitent that gave his Confession in Writing.

There was a Formal, *Outside-Christian*, that under Pretence of an Ill Memory, kept a Diary of his Sins in Writing: and when he had fill'd a Large Roll with the History, he went to his Ghostly Father with it for *Absolution* by Content. The Holy Man found it was like to be a Tedious Business, and so for Brevity-sake *Absolv'd* him by the Lump: enjoying him, for his Penance, to read that Catalogue over thrice a Day for Six Months to come from the Date of his *Absolution*.

The MORAL.

PEOPLE do with their Sins, as Unthrifs do with their Debts; they never think of them till they grow Heavy and Dangerous, and then they blunder up an Account in General, and so make Even indifferently with God and Man, upon the Grofs: as if a *Formal Confession*, at the Last Gasps, were a Sufficient Composition, for the Corruptions, and Miscarriages, of a Long Life.

CLXXVI.

Daphitas and the Oracle.

There was one *Daphitas*, a Foul-Mouth'd Ill-natur'd Fellow, and of so Ungovernable a Tongue, that he never spar'd any Thing Sacred or Profane that came in his way: no not *Crowned Heads* *Themselves*; as he fell upon the King of *Pergamus* for One; nay and his Insolence went yet higher.

He pretended an Errand one time to consult the Oracle about a Horse he had lost: and the Answer he received was This: that he should find his Horse very sodainly. Upon This Answer, he put it presently about, that the *Oracles* were a Pack of *Cheats*: for he had lost no Horse, he said, neither had he any Horse to Lose. Upon his return he was taken up by the Order of *Attalus*, and cast down a Precipice that was call'd the *Horse*. This convinc'd him in the End, that

the Oracle was so far in the Right. And it may serve for a Caution to us all, how we Trifle with the Divine Power, under what Form or Disguise soever.

The MORAL.

THERE must be no Bantering, or Buffoning, with Holy Things: neither is Religion it self ever the less Sacred for being expos'd in a Superstitious, or an Idolatrous Dress: provided we do but preserve a Veneration for the One, without partaking in the Corruptions of the Other. But be it as it will; This Lewd Phantastical Wretch would be trying Experiments, and he lost his Life for a Conceit.

CLXXVII.

A Huntsman and an Old Bitch.

A Famous Dog-master, as he was abroad one Day upon his Sport, happen'd to cast his Eye upon an Old Decrepit Bitch, that lay Languishing, and Three quarters starv'd by the Way-side upon a Dung-Hill. This Miserable Creature had been once his Servant, but so alter'd, by Age, Neglect, and Hard Usage, that she was hardly to be known: The Gentleman however stood so long musing, and bethinking himself, that the Bitch gave him to understand, by the Licking of her Lips, the Wagging of her Tayle, and her Creeping to him upon her Belly, what she would have said if she could have spoken. The Master was so delighted with the Good Nature and Tendernefs of the Creature, that he took every Thing by the Right Handle, and put her some Questions, to which in her way the return'd This Answer.

Sir says she, I had once the Honour to eat of your Bread, but betwixt my Present Condition of Want and Misery, and a Broken Leg over and above, I may well be out of your Memory; unless I should presume to mind you of an Old Servant, by This Notable Token; that at the Fall of a Mighty Staggs, (much spoken of in those Dayes) I had Forty Teizers in the Field, that came out of my own Loins, and the Picture of them all is at This Day to be seen in the Prince's Gallery. The Gentleman had so great a Kindness for the whole Strain, that he immediately order'd the Bitch to be Wash'd

Wash'd and Clean'd, taken into the House, and provided for from his own Table. The President of This Bounty to a Try'd Servant, encourag'd another to put in for the like Provision; but the Master march'd off, and adjourn'd the Second Cause till Another time.

The MORAL.

OLD Friends, and Old Services, are never to be forgotten, and it is the Interest, as well as the Duty of all Men of Honour and Humanity, to Live, and Act, according to That Principle: for Gratitude is not only the Recognition, or the Requital of a Good Office, but it Creates, and Strengthens Friendship over and above.

Here is likewise recommended to us an Instance of a Generous Justice, under the Direction of a Distinguishing Bounty, which does yet more enhance the Value of the Favour; for the Refusal of the same Thing to One, which is Granted to Another, makes it a work, not of Facility, but Choyce. It would be well all This while, if Men would Live as they Prescribe, and Govern themselves by just and Grateful Measures.

CLXXVIII.

A Gardner and a Dog.

A Widow-Woman, that had nothing to live upon but the Profit of her Orchards and Garden-stuff, was forc'd abroad once, and mightily at a Loss whom to entrust, with the Care of her Fruits and Plants in her Absence. She had in the House, a Tame Fox, a Hog, an Ape, and a Goat; and they all offer'd their Services to look to the Yards, and keep all Safe when she was away.

For my Part, says the Ape, there can be no Danger of Mee; for a Handfull of Nuts, and an Apple a Day, is enough to do my Business. And then for my Particular, says the Hog, I am no Chamberlain of Trees, but a little Rotten turn, and a Few Wind-falls will serve my Turn. Well! says the Fox, and no body will Tax me, I am sure, for a Ravener of Roots, and Apples. No nor me neither, says the Goat, I am no Cofard-monger; I rob no Orchards; but a Handful of Herbs is as good to me as a Feast.

The Widow thank'd them all for their Good Will, but says she to the Fox, you'll be too Crafty I fear, for a Poor Country

Country-Wench; beside that you are so False and Sly, there is no Trusting of you: and then for the Ape, says she, he'll be too Lavish and Expensive; the Goat, I must confess, is no Pippin-Merchant; but then he'll do more Hurt with Knabbing, and spoiling the Trees, then he could do otherwise with Eating the Apples; but now in the last place, the Hog is utterly Intolerable, for he shall Rub more Plants to Death in one Day, then a whole Herd of Swine is worth. So that I must e'en leave the Care of all to my Dog: for he is no Gutter of Fruit, He kills no Plants, but keeps Thieves at a Distance, and finally for his Honesty, the whole Earth is not able to Corrupt him.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no Danger in trusting a Servant that lies under the Double Tye of Honesty and Interest, to be True to his Master: that is to say, when a Justice of Inclination is supported and encouraged by the Advantage he reaps from the doing his Duty, and nothing to be gotten on the other hand, by abusing his Patron. Take Notice further, that the Woman's All was at stake here, and she did well to deliberate, before she came to a Resolution.

CLXXIX.

An Athenian and a Spartan.

AN Athenian put Five Questions to a Spartan, and receiv'd Five Answers to them.

- Q. 1. What Walls do you like Best?
A. Those that will Defend Themselves.
- Q. 2. Why did Lycurgus give no Written Laws at all?
A. Because Good Manners need no Laws.
- Q. 3. Why do you make use of such Heavy Money?
A. Because Men should be the sooner weary of it.
- Q. 4. Why do you wear such short Daggers?
A. To be so much nearer the Enemy.
- Q. 5. And why such Short Speeches?
A. To bring one another sooner to the Point.

Wash'd and Clean'd, taken into the House, and provided for from his own Table. The President of This Bounty to a Try'd Servant, encourag'd another to put in for the like Provision; but the Master march'd off, and adjourn'd the Second Cause till Another time.

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The MORAL.

We may learn from hence, the Grace, the Force, and the Advantage of Brevity, and Resolution. It surprizes an Adversary; whereas a tedious Story draws out at Length, and in Flourish, tells a Man where you will be as Late, Half an Hour before you come at it; and gives an Enemy time to think on't, and to prepare for a Reply.

CLXXX.

A New Convert.

IN the Long Inter regnum betwixt Fifty Two and Sixty, there was a Pleasant Droll of a New Convert to the Church of Rome; that went very gravely to a Particular Friend of his with these Words in his Mouth: I am told, says he, without any more or less, that you are come over to be one of the Pope's, and that you are now a true Damnd Heretic.

The MORAL.

Truth is a Spirit of Contradiction, that turns Religion into a Faction, and makes Christians no better than Infidels: a People that reckon upon the Killing a Man of another Religion, as the nearest way to Paradise. These Men lay more stress, in any upon the Opposition; then they do upon the Truth, as if it were a Mark of Grace to be violent, and Bitter. They tear one another to Pieces, under a Pretence of Zeal, and betwixt themselves, contrary to Good Manners, as well as Gods Nature, and in defiance of a Prophet, that hath Charity is self for the Foundation

CLXXXI.

CLXXXI.

A Man phancy'd himself Dead.

THERE was a Man in a Desperate Fit of the Spleen, that phancy'd himself Dead. There was no Bating or Drinking in the Other World, he said, and so nothing of Meat or Drink would go down with him. The Phancy was so Strong upon him, that he was in a fair way to have starv'd himself, if his Friends had not brought him off by a Trick. Come come, says one, let us lay the Dead People together: and so they put him to Bed to a Man that was to act the Part of a Corps, and a Sheet thrown over them. When they had been a while in Bed together, in comes a Servant, and very formally Covers a Table in the same Room, and sets Meat upon it. Upon This, up rises the Counterfeit, goes his way to the Table, and falls to Eating. Why sure This Man is Mad, says his Bedfellow, Dead People do not Eat I hope. Do not you Deceive your self, says the Impostor, for the Dead have their way of Eating and Drinking as well as the Living. Do but you try a little your self, and you'll find it so. That's more, I must confess, then I was aware of; and so up he gets to his Companion, and they Two together made a very Good meal on't. This Collation did the Work, and the Splenetick Man never heard more of his Vapours.

The MORAL.

THERE is nothing Wonderful in This Story, to any Man that duly considers the Force of Imagination, and the Authority we have for the Credit of a World of These Phantastical Reports. One Man phancies himself a Merchant; and His Head runs altogether upon Shipping, and Accounts. Another, with Lucian's Cobler, sets up for a Prince, and takes State upon him accordingly. A Third conceits himself to be made of Butter; a Fourth, of Glass, and the One is afraid of Melting, and the other of Breaking. Now These Whimsys 'tis true, are within one Degree of Madnets; but as they are Phantastical Diseases, they must be cur'd with Phantastical Remedies: that is to say, one Freak must be cur'd by Another, and when a Man is once Fool'd into a Fit of the Spleen, there's no remedy in Nature like Fooling him Out on't again. This do I take to be the Hint of This Fable; as we find it upon Experience, to be the very Truth of the Case.

CLXXXII.

Democritus and Heraclitus.

There were Two Famous Philosophers, Democritus, and Heraclitus, that gave themselves wholly up to the Thought of the Vanities, and the Miseries of Humane Life. The One was perpetually Laughing, and the Other Crying, and People would be asking them one after another the Reason of it. *It makes me Mad, says Heraclitus, to think of the Deplorable Condition of Mankind. We value our selves, tis true, upon the Prerogative of our Reason, and yet compar'd with other Animals, the very Brutest of the Two: Slaves to our Passions and Appetites; Blind and Deaf to the Ways and Means of Happyness, and most Unfortunate in the very Enjoyment of our own Wishes. Nay the very Gods of this World, the Princes, I mean, do they not Hear with other Men's Ears? See with other Men's Eyes? Walk, and Work, with the Hands and Feet of other Men? Are they not Govern'd by other Men's Understandings? Led by Parasites and Buffons? And finally, how do they maintain themselves in all this Pomp and Greatness, but either upon the Borrow, or upon the Spoil? And now, says he, would not this Foolery make any Man Loath the World, that has but the least Grain of Sense in him? Well, says Democritus, and this Wretched Stuff makes me Laugh as fast as my Brother Cries. As for Example.*

Can any Thing be more Ridiculous, then for a Man not to know when he is well; and at the same time to set up his Rest upon Contingences, without any Certainty at all? Nay and without taking any Warning too, from the Case of one Misfortune, to the Avoiding of Another. The Merchant, and the Seaman, are no sooner cast ashore out of One Wrack, but they are presently refitting for Another. The Maim'd Souldier has no sooner dress'd one Wound, but he's ready for Another. The Drunkard has no sooner eas'd his Stomach of one Debauch, and slept out the Qualm, but the First Thing he does the next Morning is, in the Good-fellow's Language, to call for a Hair of the same Dog, to set him Right again. Whoever heard of a Losing Gamester that gave over Play: or of a Man, after the Death of one Shrew, that was not ready for Another, even before the Former was Cold in her Grave.

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The MORAL.

THIS Phancy is no other, in effect, than a Compendious Division of the World into Fools and Knaves; under the Cover of a Philosophical Reading upon the Miseries, and Weaknesses of Humane Life; in order to the bringing of People to a True Knowledge, and a Right Sense, of their Condition and Duty. It tells us over again in the Words of the Wise Man, that *All Things under the Sun are Vanity and Vexation of Spirits*; and that *Divine Authority*, as well as *Natural Reason* have pronounced them to be so.

CLXXXIII.

Wine is an Universal Medicin.

IN the Freedom of Cups and Company, we are apt to mistake the Drowning of Cares, for the Allaying of them. Now Two or Three Glasses does the one, but it will take as many Bottles perhaps, to do the other. There's a Great Difference betwixt the Right Use of Wine, and the Abuse of it: and it is with This Remedy, as it is with all others, we are to keep within the Dose. There are Those, tis true, that cannot Sleep sober, and upon any Pinch, either of Fortune, or of Conscience, the Good-fellow flies as naturally to his Buddle, as the Quack does to his Universal Medicin. It was a Pleasant Put-off, of a Droll when one told him he had gotten a very Plain Woman to his Wife. *Yes yes, says he, I know I have, but I am now drinking to make her Handsom.*

The MORAL.

IN some Cafes we use Wine as a Cordial; in others, as an Opiate. If it cannot Remove the Trouble, it will at least Stupify; and Does it: which is, in some Measure, the Work of Philosophy and Virue, only it is Another way of doing it.

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CLXXXIV.

CLXXXIV.

Water a Greater God than Fire.

There was a Time, in the Days of almost an Universal *Paganism*, when every Particular Nation had its Particular Gods: It was Then put to the Question, which of These Gods should have the Preeminence. And, for Quietness sake, they came to an Agreement among themselves, that he that master'd all the Rest should have the Preference. Upon This Resolution, the *Chaldeans*, that worship'd the Fire, carry'd their God about with them from place to place, to make Tryal of his Power; and gave quickly to understand, that the Gods of Mettle, Wood, Stone, and such Materials, were not able to stand before him. This put the *Chaldeans* in such a Huff, for the Advantage they had obtain'd, that an *Egyptian Prince* set his Brain upon the Rack, how to take them down in the very Transport of their Vanity and Glory.

They had a sort of Earthen Vessels, with a World of Little Holes in them, that they made use of for *Percolation*; that is to say, for *drawing Water* thorough them, so as to leave the Sediment behind. The Priest took one of These Pieces, stopp'd the Holes with Wax, painting it over with Curious Colours, and when it was Thus Dress'd up, he fill'd it with Water; Clapt an Antick Head upon it, and so put it up for a God. The *Chaldeans* brought the Point quickly to an Issue, by setting Fire to't, and upon the melting of the Wax, the Water dropp'd thorough the Holes, and put out the Fire; which decided the Controversy, and the *Egyptian God* carry'd it.

The MORAL.

WHEN People are divided about their Gods, 'tis no Wonder to see Religion, and Religious Worship managed with Craft and Imposture, and the Cause maintain'd by Trick. The Strefs of This Fable, seems to have somewhat in it of the Contest betwixt *Moses* and the *Magicians*, though the One but in Favour of an *Idol*, and the Other in Proof of the True God. The Devil has his Mock-Priests, his Altars and his Sacrifices, in a Counterfeit Imitation of the Almighty Himself; and never so Dangerous as in the Shape of an Angel of Light. The Doctrine will be

This.

This. Men should have a Care, of being so far impos'd upon by False Simblances, as to take one for t'other.

CLXXXV.

A Lyon and an Ape.

A Certain Lyon, when the Good Humour was upon him, sent for an Ape to entertain him with a Lecture of *Morals*; and the First Point he read upon, was the Subject of *Self-Love*: which, says he, is the Root of all Evil: and neither Prince nor Peasant can acquit himself of his Duty, either Publique, or Private, till he has master'd This Weakness. But it must be the Work of Time, for *Rome was not Built in a Day*. The Advantage of it will be This, that whoever is once in Possession of This Habit, he shall never do any Thing afterwards, that is Ridiculous, or Unjust. And now, says the Ape again, for a further Explanation: what is it that makes any Creature Ridiculous, but Unreasonable Actions, and False Opinions! which arise effectually from no other Ground than a natural Propension to the indulging of our own Infirmities and Errours? And what is it again, but the same Vanity, that transports us to the Approving of Those Failings in others, which we Practice, and allow of in our Selves? When at the same time, we reckon all People to be little better than Fools, that do not Act, and Think, just as we do? At This rate, we are link'd into a kind of Confederacy against Sobriety, Truth, and Virtue: out of an over-weening Partiality in Favour of our own Imperfections and Mistakes. One Fool, in fine, crys up Another, only for what he finds, and values in Himself: as there's no *Musick* in the Ear of *One Ass* like the *Braying* of *Another*. What is it, in fine, but *Self-Love*, that has been the Foundation of all the Iniquities that ever were committed? Whether out of Ambition, Cruelty, Pride, Malice, Revenge, Avarice; or in short out of any other Affection whatsoever? For it comes all to a Case, when we Sacrifice a Virtue for the Gratifying of a Lust. This Reasoning of the Ape brought him off with a whole Skin at last; for it imprinted in the very

Lyon

Lyon Himself, a kind of Reverence for the Morality of the Discourse.

THE MORAL.

THIS is not the Fifth Prince that has ask'd Counsel of an *Ape*; but This is the First *Ape* perhaps that ever gave his Master any Advice he was the better for. Not but that *Belshazzar's Ape*, in some Extraordinary Cases may be allowed to Rebuke the Prophet. But be it as it will, we may gather this Doctrine from what is before us: *there is nothing so Ridiculous in Nature, but a Good use may be made on't: for Truth and Reason may an Ape with them under what Shape soever they appear, and from what Place soever they come.*

CLXXXVI.

A Crabber alights to kill Grass-hoppers.

A Crabber Traveller, was so Disorder'd in the Heat of the Dog-Days with the Noise of *Grass-hoppers* in his Ears, that he alighted from his Horse in great Wrath to kill them all. Now This, says the Author, was only playing the Fool to no Manner of Purpose: for if he had but kept on, his Way, without minding them, they would e'en have gone Sputtering on till they Burst, and the Man never the worse for it.

THE MORAL.

THIS is to shew us how small a Matter puts us beside our Business and our Duty. For what is Humane Life but a Passage toward Eternity, and all we have to do in This World, is only to lay a Foundation for the Blessings we hope for in the next, without either Wandering, or Lying, upon the way. We meet with This *Horse-man*, and These *Grass-hoppers*, more or less in all Conditions of Life. Every Trifle diverts us from the Offices of the Great Work; and when we should be attending the Duties of our Reasonable Being, we are carry'd away by Vanities and Pleasures, like Spaniels that run out at Check, after *Dames*, and *Crowes*, without ever hearing their Game.

CXXXVII.

CLXXXVII.

A Dog and a Crocodile.

THE *Doggs*, they say, about the River *Nile*, are fain to Drink running, and to take here and there a Lap, for fear of the *Crocodiles*. A Certain *Crocodile*, taking notice of a *Dog* that kept himself upon That Guard, gave him a Rebuke for't. Had not you better, says the *Crocodile*, take a Hearty Soup once for all, then run squinting up and down Thus, as if you were afraid somebody would do you a Mischief? Why truly, says the *Dog*, I had rather go That way to work, but that I am not willing to venture my Carcass for a Mornings-Draught.

THE MORAL.

WE should do by the *World*, in some respects, as the *Dog* does by the *River*; that is to say, we should content our selves with a Taste of sensual Refreshments, without making a Meal of them; and so to use them for a Relish, not for a Diet. *Too much* of the *World*, and dwelling too long upon it, are Both Equally Dangerous, and nothing but a Mad Man, will venture Body and Soul, for the Gratifying of a Liqueurish Palate. *Flesh and Blood*, says the very same Thing to a *Man*, that the *Crocodile* does to the *Dog*; and in *Cafestoo*, of the most Desperate Extremities. [*What are you afraid of? Here's nothing will Hurt you.*] This Fable, upon the Main, preaches Temperance, in the Gratifying of our Appetites: and it strikes also at the Unsteady, Curfory Humour of Talking Things, and then leaving them: and so Skipping from This to That, without suffering any Thing to Digest.

CLXXXVIII.

Crates's Will.

CRATES deposited Money for his Children in the Hands of a Trustee: If they prove Fools, says he, let them have the Estate, but if Philosophers, let it be given to the Poor.

The

The MORAL.

THIS Conceit looks a little Phantastical, and yet, he that considers the General Practice of the World, will find most Estates dispos'd of according to *Crate's Will*. This is not to be understood, as if Philosophers were to live upon the Air, like *Cameleons*; but it preaches *Temperance and Good Government*, in the Hint, that Nature contents it self with a little, and that the Endowments of the Mind are much above the Goods of Fortune, and a Poor Philosopher much more valuable than a Wealthy Idiot.

CLXXXIX.

The Fig Tree and the Olive.

THERE are Natural Aversions among Trees and Plants, as well as among Men and Beasts: and This was it that engag'd a *Pomegranate* once, as the Embleme of Union and Agreement to try what might be done toward the Reconciling of the *Fig* and the *Olive*; Two Plants that will hardly live in the same Air. The *Pomegranate* fell to reasoning the Matter, from the Practice of Other Trees, the Scandal of the Example, and the like: but when he saw there was nothing to be done That way, he charg'd the *Fig-Tree* with downright Crossness, and ill Nature. The *Fig-Tree* excus'd himself, that the *Antipathy* was none of his Fault, but a Fatal, and an Incurable Opposition, betwixt the Two Families. It ever had been so, and ever would be so, and there was no Remedy.

Now whoever considers but the very Leaves of These Two Trees; the Shape, the Colour, the Fruit, the Taste, or the Size, the Trunk, the Bark, and the Root, &c. he will find that no Two Things can be more Contrary then the One of These is to the Other: so that the only way to preserve them, is to keep them asunder, and He that brings them together is an Enemy to Both.

The

The MORAL.

He that contends with *Natural Aversions*, does the same Thing as if he undertook to Cure *Incurable Diseases*. There is no Forcing of Nature against the Bias, and Those that by the Virtue of This *Inbred Antipathy*, were Born *Enemies*, are never to be made *Friends*.

CXC.

A Sea-man well Provided for.

A Poor *Terpawlin*, that was taken up for a Long Voyage, left a Bonny Young Wife behind him, but in a Miserable Cottage, with nothing in This Earthly World but Bare Walls, not so much as a Cross in her Pocket to keep the Devil out, and scarce a Rag to cover her Nakedness. After a Matter of Five Years Absence, the Sea-faring Man comes back again; finds his Habitation in Excellent Order, and Furnished from Top to Bottom, with a Brave Boy of some Three Year Old into the Bargain. The Master of the Dwelling was wonderfully pleas'd at the Sight of such an Improvement; only the Thought of a Child stumbled him a little. Upon This, he fell to shuffling his Wife from Point to Point; how This, and That, and t'other came about. Why my Dear, says she, This is all by *Providence*. What? Child and all? says the Husband. Yes indeed, *Child and all*, says the Woman. Well! says the Good Man, what *must be*, but yet by your Favour Wife, when Providence had furnish'd my House for me, I should have been well enough content to have been the Father of my own Children.

This was much such Another Providence, as That of the Good Woman's Great Belly in *London*, in the Revolution of *Forty one*, when her Husband had been Three Years in *Phymouth*. 'Tis true, says she, my Husband has been Three Years away, but I have had very Comfortable Letters from him.

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The MORAL.

PROVIDENCE, and *Religion* are made use of as a *Common Plea*, or at least, a *Cover* for all manner of Wickedness, as well in the Contrivance, as in the Execution of it. Thus it was in the Troubles of *King Charles the First*, when our Days of Humiliation, and Thanksgiving, ran directly contrary to the True Reason of the Case. But we are not now so much upon the Text of Hypocrisy as upon the Subject of Humane Frailty: and there's no need either of Argument, or of Embleme, to convince us of the Infirmities of Flesh and Blood.

CXCI.

Books Sold by the Foot.

A Country Gentleman, with more Money than Brains, that had a mind to be taken for a Man of Letters, built himself a Fair Spacious Room for a Library: and when he had shelv'd and fitted it up for his Turn, he contracted with a Bookfeller to furnish it with Books, from Top to Bottom, at so much a Foot; the Books to be Bound, Guilt, and Letter'd after the Best Fashion, and the Choyce of them left to the Stationers Honesty and Discretion.

The MORAL.

He that Buys Books by the Foot, may as well pretend to purchase Learning by the Pound, but he that's Master of a Fair Study of Books, values himself upon being Master also of all that's Good in't. This Freak has somewhat in it of the Humour of Another Person that I knew. (For This is all *History*) He had a Great Mind to get himself the Reputation of a Hard Student, and so kept a Candle burning in his Study all Night still, and He himself fast a sleep in his Bed all the while.

This Whimsy, of Vanity, and Ostentation, is no more then what we meet with every Day of our Lives, in all Shapes, and Places. In one Word for all, 'tis but the same Thing over and over again in a Thousand other Instances; and the whole Business of our Lives is Semblance and Disguise.

CXCI

CXCII.

A Sexton and a Spider.

IT blew a Dreadful Tempest once of Thunder and Lightning, and there was a Drunken Blaspheinous Sexton, that would needs philosophize himself, upon That Occasion, into a Defiance of any Thing that look'd like Danger in it; for what's This Hideous Uproar in the Air, says he, but a natural Collection, and Discharge of Vapours? And what, says he again, is the Terrible Flash, more then a Fire Struck by the ordinary way of Collision? Now the Clouds being form'd of Air, and the Body of That Air mov'd by the least Breath, the Stronger Impulse must of necessity drive the weaker before it: so that for the Laying of This Tempest, 'tis but setting my Bells a-going, and the Work is done.

This brought a Silly Spider out of her Hole, in the Bellry, to give the Impious Wretch a Rebuke for the Insolence of his Audacious Expostulation. How dare you, says she, take upon you to chop Logick with the Powers and Methods of an Almighty Providence, and to talk of breaking the Force of Thunder with a Peale of Bells. This has been my Habitation here for a Matter of Two Year now, and all your Clattering, and Jangling, has not been able to Discompoise the Least Thrid in any one of my Copwebs.

The MORAL.

THERE must be no Quibling upon the Ways and Operations of Almighty God. For the Question is not, whether Divine Providence works by the Mediation of natural Causes, and Effects or not. Neither is it about the *How*, or the *Manner* of working: but how far the Supreme Governour and Disposer of all Things is pleas'd to make use of Ordinary Means for the bringing of his Glorious Ends about.

It is to be noted likewise, that after all This Pedantick Vanity, and Pretence; This Huffing Sexton is at last *Non-plust*, and put to Silence, out of the Mouth of a Silly Insect.

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CXCIII.

CXCIII.

A Rat retires into a Holland Cheese.

A Rat that had been at Rack and Manger upon his Neighbours Cheese and Bacon, till he could live no longer upon the Spoil, took up a Fit of Mortification; renounc'd the Vanities of the World, said his Prayers, and so retir'd into a Holland Cheese, that serv'd him both for a Cell, and a Castle; and supply'd him with Necessaries for Back and Belly, all in one. He was no sooner in his New Hermitage, but up comes a Troop of Begging-Deputies to him, in the Name of his Distressed Brethren, for a Charity, let it be never so small. They were so pester'd, they said, with Cats, and Trapps, that they were e'en perishing for want of Sustenance. *Alas for you!* says the Recluse, *My Business is of Another World you see; but give them my Prayers however, and my Blessing;* and with That word, he shut the Door upon the Commissioners, and left the Brotherhood to shift for Themselves.

The Moral.

It is a Common Thing for People, when they are Old, and Uneasy, to turn Religious; and then call it a *Foraking of the World*, when they are past the Gusto, and the Pleasures of it. But they have commonly the Wit at the same time to provide Necessaries, without troubling their Heads about Things Superfluous. Let This be understood with all Due Reverence, to the Right use, or Intent of a Mortify'd, and a Monastique Life: and with This, that Christian Charity is as much a Duty on the one Side of the Grate, as it is on the other; and that the bare Benediction will do little in such a Case as This, without the Relief.

CXCIV.

CXCIV.

A Fox and a Lyon.

THE Fox is an Animal qualify'd by Nature for a Sharper and a Parasite: And one of the Fallest, and Smoothest of the Kind perhaps, made his Court to a Lyon with a Design to supplant some of the most useful and necessary of his Friends and Servants that he had about him. He began with him upon the Ordinary Method of a Court-Flattery: as the Charms of his Person, the Majesty of his Countenance, and Motion; the Transcendent Excellencies of his Mind, and the Generosity that is so Inseparable from his Family, and Extraction: But then Sir, says the Fox, Your Authority Royal is above all the rest, as is seen in the Extent of your Empire; for all Living Creatures are your Subjects, and it is at your Choyce whether they shall Live or Dye. Nay, there are some Cases wherein you cannot assert your Prerogative, but with your People's Necks and Liberties under your Feet. The Lyon was too Brave to encourage so Eulogistic Discourse, and told him, with Indignation enough, that in the making of his People Slaves, he must be sure to lose their Hearts, and that he could not seize their Estates, without a most Intolerable Injustice. But in the Case, says he, of a False, and a Fawning Minister, that lays snares for Honest Men, and creates misunderstandings betwixt a King and his Subjects, nothing can be more Reasonable then to Sacrifice such an Instrument to the Well being of the Publique; and in That Moment he struck the Fox Dead at his Feet.

The Moral.

CRAFT, or Cunning, is that which Sir Francis Bacon calls a *Sinister*, or *Crooked Wisdom*: which is all made up of Trick, and Self-Interest, without either Faith, or Judgment.

The Fox, here in the Woods, does the Part of an Evil Minister in a Post of State. That is to say; he gives Advice for By-Ends, without any Regard to the Honour of his Master, or to the Common Good of King and People.

This Fable here sets before us the Danger of taking Court-Foxes into the Favour of the Government, for Princes must of Necessity either clear their Hands of Corrupt Ministers, or run the Hazzard of being Uadone

Undone Themselves. But This is enough said to keep Both Sides upon their Guard, the One not to Attempt such an Insolence, and the Other not to Suffer it.

CXC.V.

The Moderation of Epaminondas.

E *Epaminondas* had a Summ of Money sent him for a *Present*: (the *Court-Word* for a *Bribe*.) He excus'd himself, as to the Money, but invited the Commissioners that brought it, to Dinner with him. The Entertainment was a Choyce Collection of the Cōurtest, and the worst-order'd Meats and Drinks that could be got. So soon as the Meal was over, the Master of the Feast blundly desir'd the Deputies to let him know their Business; but they were so surpris'd at their Disappointment in This Treat, that they had not one word to say. Well! my Masters, says *Epaminondas*. If This be all, you had e'en best go back again to him that sent you: and praye carry your Bill of Fare along with you, which will give him to understand, that *Epaminondas* is not to be Corrupted.

The MORAL.

VIRTUE is all of a Piece, and true to it self in all the Parts of it: so that Temperance is no longer a Virtue, then while it stands good against all Appetites, and Temptations whatsoever. Upon This Ground it is, that *Epaminondas* draws an Inference from the Plain Simplicity of his Meats and Drinks, upon the Account of That sort of Moderation, to the Contempt of Money, &c. beside the further Illustration of the Matter, by the Grace of an *Embleme*.

CXC.VI.

The Contempt of Death.

T IS no purpose to *Fear*, what it is impossible to *Avoid*: beside that upon the whole Matter, *Death* is the very same Thing still, whether we *dread* it or not. There goes a Story of a Brave Man, that was threaten'd with an Infamous, a Lingring, and a Tormenting Death, unless he would sub-

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mit to the doing of a Base thing, below the Dignity of a Man of Honour, and Justice. *You shall do well*, says he, *to frighten your Courtiers with These Bugbears: for Death is but Death at last, and for the Manner of it, 'tis the same Thing to me, whether I Rot in the Earth, or upon a Gibbet.*

The MORAL.

No Man was ever yet so Mad, as to think he should never Die; or perhaps so unreasonable, as but so much as secretly to *Wish* it, or to *Hope* for it, in Contradiction to the manifest Decrees of *Providence*, and the unalterable Fate of all *Created Beings*. So that if the *Mortality* be *Certain*, and the *Period of Life Uncertain*, what have we more to do, then to make every Hour of our Lives a Preparatory toward That Inevitable End! especially considering, that when we have once master'd *That Terror*, we have nothing left us in This World to *Fear*.

But we are now to Distinguish betwixt the *Resolution* of a *Hero*, and the *Resignation* of a *Christian*: or, I might have said, betwixt the *Motions of Philosophy*, and the *Impulses of Religion*; for That's the Point in Question; betwixt the *Morality* of the *Case*, and the *Christian Prospect* of a *Future State*.

CXC.VII.

The Church Complaining of the Church Doors.

A Church that was Robb'd, brought an Action against the *Doors*, for betraying their Trust, and letting in the Thieves. The *Doors* held it out, they said, till they were broken all to Pieces and Thrown off the Hinges: so that They, on the other hand, laid the Blame upon the *Church*, for receiving them, and letting them make such Havock when they were got In. And then, why were they suffer'd at last, they cry'd, to go out again?

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common Saying in the World, when a Mischief is done, that *no body did it*; and when we have shuffled the Blame off from one to another, as far as it will go; we betake our selves in the Conclusion to the illnatur'd Satisfaction of Comforting our Selves that *others are as Guilty as we are*: as if it were some sort of Mitigation, either of the Crime, or of the Calamity, to go to the Devil with Company.

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CXCVI.

The Contempt of Death.

T IS to no purpose to *Fear*, what it is impossible to *Avoid*: beside that upon the whole Matter, *Death* is the very same Thing still, whether we *dread* it or *not*. There goes a Story of a Brave Man, that was threaten'd with an Infamous, a Lingring, and a Tormenting Death, unless he would submit

mit to the doing of a Base thing, below the Dignity of a Man of Honour, and Justice. *You shall do well*, says he, *to frighten your Courtiers with These Bugbears: for Death is but Death at last, and for the Manner of it, 'tis the same Thing to me, whether I Rot in the Earth, or upon a Gibbet.*

The MORAL.

No Man was ever yet so Mad, as to think he should never Die; or perhaps to unreasonable, as but so much as secretly to *Wish* it, or to *Hope* for it, in Contradiction to the manifest Decrees of *Providence*, and the unalterable Fate of all *Created Beings*. So that if the *Mortality* be *Certain*, and the *Period of Life Uncertain*, what have we more to do than to make the *Best* of our Lives, a preparatory toward That Inevitable End! especially considering, that when we have once master'd *That Terror*, we have nothing left us in This World to *Fear*.

But we are now to Distinguish betwixt the *Resolution* of a *Hero*, and the *Resignation* of a *Christian*: or, I might have said, betwixt the *Motions of Philosophy*, and the *Impulses of Religion*; for That's the Point in Question; betwixt the *Morality* of the *Case*, and the *Christian Prospect* of a *Future State*.

CXCVII.

The Church Complaining of the Church Doors.

A Church that was Robb'd, brought an Action against the *Doors*, for betraying their Trust, and letting in the Thieves. The *Doors* held it out, they said, till they were broken all to Pieces and Thrown off the Hinges: so that They, on the other hand, laid the Blame upon the *Church*, for *receiving* them, and letting them make such Havock when they were got In. And then, why were they suffer'd at last, they cry'd, to go out again?

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common Saying in the World, when a Mischief is done, that *nobody* did it; and when we have shuff'd the Blame off from one to another, as far as it will go; we betake our selves in the Conclusion to the illatur'd Satisfaction of Comforting our Selves that *others are as Guilty as we are*: as if it were some sort of Mitigation, either of the Crime, or of the Calamity, to go to the Devil with Company.

CXCVIII.

Asses to Jupiter

AS Jupiter was upon the Bench hearing of Causes, up comes a Troup of *Representative Asses* to him, in the Name of their Companions, with a Long Story of their Grievances. They set forth in their Petition, that the World had taken up a Lewd Custom, whenever People had a mind to mark any one for an Egregious Coxcomb, This or That Block-head, they'd say, was a very *Ass*, and so cast a Scandal upon the whole *Arcadian Brotherhood*. Why might not an *Oxe*, or a *Hog* have done every jot as well as an *Ass*? Not that they pretended to set-up for *Philosophers* neither; but they took it ill to be branded with a particular Reproche, when the Common Appellation of a *Beast* would have done as well. Jupiter took the Matter into Consideration, and gave the Deputies This Answer. *Gentlemen-Commissioners*, says he, *you come to me for Redress, and I do not find you have any Wrong done you: but it sticks in your Stomach, I perceive, that the Rejs of your Fellow-Brutes, are not Branded for Company.*

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common Thing for Men to Complain without a Cause, and to find themselves uneasy in what Condition soever they are: without understanding, either what they Would have, or what they Aile. Now what's the Grievance all This while here! but the *Asses* takes it ill to be call'd by their *Name*, and to be distinguish'd by their *Nature*? It is no Crime, or Shame, for any thing to *Be*, what Providence hath *Made* it, or consequently to be Rated, or Understood, for what it Is. But the *Asses* here in the Fable, have a mind to Cover their Ears under the Foxe's Skin, and to Appear Wiser, and Better, then, in Truth they Are. *Why should not all Beasts fare alike they cry?* Now That's not so much an Argument, as the Caprice of an Ill natur'd Envy and Recrimination, as if we were ever the Better for being in Ill Company.

CXCIX.

CXCIX.

Sylla and his Generous Host.

UPON the taking of *Preneſte* by Assault, *Sylla* gave a Peremptory Order to put every Creature to the Sword in't, *his Host only excepted*, who had done him some Good Offices which he was willing to acknowledge. This Brave Citizen, being given to understand what a Resolution *Sylla* had taken in his Favour, put himself in a Disguise, and went out of his House into the Crowd, to Perish for Company; chusing rather, as he said, to *fall* in a *Common Ruine*, then to become a *Debtor* for his *Life* to the *Destroyer* of his *Country*.

The MORAL.

THIS Example of *Sylla*, may pass for an Instructive Lecture upon the Duties of Honour, Humanity and Gratitude; even to an Enemy. If any Man would set before him a Consummated Act of Bravery, This of *Sylla's Host* should be the President; whether in respect of the Justice of the Cause, the Firmness, and Temper of the Resolution, or the Manner of doing it. The very Intention of it was Honourable, and Sincere, without any Mixture of Vanity and Passion. We have heard of Several that have Disguis'd themselves to *Save* their Lives; but for a Man to put on a Disguise, on purpose to *Expose* his Life; This is certainly a New way of *Gallantry*: not but that there is more in it at last of the *Hero*, then of the *Philosopher*.

CC.

The Phoenix chosen King.

THE Government of the Birds was in Old Time an Elective Monarchy, and there happen'd in a *Sede vacante* once, a Notable Debate among their Representatives, about the Choyce of a *New King*. They put up in the First place, the *Eagles*, *Vultures*, *Goshawks*, *Falcons*; and in short, all the Birds of Prey, as the Party that stood fairest for the Election: for a Prince, they cry'd, must be *Martial*, *Strong*, and *Resolute*; he can never Govern as he should do else. It was then Objected on the Other Side, that no true Lover of his Country's

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try's Liberty would give his Vote for a Ruler that liv'd upon *Rapine*, and the very Hearts-Bloud of his People. This single Stroke quite dash'd the First Motion.

The Next that pretended were the *Estriches*, the *Jays*, the *Peacocks*, and other Birds that value themselves upon a *Sparkish Outside*, and the *Beauty* of their *Plumes*. But *Kings*, they said, were not for *Shew*, but *Business*; and that it is not the Feather in the Cap, without Brains in the Head of a Man, that qualifies him for Government: so that the Second Candidates succeeded no better than the Former.

There came on in the Third Place, the *Parrots*, and the *Starlings*, and the rest of That Phantastical Crew, that value themselves upon the Faculty of Excellent ready Speakers: but they were answer'd with the Sentence of the Wise Man: [*In many Words there is much Folly.*] And it was then resolv'd upon the Question, that *to have the Tongue run before the Wit*, is the Quality of a *Buffon*, not of a *Governour*: so that these Blades came-off not one jot better than their Fellows.

The Fourth that stood in nomination, was the *Crow*, a Bird in high Reputation for *Wisdom*, *Experience*, and *Foresight*. His Friends in the Council stuck so close to him that he was within a Hair's breadth of carrying it; but yet after a long Tug, the Vote past against him. His very Adversaries could not in truth deny him to be so qualify'd as his Friends render'd him: but then his *Wisdom* they said, was a *Wisdom* of Interest, and a *Sagacity* that only led him to his Prey, and to the Gratifying of a Deprav'd Appetite; for Carrion was his Dayly Food: but it was Unlucky still, and Ill-boding, and his Experience serv'd only to subminister to his Corruption.

With That, up stood an Eminent Member at the Bord, and mov'd for the *Phoenix*. If you'll have a *King*, says he, beyond *Exception*; a *King* to your very *Wish* and *Liking*, apply your selves to the *Phoenix*: a Creature, that, for a Generous Bravery of Mind, a Gracious Person, a Charming Elocution, a Consummated *Wisdom*, and Insight into the Darkest Secrets and Intrigues of Reason of State; is as much beyond all the rest of the Competitors, as an Angelical Perfection is beyond the Common Frailties of Flesh and Bloud; he has neither Wife, nor Children, to divert him from attending his Charge;

Charge; no *Passions* to transport him, but you may live easily under him, without the Burden, either of Laws, or Taxes.

As the Member was going on, the Assembly interrupted him in the Middle of his *Harangue*, crying out a *PHOENIX*, a *PHOENIX*, with a *Nemine Contradicente*, and *Couriers* were immediately dispatch'd away thorough all Quarters of the Earth to try to find him out, and to give him an Invitation, in the Name of the Free-born Subjects of the Woods, to take Possession of his New Government. In one Word, when they had search'd every Corner of the World without getting any Tidings of him, they return'd a *non est Inventus*, and came back again just as wise as they set out.

THE MORAL.

NOTHING will serve us but that which is not to be had, and if we cannot have That, we will have nothing at all. This Restless Disposition holds in our Appetites, as well as in our Governments: There is nothing Perfect under the Sun, and if nothing Imperfect will content us, we must never be satisfy'd. This World, in fine, is no Resting-Place. All Men have their Failings, and all their Works have their Imperfections too. We depart from the ways of Providence, and then Phancy to our selves Inventions of our own, and when we have spent our whole Lives in Quest of Those Phantastical Satisfactions, we come at last to be convinc'd that in This State of Mortality there is no true Peace and Happiness to be found.

When One Government fails, another must support it, or all falls to Pieces. But it is easier to find the want of a Governour, then to agree upon the *Person*. Power is Necessary, but the Bounds and Manage of That Power are the Nice Point. Let a Prince have Power to Govern, they say, but not to Oppress: which is all one with saying let the Prince have a Conditional Power over the Subject, and the Subject an Absolute Power over the Prince. Now all Mortals are agreed upon the Necessity and Providence of Order and Power, but then when it comes to the Limits, the Qualifications and the Extent of That Power, and who shall Execute it, so many Men, so many Minds. One's too Rapacious, Another too Formal and Finical, a Third too Talkative; a Fourth too Foreboding and Morose: so that there's no pleasing of all Parties but by setting up an Impracticable Project in the *Chimera* of a *Phoenix*. This is the Result of all Popular Politicks, when Men will be Refining upon the ways of God and Nature. In One Word; let him that Made the World Govern it.

CCL

Three Rings in Allusion to Three Religions.

Boccace tells us of a Question started upon the Subject of *Religion*, betwixt This That and t'other, which of the Three was the *Right*. It was agreed at all hands, that the *Eldest* was the *Best*; but which was the *Eldest* was then the Point: where either the several Parties were to be Judges in their own Case, or some *One* of the *Three* to give Laws to the *other Two*. These Difficulties made it morally Impracticable to bring the Cause to an Issue without a Squabble: And This Dispute led to the Telling of a Story, by way of Allusion to the Matter in Hand; the Substance whereof was This.

There was a *Ring* of an Inestimable Value in the Possession of a Mighty Prince; who, for the Quiet of his People in Time to come, and for the preventing of all indirect Claims and Pretences, pass'd an Edict, that *what Male soever of the Family should have That Ring in his Hands at the Death of any Succeeding King; That Person should be reputed and obey'd as the undoubted Heir of the Crown*. The Power and the Administration succeeded regularly enough for a while, till it came to the Case at last of a Prince that had Three Sons who were all equally worthy of Royal Dignity, and as yet equally entitled to the Expectation of it: over and above, that the Father's Inclinations were as equally Divided among his Children. The King was now in Years, and his Sons, one after another, lay pressing of him for This *Ring*. He could not find how to oblige any one of them without excluding the other Two; and it went to the Heart of him to think of such a Partiality where he lov'd them all alike. But to Compound the Nicety as well as he could, he bethought himself of a Plausible Contrivance to put them all Three in Hopes of the Prize.

Being now upon his Death-Bed, he order'd a Goldsmith to make him *Two other Rings*, in Imitation of the Original; and to be sure to match them so exactly, for Size, Weight, and Mettle, that there should be no knowing the ore from
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the Other. The Father Dies, and leaves his Three Sons *Three Rings*. They had the *Right* most certainly among them, and yet every *One* of them severally sets up for it apart. But to conclude; after the Lord knows how many Tryals, by Dint of *Law*, and *Equity*; the Mediation of *Friends*, nay and by Force of *Arms* too; the Contest is kept up to this very Day and Hour, as Warm and as Positive as ever it was.

This was all the Answer could be gotten to the Questions about the *Three Religions*.

The MORAL.

THIS is no more then to say, that *several Men* may be very Good *Christians*, in *several Religious Persuasions*. (I say in *Several*, (not in *All*.) And that *Christian Charity*, in These Nice Cases, atones in some Measure for the *Infirmity*. Where it is impossible for all People to be of a Mind, it is certainly Venial to *Differ*, where we cannot *Agree*; saving always, the *Duty*, and *Respect* we owe to *Publique Order*, and the *Civil Peace*.

CCII.

A Christian and a Jew.

THERE was a Mighty League of Friendship struck up betwixt Two Marchants, *Jehannot*, and *Abraham*, the *Former*, a *Christian*, and the *Other* a *Jew*; and a Couple of Moral Fair-dealing Men they were. The *Christian* press'd so Hard upon the *Jew* to make him a *Profelyte*, that he brought him at last to This Medium. I'll go to *Rome*, says *Abraham*, and if I find the Court of *Rome*, the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*, such People as you tell me they are, I'll come over to your Church without any more ado; but otherwise, I'll e'en stick where I am. Nay then, says *Jehannot* to Himself, *farewel Convert*; for let the *Faith* be never so *Orthodox*, he will find such Work with the *Boys*, and the *Wenches* there, and so many Profligate Examples of *Luxury* and *Lewdness*, that the Spectacle would sooner make a *Jew* of a *Christian*, than a *Christian* of a *Jew*. But prethee tell me now, says *Jehannot* (with This Conceit in his Crown) why shouldst thou put
thy

thy self to the Charge, the Risque, or the Trouble, of a Dangerous, and a Tedious Journey, for a Thing that may be as well done here upon the Place? Come, says *Abraham*, to be short with thee, I am absolutely resolv'd to go. Nay if the Thing be resolv'd, says *Jehannot*, there's no more to be said; but otherwise, if you would but have stay'd till the next *Jubilee*, I'd have gone with you my Self.

Upon This Resolution, *Abraham* immediately took Horse, and away Post to *Rome*: where he found Men and Matters miserably out of Order, just as the Other phancy'd them: with *Corruption*, *Simony*, and *Avarice*, to the Highest Degree, over and above.

The *Jew* had quickly enough of his Experiment, and made as much haste back again *From Rome*, as he had done *Thither*. He was no sooner got Home again, but his Friend was presently at him for an Account of his Voyage, and how Things and Things went where he had been. The Story he gave of the Place, the People, and their Manners, was so Dismal a Hearing to *Jehannot*, that his Heart went *pit-a-pat* all the while he was telling it.

But all This, says he at last, is so far yet from Discouraging Me to turn *Christian*, that on the Contrary, I am fully Convin'd by it, that if the Religion of *Rome* were not Right, the Earth would swallow up the Place, for the Immorality of the People.

THE MORAL.

THIS way of Inferring the Truth of the Religion of the Place, from the Immoralities of the People; where they go on in their Wickedness without Controll, is a Better Argument for a *Turk* then for a *Christian*: and it has somewhat in it of a Phancy that was made use of against a Certain Irish Physician in the Time of the Popish Plot. He was charg'd with Writing a Treasonous Libel, but deny'd the Thing, and appeal'd to the unlikeliness of the Characters. It was agree'd, they said, there was no Resemblance at all in the Hands. But the Doctor had Two Hands; his Pious-Hand, and his Plot-Hand; and the one not one jot like the other. Now This was the Doctors Plot-Hand: and they insisted upon it, because it was not Like his Hand, that therefore it Was his Hand. Now This is all Maggot, and suitable to the Levity of the Figure. But to bring it to a Sober Point. People should have a Care how they Judge, either to Approve, or to Condemn, by Success. Religion is Inseparable from Good Manners: though there are a sort of Men that think the very Name of a Christian Profession sufficient to atone for the want of Good Works.

CCIII.

CCIII.

A Miller and his Master.

A Miller that was Try'd and Condemn'd for Coufening his Master, thought it very hard he said, for a Man to suffer for what he did in the Exercise of his Calling. As he was mounting the Ladder, his Master whisper'd him to recommend some Honest Miller to him, that might be trusted when he was gone. The Poor Man took it upon his Death, that he did not know so much as One Man of the Trade that he could fairly put into his Hand. Nay then, says his Master, I had e'en as good keep to a Knave I am acquainted with, as go further and fare Worse; and so in the Conclusion he gave the Silly Wretch his Pardon, and Leave to Couzen him over again.

THE MORAL.

THE Case of the Miller might have been the Case of any other Trade under the Sun, for Humane Society it self is but an Overgrown Corporation of Cheats; only under some certain Regulations, as to the Ways, and Means of bringing Matters about. So that Laws, in the Common Latitude of Provisional Penalties, are effectually little better then implicit Licences, for doing the same Thing Another Way. The Miller, we see, forgave his Man, and took him into his Service again, upon This Unanswerable Inducement of Equity and Reason. And he might as well have laid down This for a Maxim: first, that there's no Faith to depend upon in Mankind: and secondly that upon That Supposition, Knavery, betwixt Man and Man, is as good for One as for t'other, and breaks no Squares.

CCIV.

Of Births and Burials.

A Civilian of Padua order'd his next Heir, upon a Severe Penalty, to see him Bury'd according to his Appointment: and not to suffer any Thing that look'd like Sorrow or Mourning, at the Ceremony: but on the contrary, to accompany the Corps with Instruments and Musicians of all Sorts,

Sorts, to the Number of Fifty Persons; one Half to go before the Body, and the other Half to follow it; with a Salary to be allow'd them for the Service. He order'd also Twelve Maidens in Green to Walk under the *Biere*, as Gay and Jolly as they could make themselves.

This way of Inverting the Common Practice of the World, has somewhat in it of the *Thracian* Humour, who account it a kind of Contradiction to the Nature and Reason of the Thing, to Lament at the End of their Miseryes, and to Rejoyce at the Beginning of them.

THE MORAL.

THERE must be no Trifling with the Ashes of the Dead; no Dressing up of Funeral Solemnities with the Levities of the Stage. The Occasion is too Grave for so Phantastical a Provision: but if the Civilian had stop't short at the Vanity, and Ostentation of his Conceit; the Phancy would have yielded a very *useful Moral*: that is to say; the *Moral* of a Caution to us, not to Cry when we should *Laugh*, or to *Laugh* when we should Cry, but to do every Thing in the Proper Place and Season.

CCV.

A Milk-Maid and a Milking-Payle.

A Bonny Lads, with a Payle upon her Head, as she was carrying her Milk to the Market, fell to casting of it up all the way she went, what a pretty Account That Stock of hers might come to in a short time, with a little Good Huswifery. *This Milk*, says she, will bring me so much Ready Money. That Money will buy me so many Eggs: *Those Eggs*, so much Poultry; and, with the Foxe's Leave, *That Poultry* will make me Mistress of a Pig; which Pig may be improv'd into a *Fat Hog*; and *That Hog* will be as good as so much Money in my Purse. Now with *That Silver* I shall quickly strike into a Cow and a Calf: and Then, says she, comes a Sweet-Heart, &c. Upon the Transport of That Thought, down comes the Payle of Milk, which put an end to the whole Story of the Eggs, the Poultry, the Pig, the Hog, the Cow, the Calf, and all the Whimys that went along with it.

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THE MORAL.

THIS is it that we call *building Castles in the Air*; and a natural Train of Idle Imaginations one upon the Heel of another. The Poor Wretch phancy'd her self in the Turn of a Hand, from a Payle of Milk to a Cow and a Calf: and Then, in an Unlucky Hour, the Phancy of a Sweet-heart, takes her in the Crown, and spoils the whole Manage: which gives us to understand the Force of a Capricious Love.

CCVI.

An Eagle and Other Birds.

A Company of Birds were got chattering together in a Congregation, and every one of them severally setting up for it self, and its own Kind, some in one way, and some in another. The Hawk valu'd her self upon a Rank Wing; the Crow put in for her Skill in Augury; the Nightingale, for a delicate Mellow Pipe; the Peacock for a Beauty, the Partridge for Craft; the Wren for his Mettle; the Duck for her Faculty in Paddling; and the Heron for the Credit of being reputed Weather-wise. Well! says the Eagle, and what is all This now to a Sharp Piercing Eye; which, without Vanity, is my Talent in Perfection: or if any of you make a Doubt on't, let but me carry him up into the Air and he shall see the Experiment.

The Wren, upon This, Mounts the Eagle, and the Eagle with the Wren upon her Back, works her self up to her Pitch; and when she was now at Lessening, she call'd to the Wren to look down and tell her what she saw Below? Alas! says the Wren, I have much ado to discern the very Earth, at This Distance: but yet at the same time, says the Eagle, do I see a Black Sheep yonder without a Tayle, and you shall see me immediately make a Stoop at it, and Seize it. And what was This Black Sheep at last, but a Fowler's Bait for some Bird of Prey. The Eagle push'd at it, and fell into the Snare her self. Ah! says the Wren, if you had been but as Quick-sighted to Discover the Danger, as you were to spy out the Quarry, you would much more easily have found out the Man with his Birding-Tackle, on the one side, then the Sheep without a Tayle, on the Other.

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CHRISTIANITY bids us *love our Neighbours as our Selves*, but *Nature*, at the same time, whispers us to *Begin our Charity at Home*, and that *every Man is his own Next Neighbour*. 'This is the Case in Common Practice, and the Instinct works more upon us yet than the Precept. We are all Partial to our Selves, and there is no Creature so Despicable, but it has somewhat or other to value it self upon. The *Common People* of the *Birds* set up for *Sharers* in the *Government*, which is no more than the same Thing in the *Woods*, that we find in the Common Course of *Humane Life*.

Perspicacity, or *Clearness of Sight*, is a Necessary Qualification, 'tis true, for *Rulers*; as it enables them to see thorough Men, and Things: But let them have a Care however of being misled by their Affections, and Hamper'd in *Vain Imaginations*: for in These Cases we are apt to mistake *Slavery for Liberty*, *Judgments, for Blessings*, and *Death for Life*; as the *Eagle* here was so intent upon the *Prey*, that she never dreamt of the *Snares*. But This is the Fate of Inconsiderate Actions, when Men give themselves up to *Phancies*, and *Prepossessions*, without looking in to Consequences, and Events.

CCVII.

A Cat and a Rat.

A Cat, a Rat, an *Owle*, and a *Weazle*, took up their Quarters apart in a Hollow Tree. *Puss*, being an Early Riser, went Abroad one Morning upon the Hunt before she could well see her way, and fell unluckily into a Snare, where she lay crying out for Help, till at length, a Rat came in as to her Rescue. *Oh my Dear Friend*, says the Cat, *what a Providence is This to fall into the Hands of the Creature of the whole World I have the Greatest Kindness for!* *pretbee do but ease me a little*. Well! says the Rat, (in the Language of the World) and what shall I have for my Pains? *An Everlasting Friendship*, says *Puss*, and a *Sett of Teeth and Claws*, eternally at thy Service: besides that for the *Owle*, and the *Weazle*, thy Two Mortal Enemies, let me alone to secure thee from any Mischief That way. *Oh your Servant Puss!* says the Rat; I shall have a Blessed Time on't, when I deliver up my self to your Protection; and so away he scour'd: But in his Passage Homeward, there did he spy the *Weazle* watching him

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at his Hole: and as he was taking a Tree to avoid the *Weazle* Below, he discover'd an *Owle* waiting for him Above. He was now upon a *Forc'd-Putt*; and of Two Evils chose rather to go back again and set the Cat at Liberty. This was no sooner done, but up comes the Master of the Grounds, and the Two New Allies immediately parted upon't. Some short time after This, the Cat happen'd to see her Old Friend the Rat again, but so curfledly Shy, and Suspicious, that *Puss* took it extremely ill, and Rebuk'd him for it. Why, says she, *Canst Thou imagine that I can ever be so Base, as to forget the Obligation I have to the Preserver of my Life?* No no, says the Rat, I am Confident you will never forget the *Kindness*; but then I am afraid on the other hand, you will never forget your *Nature* neither.

The MORAL.

THE Case of the Cat and the Rat, is a Common Case in the World; and it holds out *This Moral* to us, that Interest takes off the Edge of the Rankest Aversions: and make even Mortal Enemies not only Necessary, but in some sort, and upon some Occasions, Friendly one to another: that is to say, when an Alliance, or a Conjunction for a Common Defence requires it: as in This Instance of the Rats setting the Cat at Liberty, for fear of the *Owle* and the *Weazle*. But when all is done, there's no Trusting to False and Faithless Creatures; for no Obligation will change the Nature of them; but *Cats and Rats will be Cats and Rats still*.

CCVIII.

A Wolfe and Hail-Shot.

Boccacini's Wood-Man made a Shot at an over-grown *Wolfe*, but being only *Hail-Shot*, the Beast turn'd upon the Man, and worry'd him almost to Death. The Government it seems took notice of it, and made a Strict Enquiry into the Matter, and treated the *Wood-man* worse then he had done the very Beast Himself; that is to say, they punish'd him for the Attempt, to the Amazement of all People, to see it made a Crime to Assault a *Wolfe*. But Answer was made, that the Man did not suffer as a *Criminal*, but as a *Fool*, for he should either have made sure work on't, or e'en have done nothing at all.

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The MORAL.

Boccacini, in his *Great Wolves*, strikes at *Great Men*, and it is not the Violence, but the Imprudence of the Action that is here condemn'd; and his playing the Child with *Small-Shot* when a *Musket-Ball* would have done the Business. The Doctrine is This. *Strike sure, or not at all*, that is to say, within the Compass of Honesty, and Honour: or if you see you cannot gain your Point, off with your Cap, after the Court-way, and cry *Your Humble Servant*.

CCIX.

Paradise, or Heaven-Gates Open.

There was a Comedy exhibited under the Title of *Paradise, or Heaven-Gates open*; and St. Peter at the Door to answer all pretenders. The *First Three* that presented themselves to crave Entrance, were *Two Emperours of Germany*, and a *King of Spain*, but they were all repuls'd; for want of Necessary Qualifications. After Them, came *Another Prince* upon the same Errand, and in the Person of *Harry the Fourth of France*, (who was then *Incognito* upon the Place) and desir'd Admittance. St. Peter treated him like a Man of Honour, but told him however upon the Main, that *Heaven was not a Place for Whoremasters*. Well! says *Harry* to himself, we shall see by and by whom it is a Place for, and so he withdrew to make his Observation.

The next that offer'd himself was a *Poor Forlorn Creature*, with hardly a Rag to cover his Nakedness, or a Penny, or a Friend in the whole World to trust to. No sooner had St. Peter got This miserable Wretch in his Eye, but he caus'd *Heaven-Gates* immediately to be thrown open, with This Declaration, that *Heaven was prepared from all Eternity for such as he was*. Sayst thou so Old Boy, says the Jolly Prince, Happy are my Subjects then; for by all that is Good, I'll send them every Man of them to Heaven for That Trick, for I'll make them all as Poor as That Rogue.

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The MORAL.

This Comical Conceit was never design'd for a *Moral*, but it will naturally enough bear one, without any Violence to the Text. The Repulse of so many *Princes* and *Potestates*, and the *Gates flying open* to a *Poor, Friendless Creature*, gives us to understand that the Poms and Vanities of This World are not the way to *Paradise*; and it may likewise serve for a Check to the Arrogance of the one, and for an Encouragement to the Hopes of the Other. This must not be perverted however, either to the *Dis honour* of *Crowned Heads*, as if it were a *Crime* to be *Great*, or to the *Advantage* of *Beggary*, as if it were a *Virtue* to be *Poor*. But we lie expos'd to a Thousand Temptations in the One Condition, that we are free from in the Other. To wrap up all in one Word, the Authority of Governours is undoubtedly Sacred, and the Innocent Simplicity of the Needy shall not go without a Reward, for *God is no respecter of Persons*. Now as to the last whimsy of the King's sending all his Subjects to Heaven, &c. it is only a Satyrical Stroke upon Oppression, in the Exercise of an Absolute Power.

CCX.

Xerxes's Way of Humbling the Babylonians.

The *Babylonians* were a Stubborn People, and *Xerxes* could find no better way for the taking down of their Stomachs, then by indulging them in their Appetites and Pleasures: as Wine for the purpose, Women, and other sensual Liberties, debarring them at the same time the use of Arms, and all Military Exercises.

The MORAL.

The same Method that keeps down one Government, will serve to bring down Another: that is to say, the Dissolution of Order and Good Manners. Ill Habits are sooner Contracted then Discharg'd, beside that it is Morally Impossible, for a Nation to be, at the same time, both *Martial*, and *Effeminate*.

CCXL

CCXI.

A Murder strangely Discover'd.

Plutarch has a Remarkable Story of one *Bessu*, that Murder'd his own Father, and kept it a long while Secret: but being one time in Company with some Friends at supper, he spy'd a Swallow's Nest, and starting immediately upon it, struck it down with his Launce, and so destroy'd the whole Brood. This was so ill-natur'd a Thing that every Body cry'd shame on't. Well then! says *Bessu*, why should These Birds Bely me, and say that I murder'd my Father? This Surprize created such a Suspicion, that upon sifting the Matter, it was discover'd to be so indeed, and the Parricide was brought to Justice for it.

The MORAL.

INNOCENT Blood cries aloud for Vengeance, and the Blood of a Father is yet a further Aggravation of the Crime. This is the Short of the Case. And it tells us moreover, that in Cases of This Quality, a Guilty Conscience seldom fails to cooperate with Divine Justice, in the Punishing of the Criminal.

CCXII.

The Great Rogues hang-up the Little ones.

THere was a Huge Crowd of People got together, with Guards and Officers about them, and every Body enquiring what might be the Bus'ness. Some said one Thing, some another, till one of the Company at last bad them have but a Little Patience and He'd tell them. Yonder says he, has been a Squabble, it seems, about a *Cheat*, or a *Robbery* as we call it: the *Great Rogues* have gotten the better on't, and are carrying the *Little Rogues* to the Gallows. Or if you would have it in a Few Words, they are going to do Justice upon Half a Dozen Poor Fellows for robbing the Treasury.

The

The MORAL.

THERE was a Time in the Memory of Man, when it was True, according to the very *Letter*, that the *Great Rogues* hang'd up the *Little ones*. And it was moreover True, according to the *Moral*, that the Bench deserv'd the Gibbet better then the Prisoner. And This is no more then a Common Case, where Iniquity takes upon it self, both the Name, and the Administration of Justice.

CCXIII.

A Trimming Mechanique.

IN the Warr betwixt *Anthony* and *Augustus*, a *Mechanique* had the Providence to secure a saving After-Game on't; and his Project was This. He taught a Couple of *Parrots* their *Lesson*; the one was to cry [*Long Live Antonius*] and the Other, [*Long Live Augustus*:] so that whether soever got the better on't, one of the Birds would be sure to be on the Stronger Side.

The MORAL.

THE Wisdom of This World is the Skill of Tracing Causes into their Effects, and at the same time making such use of the Present, as may render it subservient to the Advantages of an After-Game. It is, in fine, an Honest, and a Prudential way of providing against all Chances, and making a Friend of the Stronger Party. Not but that there may be Hypocrisy also, in *Signs and Tokens*, as well as in *Words at length*, if they be not kept within their Just Bounds and Measures.

CCXIV.

Fire and an Earthen Pot.

AN *Earthen Pot*, that had been along while Burning and Baking in a Sharp and Lingring Pain, made earnest Suit to the *Fire* to be dash'd all to Pieces, and put out of its Misery: for then says the Pot I shall be thrown aside and lye Quiet and forgotten, among the Rubbish. This was hard press'd, and no Argument wanting in fine; that might
move

move Compassion. Well! says the *Fire*, And what if you should be Ground to Pieces now, you'll be never the more at Ease for't: but People will be still Beating and Ramming of you into Floors and Pavements, and doing you some Mischief or other, in fine, to the Worlds end.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no Thought of Living in This World, but upon the Common Conditions of Humane Life. That is to say, effectually, in a Contin'd Transition from one Misery to another, from the Cradle to the Grave. When the *Fire* leaves us, the *Rammer Begins*; which is no more in the *Moral*, then that one Uneasiness makes way for Another, and so goes on in a Train of Succession, till we have finish'd our Course.

CCXV.

P. Æmilius and the King of Persia.

A King of *Persia*, that was overthrown by *Paulus Æmilius*, and taken Prisoner, cast himself at the Conquerour's Feet, and Beg'd his Life. Out of my Sight, says *Æmilius*, thou Scandal of my Victory! I flatter'd my self that I had overcome a Great Prince, and when all comes to all, 'tis only a Pityful wretch it seems, that has not the Soul of a Woman in him.

The MORAL.

VICTORY is but the Chance of Warr, and a Battle may be Lost without any Dishonour to him that is overcome: but for a Prince then, to fall down upon his Knees to his Master; and beg his Life; the Spectacle is so Loathsome that it makes the Victor Himself ashamed of his Conquest.

CCXVI.

CCXVI.

Alexander and Xenocrates.

ALEXANDER would needs bestow a Bounty of *Fifty Talents* upon the Philosopher *Xenocrates*, but the Good Man made a Scruple of Receiving it: for he said, he had no need of it. Well! says *Alexander*, but some Friends of yours may have Occasion perhaps for such a Summ. Alas! says the Philosopher, I have so many Friends it would not be every Man a Mouthful, and at the same time, the Great *Alexander* has not Friends enow so much as to Receive it.

The MORAL.

IF the Philosopher had been a Courtier, he would not have Dealt so bluntly with his Great Patron: but his Profession may pass for an Excuse, upon the Points of Interest, and Good Manners. But the Strefs of the *Innuendo* lies upon This, that Sovereign Princes have few Friends, and it is not so much a Flourish, as a Demonstrative Truth; for there can be no Friendship but betwixt Equals.

CCXVII.

A Plague among the Beasts.

IN the Time of a Terrible Plague among the Beasts, the *Lyon* laid the Affliction to Heart and consulted the History of Past Times for Presidents, and a Light how to Govern himself in the like Case. Upon a Diligent Enquiry into This Matter, he found several Instances of national Calamities that were pour'd down upon the World still in the Lewdest of Times; and that the usual Method for the Removing of Those Judgments, was for the People to examine themselves one by one, and the most Guilty to be made a Sacrifice for the Common Safety. The *Lyon*, upon This Consideration, calls a Council, and proposes a Scrutiny, and for Example-sake, offers to lead the way himself.

I do confess, says he, my Intemperate Love of Mutton, and that I have devour'd a Multitude of Poor Innocent Sheep; my Shepherds
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and all sometimes, without any Provocation or Offence. This I am heartily sorry for, and if you shall think fit to lay the Judgment at my Door, for This Iniquity, I am here ready to offer up my self for the Devote.

Alas! Sir, says the Fox, you are too Nice and Scrupulous to think of Sacrificing a Prince to a Rascally Scabb'd Sheep, and then to talk of a Tenderness for *Shepherds* too! Why These *Shepherds* are *MEN*, and our *Profess'd Enemies*; a sort of Tyrants that set up for our Masters, and to Lord it over the whole Creation. The Glavering Courtiers went all to the same Tune: and so for the *Bears*, the *Wolves* and the *Tygers*, and all other Beasts of Force and Prey, to the very *Hounds*, and *Maſtiffs*, they all paſs'd muſter I warrant ye, for Petty Saints. But it came in the end to the *Aſſe's* Turn to Speak, and it was much to This purpose.

It was my Hap says the *Aſs*, to be extremely sharp set once in a Delicate fine Meadow, belonging to a Religious House, where the *Grass* was Tender and in Great Plenty: but my Worthy Friends, says the *Aſs*, the Temptation was Strong, and the Opportunity Fair, so that without mincing the Matter, I must confess that I cropt a Mouthful of That *Grass*, though my Conscience told me at the same time, I had no Right to it. As he was going forward, the whole Herd interrupted him by Consent. Enough, enough, they cry'd, for That Sacrilege is the Crime that has brought This Judgment upon us, and we shall never need to look further for a Sacrifice.

The MORAL.

THIS Fable looks much better in the Morality of the Application, then it does in the Original Dress, and my Exception is to the confounding of Holy Matters with Prophane. The Doctrine however is true upon the main, that we are Punish'd for our Iniquities, and that Crying Sins seldom fail of being follow'd with Exemplary Judgments.

We are likewise to observe, that as all the Beasts, from the *Lion* to the *Aſs* are Parties to the Provocation, so the Case holds in the same Proportion from the Sovereign to the Slave. The Beasts of Force, and Prey, come all well enough off, for the most Notorious Cruelties, and Oppressions; and the *Aſs* only left at Stake to Expiate for all the rest. And what is This more at last then the very Practice of the World, where the Weak and the Innocent are deliver'd up to atone for the Sins of the Mighty.

CCXVIII.

CCXVIII.

A Fig-Tree and Thunder.

There was a *Fig-Tree* that stood upon a Rising Ground, with a Pretty *Rivolet* running at the Foot of it. The Situation was so Pleasant, the Fruit so Delicious, and Inviting; the Boughs and Leaves so Large, Thick, and Interwoven, for the Advantage of a Refreshing Shade, that it became a Common Receptacle, and Rendezvous for all sorts of Birds. There fell one Day, after a Violent Heat, so Dreadful a Tempest of Thunder and Lightning, that the Birds were forc'd to look out for Sanctuary elsewhere. They had no sooner quitted the Tree, but it took Fire, and the Fruit, and the Leaves were all consum'd in a Moment. But after some Half an Hour, the Storm blew over, and several of the Birds return'd to their Former Station, though so strangely alter'd, that they scarce knew it again when they saw it. In the Conclusion, the *Turtles*, and some other Generous-spirited Birds, came and Perch'd there once more, without taking any Disgust at the Sulphurous Vapour, that the Thunder had left behind it. The *Vultures*, *Kites* and other Birds of Prey, stood in Admiration at their Courage, and would fain have drawn them off to a *Green Oak* at hand there, where they might be Safe and Easy: but for staying there any Longer, in Defiance of such a Judgment, they did not see any Colour of Duty, they said, Honour, Satisfaction, or Security, in the Adventure, but the *Turtles* and Their Companions were of another Opinion however, and so Sensible of the Obligations they had to That *Fig-tree*, that Living or Dying, Happy or Miserable, they were resolv'd to Stand or Fall together.

The MORAL.

THIS Fable is a Lively Figure of the Course of the World. In Prosperity we live Sociably enough one with another, like the Birds at their Common Rendezvous. In Adversity, the Birds of Prey, like Men of Interest, and Time-servers, play a Game of their own apart, in contradiction to all the Rules and Methods of Honour and Virtue.

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Finally,

Finally, we are told in the Generous, and Fearless Return of the *Turtles* to their Former Station, that an Honest and a Grateful Man will be True to his Friend, in all Fortunes and Extremes.

CCXIX.

A *Lyon* and a *Beare*.

THere was an Outrageous *Beare*, so Fierce and Malicious, that no Creature escap'd him, that was not either too Nimble, or too Strong for him. He went on Domineering a pretty while, before his Master, the *Lyon*, knew any thing of the Matter, and consequently before any Order could be taken about it: but so soon as ever the Story came to the *Lyon's* Ear, he presently call'd his People together, and put himself in a Condition to Ferret him out of his Hold; sending him an Express Command by the *Fox* over and above, to return to his Duty. The *Beare* had so little Regard, either to the Commissioner, or to the Commission it self, that the Messenger had much ado to get off with a whole Skin. Upon This Insolence, the *Lyon* march'd immediately and begirt the Wood where he was. But the *Beare* was Strong, and Bold, and Depended much upon the Huffs of his Party, and what Wonders they would do for him; whenever it came to a Push. But when the Beasts were made sensible of the Danger, and that the *Lyon* Himself was at the Head on't, there was no longer any Faith or Courage to be heard of in the whole Party: but every Creature shifted for it self, some one way, some another: One takes a Tree, Another creeps into a Hole, or the Crag of a Rock, till at last, the *Beare* was left Single and Naked, and abandon'd to the Brunt of the Main Shock.

In This Distress, the *Beare* was once in the mind to sell his Life as Dear as he could, but upon Second Thoughts, considering the Desperate State of his Condition, and that he had a Generous Enemy to deal withal, he chose rather to cast himself at the *Lyon's* Feet, and Submit. So soon as the *Lyon* had him in Sight, he fell to lashing of himself with his Tayle, and grinding his Teeth at him with all the Fire and Rage in his Eyes imaginable; but when he saw him upon his nearer

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Approche, Trayling his Belly upon the Ground, in the Posture of a Suppliant and a Penitent, he layd aside all the Signs of Fierceness and Indignation, and advanc'd fairly toward him with the Countenance of a Disposition to pardon him. There were those about him that press'd violently against it. *Can you imagine*, they cry'd, *if This Bear should ever come to have You at His Mercy, as you have Him at Yours, that you are to expect the same Quarter?* No Matter says the *Lyon*, let Him do like a *Bear*, I'll do like a *Lyon*.

The MORAL.

THERE is no Tyranny so Outragious and Insupportable as that of a Corrupt Minister under a Credulous and an Easy Master, and the Insolence advances by Degrees to the very Defiance and Contempt of the Governour: especially when supported by the Clamours of an Impetuous Rabble; (as we find it represented in the Copy here before us.) And encouraged by the Headlessness of a Careless Prince.

The Sequel of This Fable gives us further to understand the Danger of *Rousing a Sleeping Lyon*, and that there is no Trust at last to the Faith and Courage of a Brutal Multitude: for the *Lyon* no sooner shews his Head, but all his Enemies fly before him. It may be likewise observ'd, that this is well nigh the Fate of all Tumultuary Com-motions, where the Sovereign is not wanting to himself.

We are told again, that Victory is but one half of the Work, if it be not managed with Honour and Moderation: and that there will never want officious Incendiaries in such Cases to put Princes upon Extremes. But it is not for the Dignity of the Royal Character to consult Common Measures.

CCXX.

An *Eagle* and her Young.

THere was a Cast of *Eagles* in an Ayery, and the Fledger of the Two was still pressing the Damm to let her take her Liberty in the World, as other *Eagles* did. The Old one told her, that she had neither Wings, Strength, nor Practice, for such an Adventure; and that she was too young to be trusted Abroad upon the Ramble. The Damm went on in This Discouraging way, till she found that she would take no Denial, and so took her at last into a Gentle Flowery Meadow where she might fall Soft in Case of any

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Miscarryage; and there, for Quiet-sake, she gave her leave to make her First Experiment. She was no sooner upon Wing, but down she came Fluttering into the Grass, crying out all the way she fell, that no body should ever take her at that Sport again, till her Feathers were better grown; but yet within a Few Days she was at her Mother again, only to lead the way and give her leave to follow. The Damm put her off for the present, and went out a Forraging, charging the Eagle upon her Blessing not to stir abroad till she return'd.

In This Interval, up comes a *Kite* to the *Young Eagle*, and lets her so desperately agog upon Roving, that without any more ado, she springs into the Air, and after a Short Struggle with an Insuperable Difficulty, down she drops screaming upon the Sand. The Old Eagle posts away to her upon the Cry, and finding the *Kite* with her that had debauch'd her; she tore him to Pieces upon the place, and carry'd the Young one away to her Nest.

THE MORAL.

THE World will be at a fine Pass when Children shall take upon them to be wiser than their Parents, or Subjects than their Governours: but as it is one Fault in Youth (though in truth a Natural Infirmary) to be Rash, Pressing and Importune; so it is no less an Oversight, in the Superiour, to Gratify an Unreasonable Request out of a Mistaken Tenderness, and Facility of Good Nature. The Best Remedy either for the Curing, or Preventing Disorders of This Quality, will be for all People to act in their Proper Stations, without breaking in upon one anothers Province. The giving way, in fine, to one Importunity, implies a kind of Right to the Liberty of another, and when they have gain'd one Point by Force of Suit and Supplication, they'll take the rest without Asking: especially with a *Kite* in the Ear of the *Eagle*, by the way of a Privy Counsellour.

CXCIV.

CCXXI.

Promises are either Broken or Kept.

THE Old Saying, that *Promises are either Broken or Kept*; has more in it perhaps than every Body is aware of: for they must be Warrantable, both in the Matter of them, and in the Circumstance, to make them Binding. If it be *Just*, says *Agesilaus* I promis'd it, if *Unjust* I only said it: and That's the Condition of the Obligation in all such Cases.

THE MORAL.

GOOD Faith is the Pillar, and the Cement of *Humane Society*; which first Makes us all of a Piece, and then when we are Incorporated, Keeps us together. It highly concerns us to Promise nothing but what lawfully we may, and what we intend, honestly to Perform. So that *Agesilaus* was much in the Right, in his Opinion, that *no Promise can be Binding that is not Just*: For every such Contract is a Void Act in the Institution, unless we can find out a way to reconcile the Two Contradictions of Good and Evil.

CCXXII.

Life is but a Date at Chess.

THE whole History of Mankind is but a Mate at Chess; where several Orders of Men, have their several Walks and Stations assign'd them, and when the Game is out, they are all Jumbled one with another into the same Bag.

THE MORAL.

THIS Allusion does naturally mind us of the Condition and Business of Mankind. So long as the *Mate* is a *Playing*; the *World* is in *Action*, and all sorts of Men, from the Prince to the Peasant, have their Parts in't; but so soon as the Game of Life is over, we are all huddled promiscuously into the Grave together: *Kings*, *Noblemen*, and *Peasants*, without any Distinction of *Age*, *Sex*, or *Degree*.

CCXXIII.

CCXXIII.

A Panther and a Lyon.

A Panther, that had been a long time Master of a Considerable Forrest, laid it heavily to Heart to find that the Lyon had put an Elephant over his Head, in Possession of it. The Panther storm'd at the Affront, and at the Lyon Himself, and enter'd immediately into a Plot upon the New Governour, with a Resolution, to destroy Lyon, Beasts, Forrest and all. The Practice was so Notorious that there could be no doubt of the Conspiracy, and the Resolution taken was This.

There was a Toyle to be set for the Lyon, and only the most Daring of the Beasts to be taken into the Party. But the attempt carry'd so many Difficulties along with it, that the Confederates themselves slip their Necks out of the Collar, and one after another, fell to Rebuking the Panther. Some Blam'd him for his Cruelty : others for his Rashness, and some again for his Arrogance, and Overweening. This Wrought so far upon the Lyon, that he resolv'd to pardon all the Accomplices, and only to make the Principal an Example ; resolving likewise to see the doing of the Execution Himself. When he had waited a Good Half Hour, with Gall and Revenge in his Thought, up comes at last the Panther, advancing toward him, with such a Gravity of March, and Countenance, and with a Coat so Curiously Powder'd, that the Lyon's Heart would not serve him to go thorough with his Work. No no, says he in a Passion, *it shall never be said of me, that I took away the Life of so Beautiful a Creature, wherefore let him live : but with a Chain about his Neck, that I may have it in my Power, if ever he should relaps, to take him up again.*

The MORAL.

The Story here of the Panther and the Lyon, is just the Case of many a Prince and a Subject : the Former puts the Latter out of Commission, and the Other enters into a Conspiracy upon't against his Master : which is but according to the Common Practice of the World, where Men are as Mercenary as this Beast, and do their Duty more for Profit than Conscience.

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The Lyon's Generous Behaviour toward the Panther, when he had him at Mercy, for the Bravery of his Conduct, and the Gracefulness of his Person, shews us the Force of a Glorious Resolution, and Address, upon the Spirit of a Gallant Enemy : but we are to take This Prudential Caution along with it, *not to save a Thief from the Gallows to cut our own Throats* : that is to say ; a Good and a Wife Man, will be as Merciful and Tender as is possible, without Hazzarding the Main Chance.

CCXXIV.

Thyrsis and Amarante.

Well well ! says Thyrsis to Amarante, *I am surely a Miserable Creature, and yet if you your self were but in my Condition, you would not change That Misery for all the Glory under the Sun. But praye let me tell you my Story, and take it upon my Credit for the Truth of it, for you shall be the Last Woman in This World that I tell a False Thing to.* Out with it and wellcome then, says Amarante, and tell me frankly what it is that troubles you.

Why, says Thyrsis, it passes in the World by the Name of Love. That's a Gay Word, says Amarante, but how shall I know that same Love when I see it ? Praye how do you find your self when the Fit's upon you ? *Why it makes me Sick,* says Thyrsis, *but at such a rate, that I would not for the whole World be well again. It makes me do, I know not what, I know not why, and puts all other Things out of my Thought, to make way for One. It makes me fly all Company, and yet I cannot endure to be alone ; for wherever I go, I am still haunted with One and the same Image ; It makes me Blind, Deaf, and Insensible to every Thing else, and I cannot forbear Blushing and Sighing, at the very Name of it. It is, in fine, what I cannot live without, and yet, I dread to think on't.* Amarante started at That Word, and cry'd out all on a Sudden, Ah Thyrsis, Thyrsis ! says she, this is no News to me all This while, for Thy Grief and Mine are the very same. That obliging Hint put the Youth quite out of his Wits with Joy, till with one word more she spoil'd all. *This This,* says she, *is my very Case with Clidamur.*

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The MORAL.

WE have here before us the Lively Symptoms of a Wayward, Uneasy Love: a Passion that will never let us be well, *Full nor Fasting*: but makes us equally Miserable both Ways; and then leaves us Comfortless, without, not only the *Hope*, but so much as the very *Desire* of a *Cure*. We neither know what we ayle, nor what we would be at, but a *Phantastical Disease must have a Phantastical Remedy*.

CCXXV.

A Sheep a Goat and a Pig.

A Country-fellow took a *Sheep* a *Goat* and a *Pig* in his Cart to Market with him. The *Pig* scream'd, as if Twenty Daggers had been at the Heart of him: and the other Two as Quiet all the way as if they had been asleep. But the *Pig*, in short, was so Troublefome and Vexatious, that the Carter gave him a Rebuke for it. *Hark ye Sirrah*, says he, *here are your Betters, the Sheep and the Goat, that make none of these Outcries; and what do you lie bawling at?* Yes yes, says the *Pig*; the *Sheep*, and the *Goat*, are well enough for they have Wool and Milk to Compound for; but the Poor *Pig* is sure to go to Pot, as a Creature that's Good for nothing in This World but to be Eaten.

The MORAL.

It may pass for a Note upon This Text that all unreasonable Creatures are Subjected by Providence to the Use and Service of Man; some for our Necessities, other for our Convenience. It may serve likewise for Another Hint, that These very Creatures themselves, how Irrational soever we may pronounce them, have yet some Distinguishing Notices of the State of their Condition. As the *Sheep* and the *Goat*, that have *Milk* and *Wool* to compound for their Lives withal, are nothing so Sollicitous as the Squealing *Pig*, that's good for nothing till he be *Dead*.

CCXXVI.

CCXXXVI.

An Old Woman and a Flagon.

THERE was an Empty *Flagon*, that had still the Flavour of the Noble Wine that had been last in it. An *Old Woman* took it up to her Head, and when she had snuff'd heartily at it; *Ob thou Divine Spirit!* says she, *if there be such a Fragrancy in thy very Lees, and Reliques, how Precious a Cordial wert thou in thy Primitive State and Vigour!*

The MORAL.

A Good Name is a Sweet Ointment: and *Phadrus*, in his Age, applies the Hint of This Moral to his own Case, both as his Glory and as his Excuse. It points at the Difference betwixt the Force of Youth, and Spirit, and the Failings of Old Age; intimating at the same time, that the Memory of an Honourable and a Virtuous Life, ought to be kept Sacred: and not without Allowances for Natural Decays; for the Bare Good Will is Sufficient, when the Ability is gone, and the very Love and Savour of Goodness is the Virtue of That Season.

CCXXXVII.

A Notable Scruple.

A Man that made a Conscience, both of an *Oath*, and of a *Law-suit*, had the Wit yet to make a Greater Conscience of Losing an Estate for want of *Suing*, and *Swearing*, to Defend it; so that upon consulting the Chapter of Dispensations, he compounded the Matter: with certain *Salvos*, and *Reserves*. *Thou talkest* (says he to a Friend of his) of *Suing*, and *Swearing*. *Why for the one*, it is my Attorney Sueth: and then for the Other, what signifies the Killing of the Book with a Calves-Skin-Cover and a Past board Stiffning betwixt a Mans Lips and the Text?

The MORAL.

At This rate it is that we go on Trifling with God and Man. We are not Free to do *Thú*, nor Free to do *That*; but we are yet Free enough at last to do the self same Thing the Wrong way. We Create Scruples,
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not so much out of a Conscience for the Thing, as from an Aversion to the Authority of the Action in the Manner of doing it. Government, how necessary soever in the Constitution, is yet made Tyranny in the Exercise, and in the Order of it: but be it what it will, One way, we are sure that an Universal Liberty is a most Diabolical State of Confusion the Other; for it crosses the very Decrees and Resolutions of Heaven it self. Now This way of playing *Fast and Loose* with Casuistical Phancies, may do well enough out of the Mouth of the Puritan in the *Alchemist*: i. e. that CASTING of *Dollars* may be Lawful, though not QUOINING: but there's no Room for This way of Foolery and Affectation in the Sobriety of a Religious Discourse. The Consequence will be This, in fine; that all People shall be in the Right, where every Man takes upon him to be the Judge in his own Case, and to Absolve Himself.

CCXXVIII.

A Fox and a Mole.

THE Beasts call'd a Chapter for the Choice of a *President*, and the *Fox* put in for a Pretender as a Master in all the Faculties of Art and Legerdemain. The Court was so possess'd in Favour of his Sagacity and Conduct, that he had certainly carry'd his Point, if a Puzzling *Mole* had not thrown a Rub in his way. A NOTABLE Proof indeed, says the *Mole*, of his Sagacity and Conduct, to build a House without either a Back-Door, or a Chimney to't; and there lie choaking to Death for want of Air. When was it heard of, that a Poor Mole, Blind and Contemptible as we are, was ever Guilty of such a Blunder?

THE MORAL.

THERE is as much Difference betwixt *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, as betwixt the Talent of a *Buffon*, and of a *Statesman*: and yet it is no New Thing in the Ordinary Course of the World, for the one to pass for the other. As the *Fox* had carry'd it in This Case from all the other Competitors, if the Silly *Mole* had not made it appear to the Bord, that *Reynard's* Talent was only *Whimsy*, and *Quirk*, without either *Foresight*, or *Judgment*. And it is further to be observ'd, for the Aggravation of the Reproche, how judiciously the Crafty are Confounded, out of the Mouths of the Simple.

CCXXIX.

CCXXIX.

An Extravagant Dream.

A Loose Prodigal Fellow dreamt he had lost all his Money at Play, and in the Heat of that Phancy got out of Bed in his Sleep and Hang'd Himself. A Miserable Penurious Wretch had much such Another Dream, and when he was going to rise, with a Full Resolution to lay Violent Hands upon himself too, his Heart would not serve him to be at the Charge of a Halter.

THE MORAL.

THE Love of *Money* works all manner of Ways. One Man Hangs himself for the Loss of it, Another Man forbears Hanging himself, to Save it. To say nothing of the Risques that People incur for the Gathering and Gaining of it. It is to be noted that This was but in a Dream neither, to shew the Force of Mockery and Illusion, and that Men are Govern'd by the same Affections, Sleeping and Waking.

CCXXX.

A Nonconforming Minister.

There was a Minister turn'd out of his Living for not Conforming. Well! says he, If they go on at This rate, it shall cost Five Hundred Men's Lives before I have done with them. The Poor Man was taken up by a Warrant, and carry'd before the Council, where he was strictly examin'd, and call'd upon to explain himself. Why my Lords, says he, I have a Wife and a Family to maintain, and if I may not be allow'd to Preach for a Livelihood, I must Practise Physick to keep Life and Soul together; and there may be more Danger perhaps in a Pill, than in a Text.

THE MORAL.

THIS Point will bear a Descant more ways than one: for not only Body and Soul are at Stake, with a Respect to particular Persons, but Publicque Order, over and above. The Com-off however is Airy and Pleasant.

Pleasant enough, and within a very little of a *True Jest*: for it may be a Question at last, whether the *Emprick* or the *Schismatick* is the more Dangerous Instrument in a State. But there must be no Playing Tricks with Holy Things, and Quibbling upon the Sacredness of Authority.

CCXXXI.

The Mountebanks Treat.

A Mountebank, that was just about to change his Quarter, gave Notice of it to his Customers and Benefactors: that so many of them as would be pleas'd to take their Leaves of him the Next Morning, he would make them a *Present of Eighteen-Pence a piece, for a Parting Acknowledgment*. The Company met at the appointed Time, and Place: and immediately out comes the *Doctor*, with a Glass in his Hand. *Look ye my Worthy Friends*, says he, *I am now about to be as good as my Word. This Glass is my Never-failing-Cordial: you paid me Half a Crown a Bottle for it before, and you shall have it now, for a Shilling, so that there's the Eighteen Pence apiece I promis'd you.*

The MORAL.

TAKE the whole Body of Mankind, one Man with Another; and we are as Arrant *Quacks*, in the Vanity of our Dealings, and Pretences in the World, as This Mountebank is upon the Stage. What is Humane Society it self, (with Reverence be it Spoken) but a Corporation of *Rooks* and *Sharps*, that Cousen one another more or less by a kind of Agreement and Consent? For all manner of Cheating, but what the Law lays hold of, goes for nothing. And This holds, from *Philosophers*, and *State-Menders*, to the very *Jaskpuddings* and *Tumblers* at a *Bartholomew-Fair*. We do all deal, in fine, more or less, upon the Juggle, but not without Plausible Commissions for what we do; neither are we without Great Examples of Men in Authority, that make a Trade and a Lively-hood of putting other People's Mōny in their Own Pockets for the Publicke Good.

CCXXXII.

CCXXXII.

A Prince and his Valet de Chambre.

A Prince's *Valet de Chambre* fell desperately in love with his Master's Lady; There was no Corrupting her, and the very Attempt would have been certain Death. This Difficulty did not hinder him however from setting his Brains at work how to Compas his end, which he found was not to be done at last, but in the Person of his Master.

The Prince was a Man of Business, and indefatigable in attending the Functions of his Office. He would be early and late at Council, and so lodg'd sometimes in a Chamber apart from his Lady, upon those Unseasonable Occasions, though not without giving her a Visit sometimes, and so back again to his own Bed. This Practice of his ran mightily in his Servants Head, and so did his passing in That Manner from one Bed to the other. He went commonly in such a *Dressing-Gown*, with a *White Wand* in one hand, and a *Dark-Lantern* in the other. Upon *Two Knocks at the Door*, the *Waiting-Woman* was ready within hearing to let him in, and then waited in the *Anti-Chamber*, with the *Lantern*, and the *Wand*, for his coming out again: for in the *Bed Chamber* there was no Light at all.

The Prince had been late up one Night, and what did me This Spark, but take his Masters *Gown*, *Wand*, and *Lantern*, counterfeit the same Knock, and away to Bed to his Lady, flashing the Light still going and coming, in the Eyes of the *Waiting-Woman*. One time when he had laid his Implements down where he found them, away goes he to his own Bed again, and upon This very Nick of Time, it came into the Prince's Head to give his Lady a Visit. The Wench, and the Princess were both a little surpriz'd at his coming again so soon, and the Prince himself took Notice of it, but without making any Words on't at present. He gather'd from his Lady's Discourse that some body had been there before him, and knowing that there were no Strangers in the House, he concluded that This Impostor must be one of his Family: and so from Bed to Bed he went to try what Discovery he could

could make among his Servants. He found them all fast asleep and their Pulses in Excellent Order, saving only one of them that Beat very Quick and Unequal. This Disorder gave him so Strong a Suspicion of the Man that he took a Pair of Scissers and cut-off the Right Lock of the Fellow's Hair, and so left him. The Man had his Wits about him, it seems, and so soon as ever the Master was gone, away goes he, and cuts off the Right Lock of all his Fellow-Servants too. The Prince, early next Morning, commanded all his People to attend him, and finding them all in the same Cut, and Cropt alike: Well! says he, let the Man I look for mend his Manners, and there's an end on't for This Bout.

The MORAL.

THERE'S no setting Barrs or Bounds to the Licence of a Raging Lust. Dangers and Difficulties serve only to set the Invention at work ant to enflame the Spirits into a Resolution. When the Wit is once in Motion, and the Point brought to a Question which shall carry it of the Two; it breaks through all the Scruples of Honour, Duty and Conscience; and Surmounts all Opposition. Now such a Presence of Mind will never fail of encountering One Trick with Another: as it fell out in the *Valet de Chambre's* Counterpart of the Lock here. But to conclude, the Princes Moderation upon the Result, is so far Instructive, that as there are more *Cuckolds* in the World then *Phanixes*, so there are some Cases wherein it may be great Prudence for a Man to put his Horns in his Pocket.

CCXXXIII.

A Sheep and a Shearer.

A Sheep made an Escape out of the Hands of the Shearer, and so away he scourd with a Dog at the Breech of him, toward the Next Thicket. The Thorns and Brambles were so Troublesome in his Passage, that by the Time he was gone half way up to the Woods, he had left his Fleece behind him in the Bushes: besides the Harrassing of his Carcass, and the Tearing of the Flesh from the Ribs over and above. And This was not all neither, for to complete his Misery, the Shepherd's Dog was now come up, and taking him by the Throat carry'd him back to his Master.

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The MORAL.

THIS may pass for a Lesson to Those that do not know when they are well, and take the most necessary Rules and Methods of Order, and Discipline, for a Persecution: never considering that their Services are only a Tribute to their Governours for their Pastoral Cares; without which, the *Wolves* would be worse to them, then either the *Dogs*, or the *Brambles*: but the Law, and the Ministers of the Law, will be too Hard for them at last.

CCXXXIV.

A Silly Fop.

AS a Parcel of Gambolling Young Fellows were together trying Feats of Activity, up stands one of the Company with a Challenge. Look ye my Masters, says he, you shall see me stand upon one Leg now, a whole Hour together; and I defy any Man of the Club to do it after me. Nay, says one of the Gang, there's none of This Company will pretend to't sure, but I'll shew you a Goose that can.

The MORAL.

It is natural enough for Children to Speak, and to Do Childish Things; and it is but Congruous to have it so. But People should have a Care how they Trayn up Youth to the Practice and Liking of Those Fooleries, for if they be not set Right in time, they are Lost for ever. He that values himself upon the Faculties of a Goose, is in the ready Way to live and dye a Goose: for ill Habits are Incurable Diseases.

CCXXXV.

A Tub of Ratts.

A Company of Ratts that had victual'd themselves upon the Spoil, with Cheese and Bacon, liv'd quietly and comfortably together so long as their Provision lasted: but so soon as ever the Common Stock was spent, they fell into Confusion among themselves every one for himself, and Wor'd'd one another.

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The MORAL.

WE have no more to do, then to look back to the History of *King Charles the First*, and to the Methods of That Sedition, for the *Embleme* of This Figure. The Faction Began very orderly, with the King and his Party, and so soon as That Interest was run down, and no more Plunder to be got upon a Common Enemy, they divided among themselves, and fell to devouring one another.

CCXXXVII.

Socrates and Alcibiades.

Alcibiades was a Man of Excellent Reasoning and Discourse, in Private Conversation; and of a Ready Wit enough, betwixt Man and Man: but whenever he came to speak in Publicque, he was so over-sollicitous what to say, that he could hardly speak at all. These Surprizes put him into such a Confusion, that Socrates took him to Task for't. Alcibiades, says he, what do you find in a Taylor, or a Shoemaker, that should make you stand in Awe of him? Why nothing at all says he. Or in the Cryer of a Court, says Socrates again? Every jot as little, says the Other. Or what's your Opinion, I beseech you, of a Tent-maker, and Twenty other Trades that I could name? In truth, says Alcibiades, I think of Them, just as I do of the Rest. Very Good, says Socrates, And pray'e take Notice now, that This is the Composition of the People you have to do withal. How comes it to pass then, that Those Men that were so Despicable one by one, should be so Considerable Together?

The MORAL.

NATURAL Infirmities, and Aversions, are insuperable; and Arguments signify little or nothing against the Force of Nature: as in This Instance of Socrates and Alcibiades, where the Question is not so much how Matters Are, as how they Ought to be; and how far 'tis possible to reconcile the Practices of one Man to the Speculations of Another.

Judgment, and Elocution, are Two Things, and there's no drawing Conclusions from a Ready Presence of Wit, to the Talent of a Formal Speaker: A Man may be a Great Philosopher in his Study, and yet but a Fumbler in the Chaire. Socrates's Question to Alcibiades was Plausible enough: Why should you, says he, that despise so many Coxcombs, apart, stand in Awe of them Altogether? Now This Objection is easily answered:

swer'd: for though they may be Fools, one by one, they are quite another Thing, when they come to be Incorporated into a Body: and let the Manage be never so Ridiculous, there is a Face yet of Gravity, and Wisdom, in the final Result upon the whole.

CCXXXVII.

A Sumpter-Horse and a Spanish Jennet.

A Cavalier that was bound by his Office and Profession, to serve his Prince on Horseback every Campagna, had a Spanish Jennet for his own Saddle, and a Good Stubb'd, Drudging Jade, for his Man, and his Luggage. The Sumpter was to be made ready once by Peep of Day, and fell into such Freaks, that if his Master had not come in the very Nick, there would have been no getting the Horse to take his Burden. The same Humour of Kicking and Flinging at the Servant, took him again next Morning. No no: he'd carry no Cloak-Bags, he said; his Master had abus'd him, and he'd bear it no longer. The Master, upon This, fell to Expoftulate the Matter with the Sumpter. Hark ye, says he, what's all This Noise and Bluster for? Why, says the other, I have serv'd you Ten Years now, for the Preferment, only of an Ass, to carry your Burdens; and here's an Upstart, of a Matter of Three Years standing, set apart for the Particular Service of your Person. Now why may not we Two carry the Master and the Valise by Turns! Alas alas! says the Master, thou wert never cut out for a Horse of Manage, nor my Finical Spaniard for a Sumpter; so that to do as you would have me do, would be the Ruine of you Both.

The MORAL.

THERE are some certain Ends, Offices and Services, peculiarly assign'd by Providence to such and such Creatures; and the World is never so well in Order, as when every Part of the Creation keeps firm to its Proper Post and Business; for in so doing, it contributes to the Harmony and Agreement of the Whole. And yet such is the Peevish Crossness of Flesh and Blood, that not One Man of a Thousand finds himself Easy in the Station where the Divine Willdom hath placed him: but he must be Lashing-out into Intemperate Appetites, and encroaching upon some Province or other he was never made for. The Sumpter would be a Horse of Manage; and the Subject, in a Contradiction to the very English of his Name, writes himself Free-Born, and so every Scoundrel

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drel sets up for a Man of Dignity. The *Unmarry'd Man* cannot live without a *Wife*, and the *Marry'd Man* has *one too much*. At This rate of Levity, and Disguist, we run skipping, and shuffling, from one Thing to another; and in the conclusion, break the Peace of our Lives to gratify our Inconsiderate Longings.

CCXXXVIII.

A Cobler and a Parrot.

A Prating Mimmick of a *Parrot*, that had run thorough the Course of his Studies under the Discipline of a *Cobler*, came at last to be advanced for a Summ of Mony, from his Masters *Stall* to the Service of a Great Man at Court; who laid a Strict Charge upon his MAJOR DOMO, to see that the Poor Bird should want for nothing. The *Steward* turn'd him over to the *Valet de Chambre*, and so they bandied him from one to another, with the Best Words in the World wherever he went. He was, in short, so great a Favourite, that Court was made to him on all hands to joy him of his Promotion. *Tes yes*, says the *Parrot*; *I have gotten a Gay House over my Head*, 'tis true; but *well fare my Good Old Master the Cobler still for my Mony*. *There was no turning me over from Post to Pillar in Those Days; but my Master took Care of me himself, without jumbling me up and down from one Place to another, till I am ready to starve at last for want of Meat and Drink.*

The MORAL.

HEE that does not know when he is well, seldom betters himself by the Change of his Condition. Witness the miserable Difference betwixt This Bird here, in a *Coblers Stall*, and his Case afterward, upon his Remove to a *Palace*: that is to say; betwixt the *Good Faith*, the *Care*, and the *Tenderness* that he met withal in the *Former*, and the *Restless*, *Starving Difficulties* and *Necessities* of the Other. The Application of it may be This, that there's *no trusting to the Gaudy Vanities of a Court-Life*; no depending upon *Gay Words*, and *Fair Promises*, but a *Cap and a Cringe*, is all, we see, that *Poor Pall* got, to keep himself from *Starving*.

CCXXXIX.

CCXXXIX.

Storkes and a Kite.

A Barn happen'd to take Fire, where a *Stork* and her Young ones were Nested in the Straw; the Father and the Mother lodging all together in the same Roof. The First Thing the *Cock* and the *Hen* did, was to carry off their Parents, and as they were returning for another Burden, a *Kite* twitted the *Damm* for an *Unnatural Mother*; to leave her *Little ones* to the Flames, for a Couple of *Old Dry Carcasses* that were not worth the Saving. The *Storks* Answer was no more then This. *I Love my Children very well, but I love my Parents better.* It may please Providence to send me more *Children* when These are gone, but I am sure I can never have any more *Fathers* or *Mothers*.

The MORAL.

IN the Case of such a Competition as This is, betwixt the Duty of a *Child* to a *Parent*, and that of a *Parent* to a *Child*; which of the Two is to have the Preference, where one of them is inevitably to be destroy'd, the *Stork*, as the *Embleme of Piety*, gives it for the *Parent*: and the Reason of it is Strong and Clear. For the *Tenderness* of a *Mother* to a *Child*, arises principally from the Impulse of a *Natural Affection*: whereas we are indebted to our *Parents*, for our very *Being*; beside the *Veneration* and *Obedience* that we owe them, and the same *Natural Affection*, over and above. Now in all these Cases, we may take it for a General Rule, that some Duties are more Binding then others; and where any Two fall in Competition, the *Inferiour Obligation* must give way to the *Superiour*.

CCXL.

The Fool makes the Musick.

T Here was an *Innocent* in a *Musical Family*; that valu'd himself mightily upon a *Notable Stroke* he had in all their *Consorts*. And what was the *Fool's Part* now, but the Drawing of the *Organ-Bellow*, which, as he thought, made all the *Musick*. He took his Opportunity one time, when the *Organist* was out of the way, and invited the Young Fellows of the Parish to a Dish of *Musick*. This *Idiot* berook himself to

to his Old Post ; *Drew the Bellow, Burst the Conveyances, and Spoil'd the Instrument.*

THE MORAL.

THERE'S hardly any great Thing done in This World, but some Fool or other Challenges the Largest Share in it : and This holds in *Councils, Treaties, Military Actions*, and likewise in all other Matters, even of the Highest Importance, from the *Minister of State*, to the *Bellow-Blower* here in the Story, as well as in *Vanities, and Fiddles*.

To give one Instance for all. What a deal of *History* and *Ostentation* was there, among This sort of Pretenders, upon the Restoration of *King Charles the Second*; who brought in the King? when almost every body laid a *Claim* to't, but Those that *Did* it. And there went little more, in fine, to the Credit of the Title, then a *Fullsome, Tedious Relation*, with a [*Then said I*] at the end on't, for the Burden of the Song. And a Man can hardly put his Head into the World, even at This Day, without Cases in Abundance to answer the Intent of This *Emblem*: That is to say, there's hardly Any Thing well done, but some Fool or other had the doing of it.

CCXLI.

A Wonderful Antipathy.

AS a Club of *Virtuosi* were Philosophizing upon the Subject of *Occult Qualities*, one of the Company took the Hint, and told a Story of a certain Lady that had undoubtedly been choak'd with a Piece of an *Apple-Tart*, if her next Neighbour at the Table, had not very dextrously got it out of her Throat. *Well well!* they cry'd, but what's This to *Occult Qualities*? Oh very much, says the Reporter, for the Woman was a Tender-Conscienc'd Creature, and the *Tart*, it seems, was Bottom'd with a Piece of the *Apocrypha*, and the Antipathy she had to That kind of Trade, would have been as much as her Life was worth, if she had not been seasonably reliev'd.

THE MORAL.

THIS has more *Jeast* in it, then *Earnest*, but the Levity of the Conceit must not Discourage the Sober use of it. There are some Fooleries must be Laugh'd out of Countenance, whereof This is One; and there's no other way of dealing with them. We make it our Business to Cre-

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ate Difficulties, where Providence and Nature have made none, and then 'tis but *Palming* Those Phancies upon the World, under the Blind of *Occult Qualities*, and the work is done: that is to say, in *Plain English*, *Occult Qualities* are, we know not what. Now This may pass well enough in the *Schools*; but we have our *Aversions* in Religion too; as the *Sign of the Cross* is a Greater Scandal to some People, then a *Whipping-Post* or a *Pilory*, and the *Holy Offices* of the Church, are look'd upon by others, as the Worst of *Spells*; and the One *Aversion* is just as extravagant as the Other.

There goes a Credible Story of a *Formal Zealot*, that, upon bringing Candles into the Room, made his Reverence, after the *Old Christian-Way*, and with a Benediction after it, *Lord*, says he, *send us the Light of Heaven*; but upon Second Thoughts, and for fear of the Worst, he follow'd it with This Proviso [*If it be not POPERY.*]

There is nothing to be said against the Christianity of This Practice: the Hint is Natural, the Ejaculation Pious, and the Office Short and Easy: but the Exception, at last, is certainly Impious to the Highest Degree, as if Heaven were no longer Heaven in Popish Company. Now, here's an Antipathy with a Vengeance.

CCXLII.

A Doctor and a Quartan Ague.

A Famous Doctor of Physick had a Terrible Dream one Night of a *Quartan Ague*. The Vision was so Haggish, and Ghastly, that it frighted him at first; but upon a little better Acquaintance, the Physician took Heart, and accosted the Apparition after This Manner.

Madam; says he, *I think it would be much for your Good, and for the Credit of us Both, if you and I could come to a Better Understanding one of another.* You have a Faculty 'tis true, of making People look like Walking Ghosts; but then when you have drawn a Body down to a Sceleton, you commonly stop there, and leave it to the Physicians to finish the Work, and make a Carcass of it; insomuch that Thousands of your Patients come off at last, for One of Ours. And then it looks illfavour'dly, methinks, that when you have once taken Possession of a Body, 'tis a Good Two-years-Work to get you out again; to the Scandal of your Obstinacy, or of our Ignorance; not but that we can allow you to Mortify People for a While, provided you would but be gone again when we speak the Word. Mr. Doctor, says the Apparition, 'tis your Interest to Prolong Diseases, not to Shorten them, for whether the Patient Lives or Dies your Visits are all Paid for.

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The MORAL.

HERE'S a Proposal of a Better Understanding betwixt a *Quack*, and a *Quarian* *Ague*, with an Invidious Reflexion upon the *Doſtor*, as the more Dangerous Enemy of the Two: for the Diſeaſe makes but the *Skeleton*, and then comes the *Emphyrick* and makes a *Carcaſs* of it. This is but too much the Practice of the World, and the Truth of the Caſe; for he that Cures his Patient, lays Violent Hands upon Himſelf, and acts againſt his own Intereſt. There were Two *Doſtors* upon a Conſultation about a Sick Man, one ſaid he would *Live*, t'other that he would *Dye*, and in *This Interim*, the *Patient* marches off, and leaves both his Phyſicians in the Right. *I knew what it would come to*, ſays the one, and *I could have prevented it*, ſays the other. As if *Life* and *Death* were no more then a Chance at *Croſs* or *Pile*; and *Phyſick* only a dealing by *Guess*.

CCXLIII.

Lobe Stung with a Bee.

AS *Cupid* was entertaining himſelf among the Flowers and the Roſes, a *Bee* got him by the Finger, and away goes he with a Lamentable Story to his Mother of a *Serpent* that had Stung him. Alas! for thee, Poor ſimple Wretch! crys the Mother, to make ſuch a Buſneſs of a Prickt Finger, and at the ſame time to be ſo Inſenſible of the Anguiſh of ſo many wounded Hearts.

The MORAL.

'Tis a Common but a very Natural Infirmity, for Men to be Tender in their own Caſe, and Hard-hearted in their Neighbours; to ſay nothing of the Injuſtice of it. And it is remarkable again, that none are ſo Unmerciful to other People, as Thoſe that are moſt partially indulgent to themſelves: but we have no better Rules to govern ourſelves by, upon This Subject, then to do as we would be done by, and to make our Neighbours Caſe our own.

CCXLIV.

CCXLIV.

An Honest Good-fellow.

A Certain Officer (in the Days of *Cavalier* and *Round-head*) that had been up all Night playing the Good-Fellow, had the Fortune, betwixt Ten and Eleven the next Morning, as he was staggering homeward, to encounter the Lord Mayor of London and his Brethren, upon their March to White-Hall. The Gentleman was Hot-Headed, and taking the City-Troup for a Party of Round-heads, he drew, like a Man of Honour, and advanc'd up to the Body. You that are a Horſe-back ſays he, *ſave your ſelves by Flight*; but for the Foot, *I'm all DEAD MEN*, every Mother's Son of ye.

There goes Another Story much to the ſame Purpoſe; of Two Topping Companions, that, when they had been Guzzling till their Heads ran round, phancy'd themſelves in a Storm at Sea: threw the Chairs and Stools overbord, that is to ſay, out of the Window, to ſave the Veſſel.

The MORAL.

THERE is not any Thing ſo Trivial but ſome Good uſe or other may be made of it, and the Moral Application of Things Said or Done is the Art of Life. As in the Caſe of Theſe Two Extravagants, for the purpoſe: nothing can be more Phantaſtically Ridiculous then the Foolery of the Story, and yet at the ſame time a *Wiſeman* may be the better for't: that is to ſay, we may gather from hence, that after all the diſorderly Fumes and Vilions of Wine, and Phancy, we are ſtill Accountable for the Exerciſe of our Reaſon; as the Hot-Headed Soldier did the very ſame Thing upon This Imaginary Encounter, that he would have done otherwiſe, if he had been actually upon Duty: ſo that at This rate, the *Underſtanding* and the *Will* work in our Sleeps, and render us Answerable for the Immorality of our very Dreams.

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CCXLV.

CCXLV.

A Scolding Wife.

A Poor Man had so Bitter a Cross-grain'd Shrew to his Wife, that she would never be Quiet, Full nor Fast: but let him Work or Play, Drink or not Drink, or in fine do what he would, she never wanted somewhat or other to Quarrel at. When This Wretched Man had try'd all Manner of Ways and Means, Fair and Foul, and found that neither Council nor Correction would do any Good upon her, he betook himself at last to a Phancy of Encountering her, in her own Way. The Man got himself a *Cat-Pipe*; and still as the Evil Spirit came upon the Wife, the Husband put in with his Pipe, to make one in the Consort: This Humour of setting up one Squeal against another, made her so bloudily Mad, that she dash'd the Instrument out of his Hand, and rag'd more then ever. But the Man presently took it up again, and went soberly on with his Work, till the Woman's Patience was quite worn out. In That Fit away she flung with a Hellish Oath betwixt her Teeth, that she would be severely reveng'd of that Insupportable Villain. This past tolerably well for the present, and the next Day they had the Second Part to the same Tune. And the Woman however in the Conclusion was glad to come to Articles; She, to give over Scolding, and the Husband, Piping. Upon These Conditions they liv'd together like Man and Wife for ever after: and how That was, Men and their Wives are the Best Judges.

The MORAL.

He that has a *Shrew* to his *Wife*, labours under Two Incurable Diseases; *Noysse*, and *Matrimony*, and the Doctors of the College are all agreed upon't, that there's no Remedy in This Case but Patience. The Intent of This Whimsical Conceit, is, to set forth the Impossibility of Pleasing a Restless Woman, and the Vanity of attempting it: for how should any other body please a Creature that cannot please it Self? But the Poor Man did all that was to be done, however, toward making the Best of a Bad Game; and after the Tryal of all Fair, and Sober Experiments, he brought the Quarrel at last to a Composition, by setting up one *Cat-Pipe* against another: that is to say; she held it

out

out till she could *Talk* no longer, and then she gave over. This is the Condition I fear of many a Marry'd Couple that may Read This Trifle: They Brawl themselves a Weary, and then lie down to Rest: which is much the Case of the World, we Wrangle as long as we can, and then try if we can Sleep upon't.

CCXLVI.

An Eagle and Young Ravens.

IT was observ'd by an Old Experienc'd *Eagle*, that, for several Years last past, her very Race was degenerated, and that hardly one Bird in an Age came up to the Dignity of the Kind. Upon This Remark, she put so many Ravens Eggs to her own and Hatch'd them all into one Brood, for an Experiment, to try if she could mend the Strein. The First Disclosure put her in some hopes of Gaining her Point, but she took Notice yet that one of the Little ones would be still Jobbing and Jolling his Companions, and that he would forsake Sweet and Fresh Meat for Carrion. When the young ones came to be Fledge, she put them to the Eagle's Test, both for their Eyes and Mettle; and so discharg'd them the Ayry. Two of the Ravens, with one Eagler, mounted directly into the Face of the Sun, but for the rest they perish'd in the Attempt: crying out to the Damm all the way they fell, to consider that she was their Mother. No no says the Old one. I could save you if I would, but I am no longer your Mother, then while you behave your selves as my Children.

The MORAL.

It is with *Men*, in This Particular, as it is with *Birds*; and the same Thing again, with *Dogs*, and *Horses*, that it is with *Men*. They are all subject to degenerate from the Virtue and Dignity of the Race; and when they are once fallen off, there's no Thought of setting Matters Right again, but, according to the Methods here in This Fable, by *crossing the Streyn*. And if That Experiment shall happen to fall short upon the main, it will teach us however to distinguish betwixt a *Generous*, and a *Base* Brood; and give us moreover to understand, by the Figure of an Instructive Allusion, that *Princes*, as well as *Eagles*, must stand all Tests of Honour, and Bravery, to make them *Worthy* of the *Crowns* they wear.

G g 2

CCXLVII.

CCXLVII.

A Lamb and his Companions.

TIs with *Sheep* as it is with *Men*; *he that has most Flesh upon his Back, shall be most made of.* This Phancy ran in the Head of a Certain *Lamb* that had a mind to set up for a *Favourite*. His Project was This. He went Begging and Bleating to his Companions one after another, only for *one Soup of Milk to keep him from Starving.* By This False and Scandalous Practice, (fitter indeed for a *Fox* or a *Wolfe*, then for a *Sheep*) he gain'd so far upon the Charity and Good Nature of the Rest of his Companions, that they left themselves as lean as *Rakes*, to fill t'others Belly. While Matters were at This pass, up came the *Butchers* to Buy their Provisions, and not one *Sheep* of the whole Flock would serve their Turn save only That *Dissembler*, and Him they took off at a Considerable Price: but for the Remainder, *they were all bewitch'd*, they said, *and one with another, not worth Three Halfpence a Score.*

The MORAL.

By This *Fat Sheep* here in the *Fold*, may be understood a *Rich Man* in the *World*; and little do they think, either of them, while they lie wallowing in their *Prosperity*, and *Plenty*, that they are Both fitting up for the *Shambles*, and that *Destruction*, in the end, is the *Fate* that commonly attends *ill gotten Estates*. The very same Thing that This *Lamb* does for *Milk*, *Men* do for *Money*; they *Juggle*, they *Flatter*, they *Counterfeit*, and all This, as Artificially, as if they had been Train'd-up at the Fountain of Fraud it self. (And where's That you'll say) But Wealth in fine, is a *Snare*, *Men in Power* are the *Butchers*, and the whole *World* is their *Market*.

CCXLVIII.

CCXLVIII.

Members Complaining.

WHile a *Mad Man* was asleep, his Senses and his Members were all at Liberty to Lament their Misfortune. His *Eyes* complain'd that they were only treated either with *Odious Vanities*, or with *Wanton Spectacles*. His *Hands*, exercising *Rapine* and *Violence*; his *Ears*, entertain'd with *Obscene* and *Blasphemous Words*, and *Ungrateful Sounds*; his *Tongue*, accusom'd only to *Errour*, *Falsity* and *Detraction*; or somewhat else to be Repented of; his *Stomach*, Nauseated with *Surfeits*: his *Head* only stood *Mute* all this while, and he gave This Reason for't, that *the Grievances of the Rest were only Particular, but the Head felt All.*

The MORAL.

It was somewhat an Extravagant Thought, to phancy how a *Mad Man*, *Waking*, should be so *Sober* in his *Sleep*, as to pass so true a Judgment upon the Vices and Vanities, of This World and the Miseries of Humane Life. Now This, upon the whole Matter, is but an Appeal, from our Senses to our Consciences. 'Tis the *Brutal Part* of us that *Complains*, but it is the *Reasoning Part* that *Suffers*, in the *Miscarriages* of the *Whole*.

CCXLIX.

A Fop makes a Tedious Visit to a Philosopher.

AN Inspid Impertinent *Coxcomb* made a whole Afternoon's Visit to a certain Eminent *Philosopher*, and at Night, when the Persecution was over, he brought himself off with This Flourish. *Sir*, says he, *I should not leave you so soon, but that I am afraid I may be Troublesome*: No No *Sir*, says the Good Man, not in the least, for *I have not so much as Thought of you ever since you came In.*

The

The MORAL.

IF the First Inventors of *Pains*, and *Tortures*, for the most Execrable of *Malefactors*, had but a little better bethought themselves, they would never have condemn'd any Criminal with one Grain of Sense in him, to the *Rack*, the *Boot*, the *Gibbet*, or any other Corporal Punishment: but rather to the Mortification of a *Tedious*, *Talking Fool*, as the more In-supportable Plague of the Two: for the *One* only affects the *Body*, but the *Other* Wounds the very *Soul*.

CCL.

A Crow and an Augur.

THose that we call *Fortunetellers*, were in Old Time call'd *Augurs*: a sort of People that make a Judgment of Things to come; partly by the Flight of *Birds*, and partly otherwise, and they were Men of Great Credit in the World for their pretended *Foresight*.

As one of These *Prognosticators* was abroad a *Stargazing*, up comes a Wizzard of a *Crow* to him, and accosts him after This Manner. *Sir*, says the *Crow*, with Honour to your Profession, what may be the Reason, I beseech you, that we *Crows* are look'd upon as *Birds of an Evil Omen*? I do not know that ever we did any Creature Harm. Well! says the Cunning Man, but it is generally observ'd, that you are still hovering about *Churchyards*, *Lay-stalls*, and Places of Execution; and that your *Haunts* are much among *Carcasses*, and your *Wonts*, in Time of *Warr*, and *Plagues*, look'd upon as *Fore-bodings*. Very Good! says the *Crow*, but yet for all your Wisdom, We are not the Animals that you take us for. We do not eat *Carriion* for the Love of *Horseflesh*, or for the Dead Body-sake, but for want of Better Commons.

The MORAL.

THERE is is no Judgment to be made of a Man that acts more out of *Necessity*, then *Choice*, and lies under a Force, perhaps, that carries him contrary to his Inclination. Now People are apt to make the worst of Things in These Doubtful Cases, as it fell out here with the *Conjuror*, and the *Crow*. The *Bird*, it seems, lay under an *Ill Name*, for keeping *Beastly Haunts*, and *Lewd Company*; when there was no more in it at last, then a *Sharper Spunging* for a Dinner; not for the Love of the *Carriion*, but

but as the *Cafe stood*, the *Crow* had only *Hobson's Choice* before him; *That*, or *Nothing*.

CCLI.

A Young Lobster and her Mother.

ALas! my Dear Mother, says a *Young Lobster* to the *Old* one, praye do but see what a Nasty Pickle your Poor Child is in, with Sluttery and Beastlyness all over! But yonder are my *Sisters*, I warrant ye, *Gossiping* and *Junketing* together, I know not how many of them, and sparkling in their Bravery and Scarlet, as Glorious as the Sun. Now a *Body* would think, that we that are all of the *same Brood*, should be all in the *same Livery*. Well-a-day! says the *Mother*; thou Poor, Silly Wretch! *Their Finery* makes *Thee Uneasy*; and yet at the same time, those very *Sisters* of thine, would give the whole World if they had it, to be but as Plain, and as Homely as thou art, without Fooling away their *Lives* for a *Gay Coat*.

The MORAL.

'Tis better, they say, to be *Envy'd*, then *Pity'd*: that is to say, 'tis better to be in a *Good Condition* then in a *Bad*, provided always that we distinguish aright betwixt the *One* and the *Other*, and that we do not *Envy* where we should *Pitty*, nor *Pitty* on the other hand, in the *Wrong Place*. For there are, that set their Hearts upon the *Vanities* and the *Glories* of This World, as the *Blessings* of it: to the Degree even of taking *Life* for *Death*, and *Death* for *Life*: as in the Instance of a Nice Foolish *Lobster* here, that, by a miserable Mistake, chose rather to be *Dead*, then *Dirty*.

CCLII.

Two Brothers sent for a Surgeon and a Midwife.

THERE were Two Brothers sent out in all haste; the one for a *Surgeon*, and the other for a *Midwife*; but they stood gaping at a *Mountebank*, so long by the way, that in This Interim their Father was *Dead* of a *Pluresy*, and their Mother, of a *Miscarriage*, for want of a Timely Assistance.

The

The MORAL.

JUST at This *Boyish* rate do we trifle away our Precious Minutes, in the great Exigencies of *Life and Death*: every *Foolery* diverts us from our *Duty*, though we know, at the same time, that the Comforts of *Soul and Body*; and of a *Blessed Eternity* it self, depend upon the Right Application and Emprovement of those very *Moments*. We are to gather from hence, that every Thing is to be done in the Right *Place* and *Season*; and that *Lost Opportunities* are never to be recover'd. *Delays* are *Dangerous*.

CCLIII.

Rome taken by a strange Accident.

AS the Emperour *Arnolphus* was Marching up to Rome with a *Mighty Army*, and his Troups posted in a Readyness to give the Assault; up starts a *Hare* in the Middle of the Field, and such a Clamour and Confusion upon That Accident, that the Garison took a *Pannick Fright* upon't, under an Apprehension that the Enemy was just falling on upon the Town. In This Consternation, they quitted the Walls, and the *Imperialists*, taking Advantage of That Mistake, enter'd the City.

The MORAL.

HERE's a Short Lecture upon the Force of *Imagination*, and the *Instability* of *Humane Affairs*; where the most Timorous of Creatures does the Office of a *Mighty Army*, and more, perhaps, then the Power and Politicks of an Emperour, in the Head of a *Hundred Thousand Men*, could have done without it. A Man might bring Instances innumerable of These Impressions, by *Fear*, *Phancy*, and *Panick Terrors*. But it may serve, once for all, to tell us, that in Matters even of the Greatest moment, the World is govern'd rather by *Imagination*, then by *Reason*; and we Live but by *Guess*.

CCLIV.

CCLIV.

An Elephant and a Rhinoceros

THERE pass'd a Challenge betwixt an *Elephant* and a *Rhinoceros*; Time and Place appointed, and both ready for the encounter. How come you, says the *Rhinoceros*; that are a *Beast*, to take upon you the handling of a *Sword*, which is a *Weapon Peculiar to Man*? And then again, how come you to consult the *Starrs* about the *Succession of Empires*, and to write down the *Resolution* in *Magical Letters* upon the *Sand*? Well! says the *Elephant*; the *Skill* of managing a *Sword*, is no *Crime* I hope, unless it be one to defend my *Country*. And then for my looking up to *Heaven*, 'tis no more then we all do, *Morning* and *Evening*, in *Acknowledgment* of the *Benefits* we receive from above. And so for my writing with my *Trunk* upon the *Sand*, it may serve to inform you, that we are *Capable* of *Discharging* even the *Nicest* of *Humane Offices*. This is not either to *Decline*, or *Delay* the *Combat*; and so they Both stood to their *Arms*; the One advancing his *Trunk*, and the Other his *Horn*. While they were now coming to the very *Push*, they found themselves surpriz'd, upon the Sight of a *Frog* and a *Moufe*, that stood *drawn*, hard by there, and ready to engage. Praye soft a little, says the *Rhinoceros*; and before we go any further, let us understand the meaning of This *Quarrel* here. Now the Subject of the *Dispute*, it seems, was only which was the most *Beautiful* Creature of the *Two*; the *Frog*, or the *Moufe*. Now the *Cafe* was so *Ridiculous*, and the *Example* so *Scandalous*, that the very *Shame* of *Playing* the *Fool* after such a *Copy*, made them *Friends* again.

The MORAL.

It was a *Thousand Pityes* that the *Frog* and the *Moufe* did not put in for *Seconds* to the *Two Champions*, the *Elephant* and the *Rhinoceros*, which would have made the *Figure* yet more *Ridiculous*, and consequently more *suitable* to the *End* it was intended for. Here are *Two Quarrels* started in This *Apologue*, One of them betwixt a *Brace of Beasts*, upon a *Dispute* which was the *Greater Philosopher*, or *Statesman* of the *Two*; and the *Other*, betwixt a *Frog* and a *Moufe* upon the *Question*,
H h which

which of the Two was the *Greater Beauty* : Just at This Solemn rate of Fooling, People manage in This World, till the very Shame of Playing the Fops, in Mean and Scandalous Company, without the least Touch of *Honour*, and *Conscience*, brings them to their Senses again.

CCLV.

A *Lyoness* and a *Whelp*.

UPON the Tidings of a *Lyoness* being deliver'd of an *Issue Male*, the Beasts of the Forrest came all thronging to Court, to joy her of her Son and Heir ; and a *Mule* sent in his Compliment among the Rest ; but she was so busy in a Lecture to her Son, upon the *Gracefulness* of his *Meen*, *March*, and *Fashion*, that she was not to be spoken with at that time.

The *Mule* made Another Attempt a while after, and she was then so taken up in a *Lesson* to him upon the Dignity of his *Bloud*, *Family*, and *Function*, that no Mortal was to come at her till that was over.

The *Mule*, after This, came once again, but she was then so intent upon the Topique of the *Duty*, and the *Mystery* of *Government*, and the Royal Arts of keeping the People in *Obedience*, by a Political Temperament of *Love* and *Fear* in the Administration of *Justice*, that there was no coming at her Then neither.

These Repulses put the *Mule* out of all Patience. Here's a pretty *Business* indeed, says the *Mule*, to make such a Clutter, for one Beast to get the Sight of Another ! The *Lyoness* overheard This Grumbling, and call'd out to him. Hark ye, says she, the Institution of a *Prince* is never the less a Matter of Importance, because a *Mule* does not understand it.

The MORAL.

WE may imagine This Forrest to be a Court, the *Lyoness* to be a *Princess*, and the Repeated Gratulations of Joy for the Blessing of a *Young Prince*, to be in a Great Measure, matter of Court ; and the Dutiful Office of Good Subjects upon such an occasion. The *Mule* may pass for an Impertinent, unmannerly Intruder, that presses into Privacies of State, without any Pretence of *Business*; and without any Sense, either of *Honour*, or of *Conscience*. His *Exposulations* against his *Superior*.

our, are but the very Counterpart of Popular *Exposulations* against their *Governours*. A *Lyoness* is but a Beast no more than a *Mule*, cries One, and *Princes* are but *Men*, no more than their *Subjects* says the Other. Now This is a *Lord Liberty* at any Time ; but when it breaks in to undermine the Foundations of *Government*, in Blasting the Hope of a *Royal Institution*, it is altogether Intolerable.

CCLVI.

A *Maid* and a *Needle*.

A *Maid* pick'd a Quarrel with her *Needle*, for pricking her Fingers. Nay, says the *Needle*, it was none of my Fault, neither was it any Act of mine, for you forc'd me to do what I did, and I could not help it.

The MORAL.

NOTHING can properly be said to be an *Injury*, or an *Obligation*, that does not carry *Will*, and *Consent* along with it : Nay, Beasts themselves will distinguish betwixt Actions of *Malice*, and of *Chance* : and Separate the *Author* from the *Instrument*. The Phancy of the *Maid* and the *Needle* here, is a Common Case, we lay the *Blame* upon *Others*, when we hurt our Selves : as you shall see a *Losing Gamester*, break the *Boxes*, and throw the *Dice* in the Fire for an ill Cast.

CCLVII.

A *Cavalier* and an *Ape*.

IT is a Strange Thing, the *Likings*, and *Inclinations* of some People. and how they will chop and change at the same time, from one *Vanity* to another, and yet keep true upon the main, to *Impertinence*, and *Folly*. As for Example.

There was a Man of Wit and Quality, mightily of This Humour ; and so confounded a Mixture in him of the *Buffon*, that his whole Life was a *Banter*, and never any Thing pleas'd him that was *Serious*. He had about him all sorts of *Drolls*, and *Mimicks*, as *Foxes*, *Puppy-Dogs*, *Kittens*, *Squirrels*, &c. And so for *Birds*, he had his *Parrots*, *Jack-daws*, *Pyes*,
H h 2
Jays,

Jays, and *Starlings*; but his *Beloved Foolery*, above all the rest, was a *Gumclome Ape* he kept.

This *Ape* took his Master upon the Easy Pin once, and got a Deputation from him to do whatever he had a mind to, in his Masters Jurisdiction, for the Space of one whole Day. He began the Freak among the *Pages*, and the *Lacquayers*. His next Step was to the *Women's Dressers*, and so by Degrees he went higher and higher, till he came to Dip in the same Plate with his Master. From This Liberty, he advanc'd to *Kissing* and *Coakefing* of him, Riding upon his *Shoulders*, and playing *Monkey-Tricks* upon his very *Head*; and his Master wonderfully pleas'd all This while with the Frolique. In the Confidence of This Freedom, the *Ape* told him that the Barber had left Three or Four Haires out of Order in his Beard, which with his leave he could set right, he thought. His Master bad him do't and wellcome, and in that Instant he pluckt off one of his *Mustaches*. He was turn'd out of the House for't, with Shame, and Indignation, but the Mischief was done first.

THE MORAL.

THERE is no Government so Scandalous and Wretched, as where *Drolls*, and *Buffons* fill the Places of *Ministers of State*. It makes the Administration look like a Farce; and where These *Political Libertines* are encouraged, they stop at nothing till they get the Government under their Feet. Some People have vitiated Palates, and their Mouths are out of Taste to any thing that is *Salutary*, and *Comfortably Pleasant*. This is directly the Humour of the *Cavalier* here, he takes an *Ape* for his *Favourite*, and at next Word the *Buffon* Rides his Master.

CCLVIII.

A Blessing that Frogs have no Teeth.

THERE was a *Thanksgiving Day* appointed by *Boccalini's Virtuosi*, for the Blessed Providence of creating *Frogs* without *Teeth*: for there would be no living otherwise without *Buskins*; for a Defence against Those Bawling Animals, that are made up of *Mouth*, and *Noise*.

The

THE MORAL.

WE have a Common Saying among us, that *Heaven sends Curst Cows Short Horns*; which carries the very same *Innuendo* with This Fable. Where there is Most *Noise*, there is commonly Least *Danger*. But it is the Practice of *Poltrons* however, to supply the Want of *Courage*, with *Ribaldry* and *Clamour*; and there is no way of encountering These Unmannerly Importunities, but by *saying nothing*, and *Despising* them.

CCLIX.

A Plot to make a Cow Calve.

THERE was a *Cavalier* taken up in the Late Times for *Treasonous Practices* against the State. The Officer that had him in Custody, bad him for *Shame* give over Plotting against the Government. Plotting against the Government? says the Prisoner; why when did you ever hear of any Man that Plotted to make a Cow Calve? Now That's the Short of the Case. The Cow is half way thorough her Reckning already; and when her Time is out, she'll Calve in spite of all your Hearts. And now make your best of the Parable.

THE MORAL.

THIS Allusion was most unluckily adapted to the Present Occasion; when every Thing was working toward a *Change*: as appear'd afterward by the Event. The Application will be This. That *Disorderly Governments* do as naturally breed *Plots* and *Factions*, as *Cows* do *Calves*; especially when the *Two Supporters* of all *Political Societies* are *subverted*; that is to say; *Reward*, and *Punishment*.

CCLX.

A Short Rule of Life.

IT is the Part of a *Wise*, and a *Good* Man, neither to *Say*, nor to *Do*, any Thing that he may be the *Worse*, and *Can* not be the *Better* for.

The

The MORAL.

THIS Short Lesson will do a Great deal toward the Regulation of our Words and Actions, and we can never fail of finding a Place for the Practice of it in the whole Course of Humane Life. It lectures us against the Intemperances of Inconsiderate Passions; the Temptations of Dangerous Curiosityes; and it keeps us, upon the main, within the Compass of Virtue and Discretion. How do we trouble our Heads with *Metaphysical Speculations*, and *School-subtleties*, which might be Honestly and safely *let alone*, and are yet Dangerous to the highest Degree to be *Mistaken* in. But not to Clog the Morality of This Precept with needless Instances to uphold it; every Step we set, and every Breath we draw, furnishes Matter to work upon. And it is but applying the *Rule* to the *Example*, to make good the Assertion.

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